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# On Own Philosophy



Werner Eggerth

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FROM

Pres C W Eliot.

Werner Eggerth, the author of "My Own Philosophy," was born Aug. 21, 1854, on a farm ten miles west of the Mississippi river, near Guttenberg, Clayton Co., Iowa.

The country schools at that time were primitive and poor, and although a bright scholar, he had acquired only the rudiments of reading, writing and spelling at the age of fifteen, when he left school.

Being ambitious to improve and to make good use of his time, he at the age of seventeen bought a grammar one day, with the intention to again enter school for the winter, but the same night he was stricken with spinal meningitis and became totally deaf. He lost his oldest brother at the same time from the same disease.

Having great plans for the future, and finding himself cut off from the world by his terrible misfortune, and thinking his life lost and ruined forever, he was the prey of despair for full three years. In order to forget his misfortune, he plunged into all kinds of hard work, and when the weather would not permit he wrote poetry in German, being of German parentage and having attended a German school for a short time. Soon, however, he perceived that in a country where the official language is English it would be a wise move to write mostly English. He bought a good English-German and German-English translating dictionary and toiled patiently for years and years and at last understood not one but both languages better than any of his schoolmates or acquaintances. At the age of twenty-three he worked

for a cabinet-maker, one winter, for his board. His employer was so well pleased with him, that he hired him for a whole year. After that, he worked for an expert carpenter for three months and then became an independent contractor and has been in the same business ever since. He has erected (to a large extent with his own hands) enough frame buildings to make a town of respectable size.

In 1881 he located in Luverne, Kossuth Co., Iowa, and for ten years conducted a furniture store alongside of his contracting business.

On Oct. 16, 1888, he was married to Miss Emma Piehl, a successful milliner in Elkport, Iowa, and to this union two children were born. Arnold Henry (who graduated from the Spokane South Central High School in the January Class, 1909, and who is now attending the University at Ann Arbor, Mich.) and Elsa, still a student at the South Central High School. His wife was badly burned in childhood in a burning house and her right arm was crippled and the skin never healed up entirely. After a happy union with Mr. Eggerth of four and one-half years, a cancer formed on her sore arm, and after an operation, she died, leaving her husband and two helpless children behind. This second blow aged Mr. Eggerth fully twenty years, not bodily but mentally. He now saw things which he did not see before. He found all his poetry was unripe and not worth saving and destroyed much of it. In other words, he had to live full forty years before he could do what he yearned to do when fifteen years old.

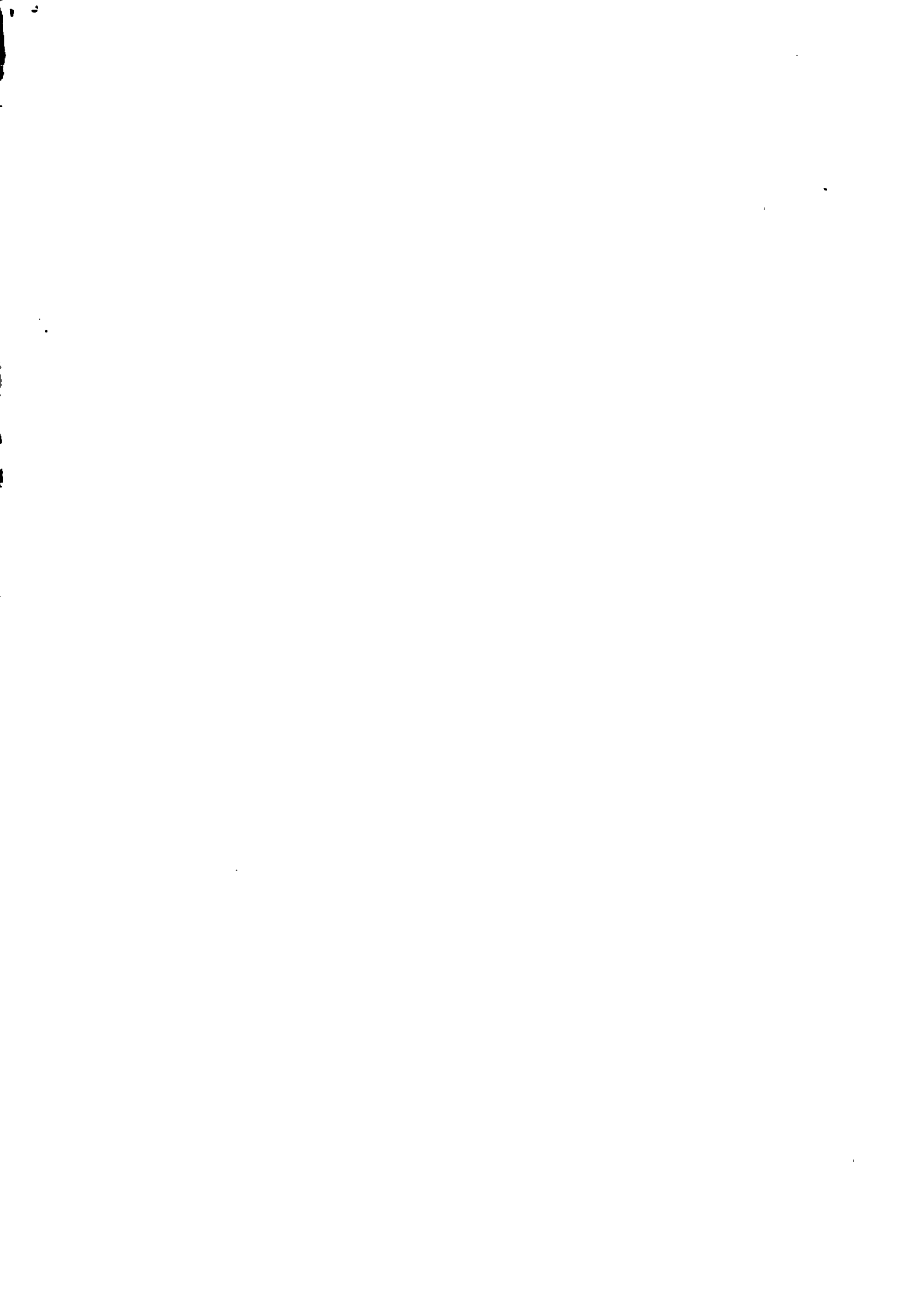
After being widowed over three years Mr. Eggerth was married Feb. 26, 1896, to Miss Anna Kate Neiman

of Marshalltown, Iowa, a deaf mute, and lived happily with her for over nine years. Two children, Homer and Carmen, were born to them. Owing to her infirmity she could not help her husband in a literary way, but her sunny nature cheered him up at all times. In the fall of 1905 she visited at her parents' home in Marshalltown and contracted pneumonia. She came home sick and died Dec. 31, 1905. Two days later the aged mother of the author who made her home with him for many years, died also, of old age. Heart-broken, Mr. Eggerth decided to quit his home forever, having suffered so much there already; he quickly disposed of his fine home at Luverne, Iowa, and leaving his children with friends and relatives, he, with shattered nerves and half sick, went west to hunt up a new home, selecting Spokane, Wash., as the most desirable place. On Dec. 20, 1906, Mr. Eggerth and children arrived in Spokane and the following spring he built a dwelling for himself.

On June 20, 1907, he was married to Miss Clementine Jacobs of Guttenberg, Iowa, who was a public school teacher for many years (and a daughter of his one-time teacher, G. H. Jacobs) and brought her to her new home.

Being deaf about thirty-eight years, Mr. Eggerth is by no means a good speaker. Although he knows the meaning of nearly all words in common use, he does not try to use them when speaking for fear of mis-pronouncing them. And in spite of all misfortune is still an optimist, which his philosophy will make clear to the reader.









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# MY OWN PHILOSOPHY

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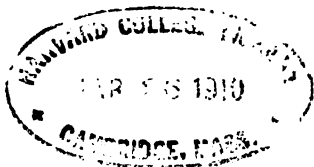
BY  
WERNER EGGERTH



*The Lakeside Press*  
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY  
CHICAGO

1909

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Pres. C. W. Eliot

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TO  
CLEMENTINE  
MY KIND WIFE, AND FAITHFUL HELPER.



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## PROLOGUE

Each takes the wealth he finds to store and keep  
Which doth appeal to his own taste and bent,  
And gives in life's turmoil and endless strife  
What he accumulates and well can spare.  
The lover seeks for love, returning all  
E'er finding more, again his store to swell —  
And he who straining, toils with hand and head,  
While carving patiently the lifeless stone  
Returneth all improved, if he his task  
Doth understand, and knows his craft by heart.

The poet, too, doth try to sate each day  
The craving of his hungry soul and mind,  
And stooping low in search for spoils and gain  
Which, overlooked by others, are his prey —  
And reaching high, outspeeding sound and light,  
O'erleaping chasms which would awe, appall,  
His less discerning brothers in their trend,  
He taketh in, to hold and to digest  
And to return, in shape more apt to please,  
To those who fail to see the cause of things  
Which they do fear, admire — not understand —  
He fills his heart, his soul, his weighing mind  
With things which no one else appears to see,  
And throes he feels, while moulding into shape  
His fitful and evasive thoughts, which come  
And go at will; and which, if not at once  
Retained like fortune's gifts, will flee and fade  
Ne'er to return. These throes proportioned are  
With the results, the products of his mind.

## *Prologue*

---

The Poet gives, but what he is and has —  
He gives his mind unveiled, disclosed, revealed —  
Gives each impulse he felt, and thought he grasped,  
And plainly shows each change he underwent  
In course of time, amid most searching pain.  
His secrets are not his — to God, the world,  
The elements he speaks, returning that  
Which all gave him, and he cannot retain.

## HUMOROUS POEMS

---

### THE PASSING OF THE DOLLAR

[An alleged discovery that life could be prolonged through the injection of a fluid from the lymphatic glands of a goat, prompted the following lines.]

Not "dollars" but "goats," be the watchword hereafter;  
Not wealth nor possessions less potent will count.  
The bandit, sharp-witted, with scorn-tinted laughter,  
Rejecting gold's glitter, doth wisdom's perch mount.

"Your life or your goat!" is the war cry he utters,  
While springing at you like a chick at a worm —  
And the kidnaper, too, derisively mutters:  
"The kid of the biped is a fraud, I affirm!"

"Hereafter, I'll nab but the genuine goaties,  
The urchins of Billy, the hope of my clan.  
I pledge myself herewith, and duly give notice:  
I'll gather them up, just as fast as I can."

The Bank will hereafter of locks show no traces,  
And still be secure, unless — lucky fate —  
Perchance it doth harbor, within its arched spaces,  
A voucher of Billy, or a deed to his mate.

Not kingdoms, but goats, doth the monarch require —  
And the poor cotter's fancy doth covet a pair. —  
"Goats" is the one thing to which all aspire —  
And he, thus equipped, is a Billionaire. (Billy-owner.)

## *Humorous Poems*

---

The aim of the humble was e'er bread and butter,  
Since Adam got fooled by the reptile so vile.  
But now the ambition of each wily blotter,  
Is the "Butter" alone, for to make up his pile.

And Nanny, the Buttress, in more than one meaning,  
Will rise in esteem, as a staff and a stay,  
Upon which all mankind, confidingly leaning,  
Face calmly the menace of toothless decay.

### HOW TO RAISE POTATOES

Take mellow soil, well plowed and harrowed,  
And much manure,— paid for, or borrowed  
It matters not, if only it  
Has the essence, which, when it's lacking,  
Is prominent by not attacking  
Thy sense of smell — for purpose fit.

Mix in the dung, then in straight lines —  
Let crookedness stay in confines  
Mapped out by chiefs of politics,  
Who pose as grangers, to our grief,  
And rob us, crying, "Hold the thief!" —  
Lay out the rows, and call on Hicks.

For without Hicks, your work is vain,  
His nod means storm, his winking, rain;  
And when he smiles, it often thunders.  
When well assured of his good will  
Procure such tubers as will fill  
Your taste and bent, avoiding blunders.

## *Humorous Poems*

---

The largest ones, with fine, clear eyes —  
My advice, friend, do not despise,  
For eyes reflect the soul more true  
Than sound of voice, though sweetly ringing,  
Than clasp of hand, or footsteps springing —  
Now cut to shape, and then pursue.

Proceed to dig, quite deep, not shallow —  
All superficial work, dear fellow,  
Offends the dollars, which will roll,  
When from Fortuna's apron falling,  
The other way. 'Tis oft appalling  
How they escape from men's control.

Potato bugs, in swarms untold,  
And silver bugs, and bugs of gold,  
Are always near. The former nibble  
As if by contract bound to kill.  
The latter two their stomachs fill  
With unripe fruit, and ever quibble.

Use Paris green to interfere,—  
The color's not essential here.—  
With first named bugs, whose greed is shocking.—  
The latter two, lure to their doom  
By talking of the "Klondike Boom,"  
And precious dust to fill their stocking.

From thorough work do not recoil,  
Keep down the weeds, and loose the soil,  
With rake and hoe or cultivator,—  
The sproutings and the fungus, too,  
In heart and mind, my friend, subdue,—  
And thou wilt raise a perfect "tater."



Let not the size of fruit deceive  
Thy erring eye. Asunder cleave  
Or careful weigh: for often hollow  
The largest ones are found to be.—  
In judging men, the same degree  
Of care employ, before you follow.

Alas, my friend, 'tis sad indeed,  
When we, in search for wealth, succeed  
To find a great big empty hole.  
For hollowness in tubers and  
In human kind, none e'er should stand.  
Let "solidness" be thy parole.

#### RADIUM AND HELIUM

When rogues ill-gotten plunder,  
From State or Nation steal,  
And live on, undetected,  
They call each doubtful deal  
A case of radiation,  
Wherein the cash supply,  
Or Radium as aptly,  
In all the winds doth fly.

But when these rogues encounter  
The Law's relentless grasp,  
They change their cheerful chorus,  
To doleful tunes, which rasp.  
Of Radium no longer,  
Doth deal their saddened strain,  
But "Helium, oh Hel — ium,"  
Remains their sole refrain.

A LUCKLESS DOG

Once there was a cunning fellow,  
Who a queer old gun possessed,  
Which he'd use a coon to mellow,  
And he'd let it roar and bellow,  
When for meat his larder pressed.

Yet this gun, whose virtue surely,  
Placed it in the lead of tools  
Which would kill — went prematurely  
Off, and kicked, if loaded poorly  
By the hands of careless fools.

To this fellow came a stranger,  
With the purpose to improve  
His own health, which was in danger,  
And to threaten, as a ranger,  
Others' healths, while on the move.

And, equipped with warnings ample,  
And with stores of lead to boot,  
He began, in Nature's temple  
Future victories to sample —  
In other words, began to shoot.

But he hit, alas, I swear it,  
Nothing but the patient air,  
Which, although abused, did bear it,  
Better far than he, whose merit  
As hunter, dwindled then and there.

## *Humorous Poems*

---

"What," cried he, "how solve this puzzle,  
Which confounds and angers me?"  
And he looked into the muzzle,  
And his lips, as if to guzzle,  
Pressed against the barrel he.

"Ah," cried he, "more powder's needed,  
And momentum will ensue."  
And in haste, he then proceeded —  
While the ramrod swift he speeded,—  
Coy Miss Fortune to subdue.

He the gunstock o'er his shoulder,  
Held, well knowing it might kick —  
And a chipmunk, scarcely older  
Than his pet dog, on a boulder,  
He espied, and then a click.

Click and bang! What a commotion!  
Clouds of smoke, and there a heap,  
Which — I say with due devotion  
To the truth — looked, to my notion  
Like a wreck, in oceans deep.

For the gun, as was expected,  
Had discharged its two-way force,  
And the canine, who neglected  
Due precaution, was dissected  
By the gunshaft in its course.

Thus we see that retribution  
Overshot the end in view —  
For one fearing dissolution  
Should all thoughts of execution,  
In his craven heart subdue.

## *Humorous Poems*

---

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(Written at the time that Makaroff sunk with his ship.)

Here have we Japan's Emperor,  
Whose name, all know, is Mudsihito,  
Which means, one who hits hard and often,  
Both openly, and incognito.  
Will he, on land, as on the oceans  
Deal out the same convincing potions?

And there the far-famed Makaroff  
With whom his own ship made away,  
Alas, too soon for those who hoped  
That he would o'er the oceans sway,—  
That he'd make off with Japan's fleet  
And thus the Islanders defeat.

And whom will Kuropatkin cure?  
Will he strike terror in the ranks  
Of those queer little Patkins who  
Now play their shrewd, mischievous pranks?  
Or will the cure his name implies  
Fall back on those he justifies?

There's Stoessel,\* too, what may expect  
The hard, unbiased world of him?  
Will he pound out the enemy  
Or his own comrades, stout and grim?  
The question is, twixt me and you  
What, oh what, will Stoessel do?

\*Stoessel, in German, means pounder.

## *Humorous Poems*

---

To come, to go, all seems the same,  
To those who in all things succeed.  
And Togo is one of the boys  
Who doth no pointers from me need —  
Yet after all is said, we know,  
E'en Togo, too, will have to go.

There's Takahito, prince of Japan,  
A name which truthfully suggests,  
That give and take is e'er the order  
Where force decides, while reason rests —  
For reason not by force sustained  
Hath often failed, and nothing gained.

### THE ORIGIN OF THE SUNDOGS

In the dim long ago, in the milky way strolling,  
Abstracted, old Sol charming Luna espied,  
Who, on the way home from a tea at the Virgin,  
Seemed flurried and flustered, and dejectedly sighed.  
Said Sol, while he stroked his long beard, "To my notion,  
Thou'rt angered, my child; what portends thy emotion?"

"At the Virgin," said Luna, "all planets had gathered,  
And stars of high lustre, and comets with tails  
As long as my orbit. But all to describe,  
I am illy equipped, and my memory fails —  
Yet do I remember that Neptune cried, 'Ho!  
Long tails must be curtailed, and satellites go!'

"Jupiter remarked then, 'I am a reformer,  
And favor a law which doth strangers compel

## *Humorous Poems*

---

To cross no one's pathway, e'en though it be ample  
And clear at the moment. I'd furthermore swell  
The income of planets, by smashing a few  
Of second rate bodies, 'twixt me and 'twixt you.'

"The stars calmly twinkled, for they were well fixed,  
And paid no attention to all the uproar.  
But comets and moons were truly offended  
And from all the clamor, both tired and sore.  
And again the cry echoed, with fury increased:  
'A tail is a nuisance, except on a beast.'

"The turmoil of voices was sorely appalling,  
E'en Venus, the charmer, whom Mars doth adore,  
Forgetting that anger is death to all beauty,  
Allowed her shrill voice with the chorus to soar.  
'The comets are welcome, the moons are O. K.,  
The former, if tailless; the other away.'

"They forthwith attacked us, who, seeking salvation,  
Sought it in flight without further delay.—  
I, riding the tail of a loosely built stranger,  
Noted the groundswell, while moving away.  
'Death and corruption to satellites bold,'  
And, 'off with the tails that the comets enfold.'

"'A tail of dimensions,' cried Mars in his anger,  
While hacking away at the one I did mount,  
'Which all doth engulf, and whose volume doth smother  
The sight of a planet of foremost account,  
No longer shall space, which for all doth exist,  
Fill and usurp, with its vapors and mist.'

## *Humorous Poems*

---

"‘And moons,’ cried Uranus, ‘are as useless as caudals.  
Exist, but their betters to cast in the shade.  
Down with these lap-dogs, whose yelping and whining,  
Doth the pure azure with languor pervade.  
Puncture the gas tails, and let them collapse,  
And purge of these monsters, the heavenly maps.’

“‘Smite them, destroy them, or pull them apart,  
Or condensate all, to gain space for to breathe,  
And throw in the moonlets, as a spice for the whole,  
And freeze it, or broil it, or cause it to seethe.’  
Thus raged they, but fleeing, we gained in the race,  
And now, I do plead for thy justice and grace.”

Smiling spoke Sol, “I have noticed my planets  
Are getting unruly when out of my range.  
Yet fear not, my darling, I have in my kennel,  
A litter of puppies, such wrongs to avenge —  
And when they appear, it will be a cold day,  
For those who offend thee, or darken thy way.”

## PHILOSOPHY

Spencer, Kant, and Schopenhauer,  
Philosophers of matchless power,  
All agree that grapes are sour,  
If they hang too lofty and high —  
And the sage who penned these lines  
Says he feels, and he inclines,  
To think that while the sun yet shines  
Is the time to work, not sigh.

## *Humorous Poems*

---

He also says, and thinks, and feels,  
That the world's progressive wheels  
Should be oiled with oil from heels  
    Out of the idle kickers' socks —  
And further, does this scribe assume  
To say that there is surplus room  
For each mortal to exhume  
    Truths at which the sluggard mocks.

And at last, in apt conclusion,  
Let this humble scribe's allusion  
Be concise, to avoid confusion,  
    In the statement of his part —  
When he says, with due emphasis  
That the most terrible Nemesis  
Who gnaws and tortures us, and crazes,  
    Is the conscience in our heart.

### THE NIGHTMARE

The beasts of the forests, whose teeth are a menace,  
    They frighten me ever, when near them I draw —  
The insect, e'er gnawing, and buzzing, and humming,  
    Doth use without mercy, its sting and its claw.  
But tame are these terrors, scarce worthy a song,  
When the gay little Nightmare comes trotting along.

The former upon us may feast, and devour us,  
    Consuming the blood which we need ourselves —  
Tormenting, and filling with pain-giving poison  
    The veins thus bereft, do the pilfering elves.  
And yet seem they harmless, with tooth and with prong,  
When the gay little Nightmare comes trotting along.



The one, but the body alone can demolish,  
Or rob, thus enhancing their own vital store:  
But the other, oh woe me, maliciously tramples,  
On the peace-craving soul, from its day-work, yet sore.  
And weak grows the spirit, at other times strong,  
When the gay little Nightmare comes trotting along.

It feasts on the things which should stay in the larder,  
Instead of o'erloading our stomach at night,  
And thereby inviting this greedy intruder,  
To cast on the spirit, its emblems of fright,  
Increasing the image of every wrong,  
When the gay little Nightmare comes trotting along.

#### WHEN PAT SET FIRE TO THE SLOUGH

The autumn winds blew fierce and strong,  
The marsh was dry, the grass was long,  
As long as hemp, I do avow:  
" 'Tis dangerous," quoth Pat, "indeed,  
A firebreak, I sadly need."  
So he set fire to the slough.

The hungry flames devoured with zeal,  
All in their reach, a goodly deal.  
And sweat spread o'er his honest brow.  
They leaped, and danced in fiendish glee,  
Like butterfly, or bumblebee,  
When Pat set fire to the slough.

The peat, inflamed like pitch and tar,  
Is hard to quench. "My peace to mar,"  
Cried Pat, surprised. "This beats me now."

## *Humorous Poems*

---

His hired man, with spade in hand,  
He called to help him quench the brand,  
Where he set fire to the slough.

They worked with might, they dug and scooped,  
Until their spirits sadly drooped,  
(So neighbors told me anyhow).  
The drayman, too, Pat did employ,  
Who poured much water out with joy,  
Where Pat set fire to the slough.

The selfsame neighbors named above  
(Malicious chaps, who always love  
Some secret sport), they did allow:  
"A private entrance down to h —l  
Is what Pat wants, and why Pat fell,  
To set that fire to the slough."

They also said (and blamed if I  
The truth of it e'er could deny),  
That those who claim fate did endow  
Them with such gifts as ne'er would make  
The smallest blunder or mistake,  
They will set fire to the slough.

TO LUCULLUS

'Tis not as we imagine,  
That dress makes up the man;  
'Tis what we eat and what we drink,  
That keeps us in the van.  
I scorn thy flimsy feathers,  
The cause of all thy pride,  
But praise the man, who will and can  
Such follies override.

For breakfast, I love buckwheat,  
In shape of pancakes flat.  
They give us luck, with foes to buck,  
From landlord down to gnat.  
I gladly look upon them —  
The sight is patience wracking —  
They are the food which will do good,  
To those in courage lacking.

Another dish I relish,  
Far less in every sense,  
We call it hash; it rhymes with cash,  
And goes at the expense  
Of often harmless people  
Who, at the time, not near —  
Re-hash, if called, it oft appalled  
Man's unprotected ear.

To those whose spirits ever,  
Are boundless in their zeal,  
I'd recommend, and e'er defend  
A dish of jellied veal.

## *Humorous Poems*

---

The calf, remember, mark it,  
Did furnish, too, the hide  
In which are bound, books wise, profound,  
And valued far and wide.

The quail is for the stomach,  
What coal is for the stove:  
It makes us warm, and does no harm,  
Wherever we may rove.  
Yet, heed my earnest warning  
Be temperate, ne'er fail  
Your vest to button, friend, be no glutton,  
Or surely thou wilt quail.

The ham, well cured and salted,  
(Salt is the spice of life),  
Gives young and old, a better hold  
And strength, to meet earth's strife.—  
I cannot help a thinking  
Of one, a precious twig,  
His name was Ham, whose parent stem,  
Was drunk once like a pig.

To those in backbone lacking,  
I would point out corn starch,  
Inward applied, both cooked or fried,  
T'will aid thy onward march.  
Externally, 'twill also  
Increase the stiffening trend —  
Thy upper lip, thy cuffs and bib,  
Keep ever stiff, my friend.

Eat fish, eat fish, my brother,  
Of every size and kind,  
Thy brain will grow, and overthrow  
Thy flesh, soon left behind.

## *Humorous Poems*

---

The missing link which monkeys  
To men so proud could chain  
Lacks, without fail, between the tail  
Of apes, and human brain.

Of all the fruits delicious,  
The grape is widely known.  
I mean the grape, which man and ape  
Pick from the vine alone.  
But grape lodged in a cannon,  
Inspect, my friend, with care.  
Stand e'er behind, and bear in mind  
That danger lurks in there.

The egg, when fresh, is certain  
To please the man of taste,  
But when half-hatched, be it dispatched,  
Outdoors, in proper haste.  
In politics, if rotten,  
'Tis used on thrall and prince,  
Its argument doth e'er present,  
A force sure to convince.

A bun which, disappearing  
Between thy lips, doth end,  
Bespeaks a mind which is inclined  
The good and sweet to blend.  
And likewise, puns emerging  
From out between thy lips,  
Are a sure sign, thou dost not pine  
Away, for want of squibs.

Eat salads, man, and sauces,  
With "gander and with goose."  
Thy appetite, it will excite,—  
To hold or to let loose.

## *Humorous Poems*

---

An empty stomach grumbles —  
When filled, appeases wrath —  
Great Lucullus, ever pull us  
Onward in thy path.

### POLITICS

Contagious like the measles,  
Inflaming like the mumps,  
Is ever-ready Politics,  
When it upon us jumps.  
Its hydra-heads, don't touch them,  
For fear they should increase  
In numbers and in arguments,  
And thus disturb your peace.

In building up of platforms,  
It is a true expert,  
And if a plank don't fit one way,  
'Tis easy to invert.  
Oft planks spiked down are rotten,  
Fit only as pretense,  
Yet jugglers walk them without dread  
Nor fear the consequence.

In Politics, the dollar  
Has weight, and doth convince,  
And he who has the most of 'em  
Needs not his words to mince.  
They influence the voter,  
As light the gnats doth charm,  
Who, in their suicidal ways,  
Into the fire swarm.

RETRIBUTION

Often man doth stoop to dig  
A spacious hole, both wide and big,  
Large enough to hide a rig,  
And conceals it with a twig:  
    Hoping that some fellow fool  
In his natural conceit,  
Advancing, or in retreat,  
    May fall into this slimy pool  
To be picked, or fleeced, or flayed,  
While he's down, surprised, dismayed.

But, Fate's whim and changing mood  
Leads the fleecer and his brood  
To over-reach in zeal their aim  
And thereby, place in doubt their game.  
    And again it happens that  
They in glee perform a jig —  
So to speak, an advance "swig"  
    Do they draw from what they're at  
Ere the plunder they control —  
And fall into their self-dug hole.

### A WISE CHICKEN

One day a chick of tender age,  
Came near a silly parrot's cage.  
Then spake the parrot, vain and wise,  
"I'll be a bird of Paradise!"

The chick replied, with cheerful hum,  
"My modest aim is Roosterdom,  
A place well filled, by Fate assigned,  
I deem a lot with honor lined."

### THE SHREWDNESS OF DARWIN

According to Darwin, the ape is the sire  
From whom in their glory, all mankind did spring;  
And though we may doubt, we are bound to admire  
The shrewdness with which to this tenet he'd cling.  
For the ape acts quite human, and man is a monkey,  
Unless he is wise, or a blundering donkey.

The way we are dressing is simply a "caution"  
(Whate'er that may be, I'm somewhat in doubt),  
And only our purses' entire exhaustion,  
Doth keep us from aping the greatest "dude" out.  
In dress and in manner, we strive to outshine  
The ancestor presumptive, with the hair-covered spine.

A leader of brains, and attainments surpassing  
May start a new party, abuses to mend,  
But fails. For man's bias, his vainness caressing,  
Compels him his aid to the to wicked lend.



## *Humorous Poems*

---

But should, through a trick, the reformer's cause grow,  
We ape the successful, and follow the show.

Even Religion, from the masking intruder,  
Is never exempt, nor in reverence spared,  
Our aping propensity is the deluder,  
Which always the light-headed rabble ensnared.  
To change their religion, or changing their coat,  
They ever are prone, if it keeps them afloat.

And society's honors to the weak do appeal,  
Even more than the bread which his hunger allays —  
A semblance to guard, and a state to reveal,  
Which ne'er he possessed, is the aim of his days.  
And aping the real, he oft overleaps  
The bounds in which Honor its votaries keeps.

### PRINCE LAGOBE

Prince Lagobe of Hongo-Bongo,  
In the wilds of Africa,  
Near the banks of ancient Congo,  
Had a child, fair Unica.

Strong of limb, and shining like a  
Polished-up melodeon,  
She, with eyes as bright as mica,  
Held among the maids her own.

Said Lagobe the parent, winking:  
"Celebrate, I must and will,  
Thy birthday, dear.— Ah, hear'st the clinking?  
Faith, he's fat, he'll fill the bill!"

## *Humorous Poems*

---

And forthwith, a fettered victim,  
White of face, and fair withal,  
Was produced by guards who kicked him,  
Onward in the din and squall.

Said the chief, with inward chuckle:  
"Honored art thou to be stewed,  
Or be roasted, thigh and knuckle,  
For my child's with taste imbued."

Quoth the stranger, "Taste, I take it,  
In the sense thou dost betray,  
I'd offend, for, boil or bake it,  
Flesh of mine is foul to-day.

"For a sudden change in diet  
Which I, shipwrecked, had to try,  
Left me, though I now am quiet,  
In a state not fit to fry.

"Yet the seed of the great onion  
Which I never leave behind,  
Will reclaim, while in my dungeon,  
All the flavors of my kind.

"Go thou hence, and plant each kernel,  
Cultivate the sproutings. See?  
And by all in thee infernal  
Thou shalt smack thy lips at me."

It was done. No time was wasted,  
The stranger's relish to perfect,  
But the chief, who once had tasted  
Of the "tearplant," did object.

## *Humorous Poems*

---

Said Lagobe: "Such food is fitter,  
For a chieftain of my fame —  
And with you I'll feed a litter  
Of young panthers, far from tame."

Shrieked the maid, "Oh liquid pumice!  
Even if he flavor lacks,  
To my taste, a living groom is  
Better far than perfume stacks."

Said Lagobe, "Child, thou art silly,  
Yet, since I the tearplant keep,  
Shalt thou too, my gay young filly,  
Have the morsel in thy sweep."

Spoke aside the stranger, sighing,  
"From the pot I have escaped,  
Yet ordeals, not much less trying,  
Fate for me has doubtless shaped."

And aloud: "Oh chieftain, nicely  
Did'st thou speak and too, direct,  
And your words fulfill precisely  
What I hoped, or could expect."

"Still, more tearplant seeds are needed,  
For the seasons yet to be.  
And my love, who for me pleaded,  
Shall, Lagobe, share thine with thee."

"Till I, with a store more ample,  
Of the kernels, thee salute,  
Which e'en better than the sample,  
Thou shalt own without dispute."

## *Humorous Poems*

---

And he left. None e'er detained him,  
On his way, no longer doomed —  
But Lagobe, though nothing pained him,  
Wept as if by grief consumed.

Wept, I say, and in his weeping,  
Joined his offspring, steeped in brine.  
Both had gorged themselves, thus keeping,  
The tearplant's rank growth in confine.

### THE DUDE

For reasons well-founded he's wearing  
A single glass over one eye,  
He knows one is more than sufficient  
His thinker with food to supply.

He carries a cane like a pencil,  
To balance himself in his gait,  
To steady the thoughts which he harbors,  
Which only on great mortals wait.

He rolls up the rim of his trousers  
As a sign of his standing 'mongst men;  
And calls himself "Chawley," or "Billy,"  
Or "Jimmie," or "Johnny," or "Hen."

And when he is dead and forgotten —  
Alas! facts are cruel and sad —  
Another e'en more self-sufficient  
To the mirth of the living doth add.

THE TACTICIAN

Two bad little boys had been naughty,  
Had offended their mother one day,  
Who sent them to bed in a hurry  
To punish them and to dismay.

And after their father's home-coming  
She told him her woe and her plight,  
And forthwith he mounted the stairway  
The boys' tender muscles to smite.

Said Willie, "Oh papa is coming  
We'll catch it now, surely, you bet!  
I'm going to act as if sleeping,  
And he may postpone and forget."

Said Harry, whose insight was deeper,  
Who knew whom he could not delude,  
"I'll put on my heaviest drawers,  
And dress to be fit for the feud."

## EARLY POEMS

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### EVOLUTION

A stately tree may meet the eye,  
With spreading boughs which testify  
That health and strength there hidden lie,  
Securely sunk.

The worm of death already may  
Feed on its marrow, and decay  
May checkless spread, and soon convey  
To dust, its trunk.

When youth or maid, both strong and fair,  
Doth cross thy path, and seem to share  
Life's grandest gifts, naught will compare  
With their good cheer.

Yet oft unseen by mortal eye  
Destruction may already hie  
To swoop down on them, and they lie  
Upon their bier.

The stars on high, whose lustre bright,  
Our admiration e'er invite,  
Eternal seeming in their flight,  
Like tree and man  
Will perish when their time has come  
Will fall to dust, and fleet-like scum —  
To Nature's laws, all must succumb:  
Such is God's plan.

## *Early Poems*

---

An apprehension of our mind  
To creatures born, by time confined,  
Is Death. And we, shortsighted, blind,  
Can't penetrate  
The past, the future, nor to-day:  
With glaring lights, with shadows gray,  
Forever changing, often gay,  
Then grim as fate.

An endless chain, life seems to be —  
The wheel revolves, a mystery,  
To which none found, as yet, the key.  
And you and I,  
Each with a link I should compare,  
While you go up, I downward stare —  
Death follows life — life is death's heir —  
As time doth fly.

And He, whose hand the endless chain,  
Forever moves, He did ordain  
That in each atom, life should reign,  
Without an end.  
And "Death" to Him, is but a stade,  
A term to show that His handmaid,  
Kind Nature, changed a form decayed  
To forms more grand.

Thus it appears God's plan to solve  
The problem "Life" is to evolve  
All forms obscure, and to revolve  
And e'er renew  
All waning shapes, and spirits worn —  
The mystery we call "new born,"  
A higher state, each to adorn,  
And live anew.

## *Early Poems*

---

### THE NATURE OF GOD

The nature of God, ah, a solemn discourse,  
Unfruitful, perhaps, yet forever the source  
Of musing and searching, of earnest debate,  
Of quarrels unholy. (Fanatics estate.)

The paganish notions, unstable and crude,  
A mixture of folly and reason include;  
The Christian doctrines, advanced and refined  
Still leave quite a void in philosopher's mind.

But alas, we are human, and human the scale  
Which we in delusion and arrogance fail  
To confine to such matters as earth-born man  
Can weigh in his reason of limited span.

The nature of God? Ah, may I presume  
To liken God's nature to sweetest perfume,  
Which, all-penetrating, forever doth spread,  
The living embracing, and charming the dead?

And men and all creatures I'd liken to ghosts,  
Who, eager for fragrance, throng forward in hosts,  
The strongest in spirit, near kindred of God,  
O'ertaking the thralldom of Mammon and Clod.

All generous spirits, whose hands never missed  
In kindness united the weak to assist,  
Press onward, serenely, with God in their view,  
And followed by blessings, find surely their due.



## *Early Poems*

---

The stunted, the weaker, who cling in despair  
To all that is transient, to all that seems fair,  
Are hiding in darkness, unwilling to heed  
The voice of their brothers, and often recede.

They worship their treasures, ill-gotten and vain,  
And deeds most unselfish invite their disdain.  
They die, but remembered by heirs who regard  
The process with pleasure, although they die hard.

Meanwhile the great fountain of love and of life  
Pours forth his sweet odors, ignoring the strife;  
The selfish are punished, they feel their own rod —  
Revenge is too narrow, too human, for God.

### ON OKOBOJI LAKE

On the deck of the "Huntress," in the heat of July,  
Amid all the beauties of water and sky,  
I met a fair maiden of azure blue eye.  
Her form rather slight, and modest her air,  
I remember not color of dress nor of hair;  
I saw her eyes only, her blue eyes so fair.

I stared at her breathless, strained every sense;  
Her blue eyes enslaved me, I meant no offense,  
And tried to subdue my emotion intense.  
But in vain. Like the magnet which strives for the pole,  
Like the pilgrim, who ceaselessly follows his goal,  
So followed my eyes her, my eyes and my soul.

My conduct seemed rude, deserving reproach,  
In haste I turned from her and watched the approach  
Of the rippling billows which rocked our coach.

But as sure as the sun will rise in the east,  
And Nature's the only, and truest high-priest,  
As sure did my eyes return to their feast.

Alas, 'twas soon over; She returned my last gaze;  
My trip was completed, I was stunned in a maze.  
I stepped from the deck. To the end of my days  
I'll regret that this romance, so short and so brief,  
Thus ended so fruitless, and deep-seated grief  
Did gnaw at my heart ever since, like a thief.

### PEACE BORN IN STRIFE

Hate and love, antagonistic,  
Threaten thee, or else persuade,  
And other forces, plain or mystic,  
Cause thee to gain or retrograde  
In mental worth, in strength of soul,  
And in the realm where gain's the goal.

Thy peace of mind, by hate afflicted,  
From envious persecution sore,  
Abused by clamor, unrestricted,  
And judged by scoffers who adore  
Naught else but self, will sorely grieve  
And cause thy breast in pain to heave.

Hence, if thy aim is peace unbroken,  
If from passions thou wouldst flee,  
If of strife the smallest token  
Pains thy heart and saddens thee,  
Then retreat from where man liveth;  
Solitude e'er solace giveth.

## *Early Poems*

---

But wouldst, Oh mortal, nurse and cherish  
Character and virtues high,  
Which unresisted melt and perish  
Like snowflakes 'neath Sahara's sky,  
Then face the world with all its troubles,  
Its envy, hate, ambition's bubbles.

For little credit is reflected  
On virtue from temptations free,  
And your peace thus gained, affected,  
Is but a truce, not bound to thee,  
But worth, sustained in righteous strife,  
Distinction gives to humblest life.

### WHENEVER

Whenever I a seed perceive,  
Which, sprouting, in its time doth weave  
The ripened fruit for us to cleave,  
I feel that much I should retrieve;  
Whenever I a seed perceive.

Whenever I a blossom see  
It animates and rouses me,  
Dispells my aimless reverie  
And fills my soul with melody;  
Whenever I a blossom see.

Whenever I a fruit espy,  
Well matured, the battle cry  
Seems quite natural and nigh;  
"All's a fruiting, why not I?"  
Whenever I a fruit espy.

## *Early Poems*

---

Whenever I a grave survey,  
It checks my spirit in its sway,  
And mutely preaches, "All is clay;  
You've come to dwell here, not to stay;"  
Whenever I a grave survey.

Whenever I discouraged feel,  
I seek for solitude, and kneel  
And pray to Him, the only real,  
The truest friend in woe and weal,  
Whenever I discouraged feel.

### A SONG FOR AMERICANS WHO ARE IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Why do we love and why revere  
The hills, the dales, the atmosphere,  
The holy ground,  
Where our childhood's cradle stood,  
Where youthful hearts, and cheerful mood  
E'er did abound?

Why do we languish for a rest  
On native soil, and manifest  
A warm emotion  
To breathe the air, as oft of yore,  
Beneath the spreading sycamore,  
In complete devotion?

Why do our hopes and wishes blend,  
When laud we hear and comprehend  
That our home

## *Early Poems*

---

Has gained distinction and esteem,  
Has risen high, as only cream  
Doth reach worth's dome?

Why does a flash of pleasure thrill  
Through bone and marrow, and refill  
Our wasting frame  
With delight, with hope and cheer,  
Whene'er the stars and stripes appear  
In Freedom's name?

Why does death not terrify  
Those who to thy rescue fly,  
Oh Fatherland?  
When enemies thy strand assail,  
'Mid murky clouds, and springtide wail,  
Why do they firmly stand?

Why does the water downward flow,  
Why does the sun not freeze the snow?  
And why, Ah, why,  
Yes, why does God a love implant  
Which finds us hopeful, militant,  
Until we die?

### GOD AND HIS CREATURES

Man:

I am the proud master of all in my reach;  
My sway, unconfined, none dares to impeach;  
My rights are firm rooted, o'er the sea and the land;  
The beast in the field, and the fish in the ocean,  
Await my command. If such is my notion,  
All may I destroy with my far-reaching hand.

## *Early Poems*

---

God:

Not so. Thou proud mortal, thy claims I refuse;  
Thou shalt give account for each wrong and abuse  
Of creatures less gifted, but truer; I see,  
Not master, but servant, born helpless and nude  
Thou hast little reason for boasting so rude,  
For all thy possessions, Earth loaned them to thee.

Man:

At least, O my Lord, the fields which I own,  
For which I have paid, which I tilled and have sown,  
Are mine undisputed, forever to keep —  
For thou seest, O Lord, I must eat and must dress,  
And my wants are increasing, while time doth progress,  
Excusing desires to garner and reap.

God:

Alas, my poor creature, ill placed is thy trust,  
In riches e'er fleeting. Thy health now robust  
May fall a swift prey to the germs of disease,  
And all thy possessions, which now are thy pride  
Will fail thee, when Death, with impetuous stride  
Advances, proclaiming thy final release.

Man:

O Lord, I am humbled, I see my grave fault,  
I've little, ah, little, myself to exalt  
O'er the beast of the field, or the bird in the air;  
Yet have I a body distinguished for grace,  
Which doubtless is mine for the limited space  
Allotted to me in this world full of care.

## *Early Poems*

---

God:

Error, delusion. Again thou art wrong;  
Microbes now infesting thy body so strong,  
Have claims better founded to own their abode,  
No palpable riches, no visible wealth,  
Not even thy body, much less thy fair health,  
Canst Mortal, retain. Time all doth corrode.

Man:

Oh pity, me Lord! Of all I'm deprived;  
My delusion has left me, while fears have arrived;  
All toil and all labors are vain, I despond.  
The beast of less reason, the flowers which bloom,  
Look forward e'er hopeful, not knowing their doom,  
While I, thy first child, feel the weight of my bond.

God:

Despair not, my darling, I've placed near thy hand  
Inexhaustible treasures, which Time will withstand;  
They are virtue and kindness to the weak and the poor,  
Not words, empty words, but thy works and thy deeds  
Are a passport to me when death supersedes  
Thy bubble of wealth and vain glory obscure.

The ablest of mankind, the noblest and best,  
I have placed in the lead, with vice to contest.  
Those less penetrating, less skillful and wise,  
Including the masses who labor for gain,  
I have placed in positions where the humble and plain  
Can garner up treasures which death ne'er defies.

VIRTUE

Virtue, 'tis virtue, which all of us cherish,  
Whenever we find it, in young or in old.  
The charms of our body will fade and will perish,  
But virtue its beauty forever will hold.  
Without it, our lives would few pleasures possess,  
For virtue is the fountain of happiness.

The heroes who bravely, with praiseworthy mettle,  
From the primitive times to this hour to-day,  
Their disputes with sword and with war ax did settle,  
Or like the old bards, by chanting their lay —  
They all were in league with virtue, yes all,  
For virtue gives strength, but will never enthrall.

Without it, the state and the churches would tremble,  
For it is the pillar on which they all rest.  
Remove not this stay, but let us assemble,  
And pray to its Sender, that virtue be blessed  
With success even greater than heretofore seen  
And that vice and all evil depart from its sheen.

Virtue opposes the mean and the narrow,  
And provides for our mind, an oasis to rest.  
But vice begets sickness of flesh and of marrow,  
And stunts our spirit with relish and zest.  
Virtue invites us to earn a bright crown,  
While vice on the good and exalted doth frown.



## THE WIND

Unsteady in habits, and given to freaks,  
I roam o'er the valleys and high mountain peaks.  
I float in the air, impartial and fair,  
O'er the homes of the nabob, and children of care.  
I dispel the foul odors which rise from the earth,  
And thereby diminish both sickness and dearth.

I refresh both the strong, the weak, and untaid,  
And fan the fair cheeks of the golden-haired maid,  
Who thinks of her lover, to whom I waft,  
Her ardent good wishes, with Cupid's shaft —  
I blow without ceasing o'er land and sea,  
From the time of creation to eternity.

My husband, the storm, so mighty and strong,  
Sleeps often, while I regret the wrong,  
Which he, in his rage and checkless power,  
Has wreaked upon man in his waking hour.  
The mightiest ships in his hands are toys,  
Whene'er he a playful mood enjoys.

My oldest two sons, Tornado, Cyclone,  
Are the terror of the living in every zone.  
They toy not, they play not, they only destroy,  
They hear to no prayers, no mercy employ.  
They wreck and demolish in terrible rage,  
And spare neither merit nor sex nor age.

Boreas, my third-born, although not my last,  
Is a boy of grim habits, and ruthless his blast.

## *Early Poems*

---

His garments of sleet and snow defy —  
His breath is chilling, and fierce his cry.  
He comes from his castle, his arctic home,  
When Nature is sleeping, with us to roam.

The pride of his mother, my tenderest child,  
Is Zephyrus, my youngest, whose breath so mild  
Kisses, caresses, and softly entwines,  
The rich and the needy, and him who repines.  
His presence is life, for death must flee  
From a being as gentle and charming as he.

### LIFE IS A STREAM

Life is a stream,  
And streams harbor life.  
Both flow swiftly,  
In ceaseless strife.

Both begin humble  
And swell to a stream.  
Both have their breakers,  
Their shade, and their gleam.

Life, like streams,  
Should be dammed in  
By moral influence  
To keep us from sin.

Streams dry up,  
And life turns to woe,  
If the nourishing fountain  
Is stopped in its flow.

## *Early Poems*

---

Life, like streams,  
Should be pure and clean.  
Or the fish and our virtue,  
Will die in Death's seine.

Life, like streams,  
It is a sad fact,  
Is often disturbed  
By vice's cataract.

Streams have sand,  
And so should we.  
Life, like the Jordan,  
Flows to the Dead Sea.

### BE YE READY

Life is short, thou may'st be dead  
E'er to-morrow's sun has fled,  
Therefore keep, yes, keep an eye  
On the goal beyond the sky.  
Never swerve, but listen, hark,  
Aim high enough, aim at worth's mark.

Let your standard be sublime —  
Live up to it, every time,  
Like Ulysses, pass the isle;  
If the sirens thee beguile,  
Fill your ears with wax a span,  
Steer ahead and be a man.

## *Early Poems*

---

A pilgrim in this world thou art,  
Not to stay, but to depart,  
Do the right, "first, last, and ever."  
Listen not, oh listen never  
To the tempter, who in snares,  
Leads and lures you unawares.

Whate'er thou doest, do it well,  
'Tis the kernel, not the shell,  
Which the Judge of judges will  
Probe and weigh, and then distil,  
From the wealth thy soul contains  
All the dross and other stains.

### THE FATE OF ALL CREATION

Slow are the powers, and slow the force,  
Which Nature's transient works secure;  
But swiftly flows destruction's course,  
Unceasing, and without remorse,  
Despoils all things ere they mature.

A hundred ants in patience toil  
Exerting all their strength and power,  
To build their home within the soil —  
A trampling foe has come to spoil  
Their work, this very hour.

"A thousand dewdrops, heaven's tears,"  
Were needed to sustain the rose,  
Before the fragrant bloom appears,  
Which, when mature, us ever cheers,  
And charms us to repose.

## *Early Poems*

---

Anxiety and parents' hope,  
With cares and doubtings mingled,  
Have reared you gently, now to cope  
With cruel fate, on downward slope —  
For death hath thee outsingled.

The works of man, so vast in cost,  
Are sharing all the same sad fate.  
Our energies we do exhaust —  
The work is done, but quicker lost,  
To the destroyer's lasting hate.

Therefore, depend not on this life,  
Look higher up with your mind's eye.  
Fight bravely in this earthly strife —  
When full of years with trials rife,  
Then fear thou not, but look on high.

### FOR A HARVEST FESTIVAL

To-night we assemble, and without a preamble,  
We offer up thanks, with hearts most sincere,  
To Him, who in kindness, though fierce winds may ramble,  
Provides for all creatures upon our sphere.  
Grateful for boons of the past, we prepare  
To add supplications for our future welfare.

Manifold harvests are ripening ever,  
Each at its period in the ocean of time.  
Therefore behooves it the thoughtful and clever,  
Always to join in a thanksgiving chime.  
Not bound to the seasons, which go and return,  
Are the fruitbearing moments in our sojourn.

## *Early Poems*

---

The farmer, whose diligence never is sleeping,  
Carefully husbands the crops of the field,  
Shelters his cattle against the storm's sweeping,  
And gathers, rejoicing, his labor's rich yield.  
He harvests, like others, but what he has sown,  
And gains by hard labor what fain he would own.

The preacher has chances to see more disaster,  
Than anyone else, save the doctor alone,  
Trying to follow the steps of the Master,  
He laughs with the cheerful, and shares in their moan.  
The harvest he gathers is gratitude chiefly —  
Not riches to boast of (I mention it briefly).

The doctor, though ample are often his earnings,  
Risks daily his health in his calling severe,  
But only success rewards his heart's yearnings,  
Not lucre alone, which naught can endear.  
He shortens his own life, and lengthens his brother's  
And gives his best council unstinted to others.

The teacher conscientiously watching and caring,  
Nursing each germ in the mind immature,  
Reaps his reward when his pupils are sharing  
In all that he garnered and stored up secure.  
And other rewards, to him useful and needed,  
Truly earned he, who his case nobly pleaded.

The laborer, lawyer, the merchant, and banker,  
Each gathers two harvests, most unlike in worth;  
And those who in greed for the one ever hanker,  
Find oft, at life's ending, not wealth, but mere dearth.  
The one is but useful in limited measure,  
The other a jewel — a most priceless treasure.

## *Early Poems*

---

The children have harvests in games they are playing,  
The joy they are reaping is well worth the while;  
And parents, who watch them, are plainly betraying,  
They, too, have a harvest in every smile.  
For sowing and reaping, in endless career  
Is the task of the living, beneath the stars here

Death alone gathers unceasing, forever,  
His sickle ne'er rests, while the hourglass' sands  
Are measuring time, and its keen cut doth sever  
The lifethread unfailing, with tireless hands.  
His harvest proceeds, while we mortals are sowing,  
Nor slackens in vigor, when mankind is mowing.

Yet clearly we see we have cause to exult,  
For the prince of all reapers e'en cannot deprive  
Us of the last harvest which child or adult  
Has chances to reap, and to store in mind's hive.  
E'en should of both harvests, the lesser us fail,  
We've reasons for gladness, and naught to bewail.

We therefore, if fair or foul be the weather,  
Should join in a silent, yet deeply felt prayer;  
And all the great blessings, which field and which heather  
Brought forth, we are willing with others to share.  
May, in the near future, with fostering hand,  
The Lord of creation His blessings expand.

THE BEST REMEDY

Should gloom thy soul entwine,  
Oh man of care!  
Remember e'er  
That he who doth repine  
A burden is, and not a stay,  
A fragile twig, which breaks away,  
From duty's holy shrine.

Bestir thyself and seek  
For such as are  
In need. Debar,  
Lamenting, selfish, weak —  
In active love, and deeds of aid  
Thou wilt build up a palisade.  
Against disaster's shriek.

The balsam which thy hand  
With care doth spread  
On wounds which bled,  
Its healing will expand,  
Until thy own sore soul it heals,  
Unknown to thee. God oft reveals  
Therein his gracious hand.



A FOREST IDYL

In a primeval Iowa forest  
I once knew a charming Idyl,  
Where the deer and the squirrels were roaming,  
And the brooklets are murmuring still;  
Where the trees bent their crowns to listen  
To the chant of the whip-poor-will.

I remember the ferns and the lilies,  
And the May-apple too, and the smell  
Of the fragrant and beautiful flowers,  
A blooming, perfuming the dell,  
And the pond where the ducks were a fishing —  
I surely remember it well.

I see a disciple Diana's  
Advancing in the break;  
I see the glistening glimmer  
Of a weird enchanted lake;  
I see a rabbit entangled  
In the coils of a rattlesnake.

I see the beautiful linden  
With its blossoms hazy and sweet,  
And the king of the woodlands so stately,  
The Oak, in its grandeur I meet,  
And violets nodding and napping  
And winking most discreet.

Alas, for the charms of nature  
Gave way to human greed,

## *Early Poems*

---

For the beautiful forest primeval  
Was destroyed with root and seed;  
And sadly the murmuring brooklets,  
Are flowing through the reed.

### THE COSMOPOLITAN

Be not selfish, narrow,  
In your views of life.  
Be no cit nor censor  
In your earthly strife.

Do not call attention  
To your neighbor's faults:  
While your own dear hobby,  
Leads you in a waltz.

Bear in mind, remember,  
That gold is found in dust,  
That oft the sweetest honey  
Has poison in its crust.

If others from you differ  
In politics or creed,  
Then use your broadest standard  
To weigh each word and deed.

There is no being so humble,  
So unimportant, small,  
Which has no flowing fountain  
Of something good, at all.

## *Early Poems*

---

The sun, the grand life-giver,  
Is small compared with God,  
Who made the worm that's creeping,  
Beneath the crumbling sod.

Be therefore broad and gentle,  
In judging fellow man;  
Be one of Nature's nobles —  
A cosmopolitan.

### I'VE SEEN THEM BLOOM AND FADE

I've seen them bloom and fade,  
The rose and charming maid,  
Both in their prime,  
While those who modest in their aim  
Discretely rose, and overcame  
All blights of tide and time.

I loved them both too well,  
A slave to beauty's spell;  
Yet one sad thing  
Remains, although I've long forgot  
The fragrance sweet, which they'd allot —  
'Tis their sharp thorny sting.

I've watched with zeal, and found  
Fair maids who never frowned  
With pride and scorn.  
I've found a vine, whose bloom and fruit  
Impressively and strong, yet mute,  
Proclaimed its worth inborn.

## *Early Poems*

---

I've often in my day  
Seen worth in scant array,  
While worthlessness  
In splendor dwelt, in borrowed guise,  
A sham, a mockery, a prize,  
Of transitoriness.

The triumphs of conceit  
Are short and incomplete.  
To fill this gap,  
Worth will force aside distrust,  
Will melt or break suspicion's crust,  
And fall in honor's lap.

### A DELUSION

Go, tell me not that friendship  
E'er did in truth exist  
Between a male and female —  
I pray you, silence, whist!  
'Tis naught but a delusion  
Dispelled soon like a mist.

The ties which bind together  
The sexes firm and strong,  
Did differ e'er from friendship  
As color doth from song,  
As truth from virtue differs,  
And wise men do from strong.

The all-embracing forces,  
The only true cement,

## *Early Poems*

---

Which binds to willing thralldom  
Its victims, most content  
Is love, the great life giver,  
Life's safest battlement.

### A RAINY DAY

Mist and clouds of kindred sway,  
See the sisters in array;  
Moisture pregnant o'er us hover.  
The sun their sire and their stay  
Has veiled his face, and cloudlets gay  
Entwine the mist, their truest lover.

Then the Master, high, supreme,  
In wisdom leads an arctic stream  
From his spacious northern cooler;  
The winds, the trusty servants, stream,  
The azure mortar's edges gleam,  
Obedient to the highest ruler.

The thunder rolls "the voice of God"—  
(Bow low, ye mortal sons of clod,  
His name ye ever shalt revere.)  
His lightning steed, with fire shod  
Awaits his order and his nod,  
And terror shakes the atmosphere.

But lo! The wonder! See the rain!  
The clouds condensed, as liquid, strain  
And slowly settle on the sod;  
Refreshing blossom, root, and grain —  
A valued boon in man's domain —  
One of the num'rous gifts of God.

## *Early Poems*

---

The sun again shines forth serene,  
Dispels the transient misty screen,  
The rainbow then, the gorgeous arch  
Of covenant, in splendor's sheen  
Spans hills and dales and brooks between,  
And life triumphs in onward march.

### FAME AND LOVE

Heroes famed for mental power  
In the realm of art and letters —  
Heroes, strong and fair, the flower  
Of all times, who broke their fetters;  
All conquerors. But like a tower  
Looms up love, which has no betters.  
Fame, when dead, is good enough,  
But while I live, oh give me love.

Brutal men, distinction seeking  
(Fame thus gained is but a crime),  
Slaughtered countless fellows, reeking  
From the blood of victims prime.  
But Love (in terms of reverence speaking)  
Has conquered hate, oh many a time.  
Fame, when dead, is good enough,  
But while I live, oh give me love.

Mighty kingdoms, oft erected  
By the sword in ruthless hand,  
Long have crumbled, and dejected,  
We musing o'er the ruins stand.

## *Early Poems*

---

However, love with truth connected,  
Doth immortality command.  
Fame, when dead, is good enough,  
But while I live, oh give me love.

Lasting fame must have more merit  
Than selfish aims and brutal force.  
And the estates which we inherit,  
None can retain by nature's course.  
Yet all invites you, if you dare it,  
You'll rule in life through love, its source.  
Fame, when dead, is good enough,  
But while I live, oh give me love.

### PEACE

Life's tumults and struggles trying,  
Have their charms and their delight.  
Battlefields, and pennants flying,  
E'er the petulant excite.  
But the wise and good agree  
"Peace's the best in life for me!"

Fierce contention ever rages;  
Love of gold and gain unite,  
And ambition in all ages  
Missed its aim, and did invite  
Criticism stern and free;  
"Peace's the best in life for me."

Passions, too, like fire burning,  
Find their way into each heart.

And selfishness, us onward spurning,  
Kills our joys like poisoned dart,  
From which the wise in haste should flee;  
"Peace's the best in life for me."

Fame and riches, e'er decoying,  
Guide our steps from peace and rest,  
While the modest are enjoying  
Contentedness, forever blessed.  
The rich and great die hard, we see —  
"Peace's the best in life for me."

### AN IDYL OF THE FOREST

A wondrous flower, fair and sweet,  
I found one day, a blooming.  
'Twas near the seam where woodlands meet,  
The rivulet e'er fuming;  
The rivulet whose waters fleet  
Skip onward laughing, booming.

The sun shone bright, each shady nook,  
Did wink to rest inviting,  
And shadows of fantastic crook,  
E'er parting and uniting,  
As it would please the wind, that shook  
The leaves, in play delighting.

Of universal brotherhood  
Aware, and of life's weaving,  
Which constantly goes on, I stood  
A sighing, faintly heaving,  
With yearnings for all that is good  
My heart was fairly cleaving.



## *Early Poems*

---

The murmurings which overhead  
Ne'er ceased their coaxing, suing,  
Their influence o'er me did spread,  
Old memories renewing,  
And sitting down, I spun a thread,  
All thoughts of time eschewing.

The sorcerers both, Sleep and Dream,  
Soon over me came stealing;  
And still I spun the selfsame theme  
My constant thoughts revealing,  
My thoughts of her whom I esteem  
A fay of love and healing.

I dreamed of her! All-mother kind,  
Sweet Nature, ever laving,  
All wounded hearts, in balm refined  
When faint with longing, craving.  
And she, who softly me entwined,  
My road to joy was paving.

Half dreaming, when a sudden chill  
All over me came creeping,  
And, looking up, a horror thrill  
Spread o'er me, fast and sweeping,  
A rattlesnake with fiendish skill  
His coils prepared for leaping.

When suddenly a voice spoke out,  
In accents low and charming,  
"I pray, sit still, and I will rout  
This monster, thee alarming."  
The wondrous voice, so sweet, devout,  
Dispelled all fears a swarming.

## *Early Poems*

---

Then swift as light, a scarf unrolled  
Flew, on the snake descending.  
And rising up, I did behold  
A maid, who, me defending,  
Had beauty rare, which did unfold  
A sight with heaven blending.

Her light-brown hair, so rich and fair,  
As fine as silk, and glist'ing,  
Like morning dew, it could ensnare  
The coolest man existing.  
And O, her lips, like rosebuds rare,  
Charmed me beyond resisting.

Her modest eye she downward cast,  
My searching gaze evading,  
And still my eyes their sweet repast  
Continued, me persuading  
That toil for her 'mid chilling blast  
Would ne'er be mean, degrading.

Her rounded form, erect, yet slight,  
Her virgin age disclosing,  
Beamed forth in health and virtue's light  
Bewitching and imposing;  
'Twas clear to me she could requite  
All trust in her reposing.

Entranced I stood. The rattlesnake,  
Meantime his bondage breaking,  
Escaped in haste. Though wide awake,  
My mind was time forsaking.  
At last I broke the spell, to shake  
With thanks her hand now quaking.

## *Early Poems*

---

Sweet barefoot child! A crimson wave  
Rose up, her fair face tinting  
With rarest hues. Ne'er did engrave,  
Or paint, a hand imprinting,  
Such charms as these, my soul did crave;  
"O God! This is thy minting!"

I felt a thrill, her finger tips,  
A current were discharging.  
I saw her blush, I saw her lips  
Grow pale 'neath passions charging.  
No maiden's charms could hers eclipse —  
I'm surely not enlarging.

She bowed her head, I did the same;  
My senses all were swimming:  
My cheek touched hers, my passion's flame  
With ecstasy was brimming.  
I kissed her lips — who would me blame  
For such a nectar skimming?

"No, no," she cried, "my Grandpa sure  
My coming is expecting."  
She swiftly tore her form so pure  
From my embrace, neglecting  
The scarf, her headgear, to procure,  
Now in my eyes reflecting.

With scarf in hand, her path I traced,  
My raptured thoughts recruiting;  
Ne'er mortal man a fairy chased  
(Whose buoyant gait refuting  
The thought that she by flesh embraced)  
More fit for Love's saluting.

## *Early Poems*

---

Soon did my searching eye discern  
A rail-fence odd, enclosing  
A humble hut, a patch of fern,  
A man of age, reposing,  
Beneath an oak tree proud and stern,  
He sat half sleeping, dozing.

The mellow breeze, his silvery hair,  
Which on his brow was glowing,  
Like glist'ning waves, like blossoms rare,  
Caressingly was blowing,  
And playfully perfumed the air  
With scents from lilacs flowing.

The maid approached. His feeble hand  
Once strong in youth, lay resting  
On Hector's head, whom New Foundland  
Could claim his own, suggesting,  
That e'er the weak near him doth stand,  
Whose strength is fear-arresting.

In glee the dog, the graceful maid  
Encircled, ever leaping,  
His joyful bark, a serenade  
I deemed most perfect, sweeping.  
He loved her too, for he obeyed,  
Which surely was in keeping.

I followed soon. The sage arose,  
The maid stood trembling, blushing,  
The dog who growled in threatening pose  
Did heed his master's hushing.  
And soon like friends we all stood close —  
Nearby a brooklet gushing.

## *Early Poems*

---

I bowed, explained in confidence,  
What brought me here, omitting  
Howe'er, to dwell with eloquence  
On things which caused a twitting  
Within my heart, and penitence  
Seemed now in place, befitting.

The hoary sage, with cheerful face,  
Asked me to join their dining.  
And I, too willing to embrace  
A chance so rare, combining  
A feast for eyes, and wisdom's grace,  
I thought not of declining.

I must admit I was enthralled,  
There could be no denying.  
The hour-hand which often crawled,  
For once I thought was flying,  
In such a way I was appalled,  
Its speed was mortifying.

The treatment I received, instilled  
Hopes cheering and perplexing  
Within my heart. Since then, I killed  
Much time, the love annexing,  
Of those I loved. They, plain, unskilled,  
Ne'er found my presence vexing.

Alas, since then the world has changed,  
Here joy, there sorrow flinging;  
But she and I we have arranged  
That to each other clinging,  
We'll face all storms, and unestranged  
Meet all, fate may be bringing.

THE FOG HORN

Lord, oh lead us in life's ocean,  
Draw Thy hand not from Thy creature,  
Cleanse our hearts with healing lotion,  
Stamp Thy image on each feature:  
Guide our life-ship when the weather  
Is calm or fierce, o'er sea or heather.

Guard our course when earthly passions,  
Masked in garb of harmless sport,  
Undermine our best possessions,  
Our virtue true, our health resort.  
Send Thy pilot Prudence ever  
Us from reefs to steer and sever.

When dusk enshrouds our firmament,  
And blinding storms our envelope —  
When guilt shakes us most violent,  
Then light, Oh Lord, our beacon Hope;  
And re-ignite and fan the flame,  
Of honor, rectitude, and fame.

But when obscured by fog and mist,  
Our beacon light, our hope has fled,  
The compass lost, then, Lord, assist,  
Or storms will our morals shred.  
Then in our fog-horn, Conscience, blow  
A mighty blast, and light will glow.

## THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

When my spirits are fettered, and my heart filled with gloom,  
And the air seems to breathe destruction and doom;  
When the songs of the birds no longer me cheer,  
And the sunbeams of hope are displaced by fear,  
And ready to totter, cheer's fostering prop,  
Then I go to the work-bench that stands in my shop.

There stands my old comrade, my true and tried friend,  
In times of grim heartache, me now to defend.  
Soon the ring of the hammer, and the whiz of the saw,  
Dispel the dark phantoms, who flee with awe  
From the dignified angel who guards the shrine  
Devoted to labor, to labor divine.

Labor, like virtue, makes strong us, and free,  
And God is delighted its footprints to see.  
Labor is the only, the sure antidote  
Our sorrows to lighten (and joys to promote),  
Which burden our mind, and make us quake,  
And threaten our heart with grief to break.

Labor is the power which all should seek,  
Who desire to ascend to the loftiest peak  
Of success, of honor, of undying fame;  
Like Kepler, the searcher of illustrious name,  
Like Cæsar, who conquered the world alone,  
Like Franklin, whose star so brightly shone.

And those contented with a humbler lot,  
Should bear in mind that labor is not

## *Early Poems*

---

A torture invented us to disgrace,  
For every being must fill its place  
In the workshop of Nature. God did decree  
That toil be the lever the slave to free.

### TO THEE ALONE

The north winds are blowing  
So chilling, so cold,  
But my heart, it grows warmer,  
With feelings untold.

My thoughts often wander  
To the dear one I love,  
While the clouds in the heavens  
Grow darker above.

The winter draws nearer,  
The summer has flown;  
I send its last blossoms  
' To thee alone.



THE AVENGERS OF IBICUS

When Ibicus was dying  
Laid low by ruthless hand,  
A flock of cranes came flying,  
Their wings repose denying,  
Bound for their native land.

Then up, with trembling finger,  
He pointed towards the cranes,  
And spoke: "Brave birds, don't linger,  
Speed on, avenge the singer,  
Whose dying breath arraigns

"The low assassins under  
Whose strokes I'll lose my life,  
O Lord! Pour forth your thunder,  
Let your hand rift assunder  
The clouds above this strife."

He died alone. Forgotten?  
Oh no, God ne'er forgets.  
This deed so foul and rotten,  
By greed for gold begotten,  
Soon fell in Justice' nets.

The murderers now fleeing  
Did tremble oft in fear,  
For everywhere, when seeing  
A crane, a harmless being  
Their fright did reappear.

## *Early Poems*

---

Forgetting of the danger,  
Or thinking out aloud,  
"Behold, the fateful ranger,  
Of Ibicus, the stranger,"  
Cried one, "who vengeance vowed."

Too late. They were detected,  
And none the crime denied,  
To searching trial subjected,  
The punishment effected  
Was swift and justified.

Alas! for those whose doing  
The light of day must fear.  
An avenger pursuing,  
All thoughts in us accruing —  
Is always, ever near.

This avenger, never sleeping,  
Is conscience, known to all,  
Its sting (not cranes a sweeping  
High in the air) came creeping,  
And caused the robber's fall.

### SOLITUDE

When man unkind, or cruel stroke  
Of fate thy soul embitter,  
When criticized by heartless folk  
Who praise all things that glitter  
(Their ignorance oft makes them rude),  
Then heed me, friend, seek solitude.

## *Early Poems*

---

When envy tries to undermine  
Thy lifework, kind and blameless,  
And mental dwarfs, who aim to shine  
In deeds both worth— and nameless,  
With wisdom of their kind intrude,  
Then seek, oh friend, seek solitude.

When narrowness thy broader ways  
Of thinking tries to fetter,  
And for itself claims all light's rays,  
And boasts of being better;  
Then, friend of mine, I say elude,  
Go hence and seek for solitude.

When discords of a serious kind  
Within thy heart should rankle,  
And demons fierce, thy head, thy mind,  
Thy arm, thy foot and ankle,  
With passion shake, I should conclude  
Thy safest cure is solitude.

Yes, solitude's the panacea,  
I prize for every trouble,  
Of young or old. 'Tis my idea  
That it good cheer will double;  
In Nature's arms I oft reviewed  
My childhood joys in solitude.

IN MEMORY OF EMILIE BAUER

Emilie dear, our darling,  
Cut short is thy life in its bloom.  
The lark and the blithe meadow-starling,  
Are mourning for thee now in gloom.  
Your voice ever sweet and most charming,  
Has yielded to grief's sting, alarming.

The forests and woodlands will miss thee,  
And the brook in its murmuring sound,  
Will join the bright sunbeams which kissed thee,  
Lamenting for thee, who hath wound  
A wreath of bright virtues, whose charm  
Will Fate's cruel menace disarm!

The zephyr, his sport now suspending,  
Caresses no longer thy brow;  
The sounds e'er thy footsteps attending  
Are hushed, and not cheering us now;  
Thy paths here on earth are forsaken;  
Since God to himself thee hath taken.

Your parents and kindred most sadly,  
Will miss thee, now sick at their heart;  
The roses and lilies, who gladly  
Their fragrance to thee did impart,  
Are lonesome without thee, and languish,  
And bowing their heads in their anguish.

The hawthorn, the roadside adorning,  
E'er watching thy fleet foot pass by;

## *Early Poems*

---

The cowslips, your love never scorning,  
The cloudlets which float in the sky —  
All loved thee, but weep now in sorrow,  
Nor grudge thee thy brighter To-morrow.

The storm in its rage and its fury,  
Will harmless pass over thy grave;  
From hardship, from sickness, penury,  
Did God in his kindness thee save;  
All ills of this life in death ending,  
No longer thy peace are offending.

The universe grand and imposing,  
God made, and again can undo;  
The stars in the heavens disclosing  
Their glorious brightness to you  
Must end at His bidding and crumble —  
Yet saved are the true and the humble.

Emilie dear, our darling,  
We'll follow, and join thee all soon,  
The lark and the blithe meadow starling,  
The winds and the light of high noon,  
All await God's command, and will fall,  
If such is His will, at His call.

AS FAR AS IT GOES

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselfs as ithers see us."— *Burns*.

As far as it goes, 'twould be a fine thing,  
To see ourselves as others, and fling  
Aside the conceit which befogs our brain,  
And discard our follies in wrath and disdain.

But mind ye, oh friends, that others may err,  
In judging our virtues; your verdict defer;  
From outward appearance, which often misleads,  
Man forms his opinion of other men's deeds.

They see not the motive which leads you to act,  
They know not the power which tends to contract  
Oft harmful designs, and turns the flood  
From evil to good, or from water to blood.

They'll raise oft the scoundrel to honors on high,  
While deriding the pure, the honest, and fly  
To rescue the knave. And thus you see  
The judgment of men is sad mockery.

As far as it goes, 'twould be a fine thing —  
But to see ourselves as God does, the King  
Who ne'er is mistaken, nor ever has erred —  
'Twould be a great favor, undreamed of, unheard.

(No disrespect toward the great poet Burns is meant by the above, as the author only enlarged upon the well-laid foundation of Burns.)

THE CYCLONE

Whence comest thou from, and where dost thou go?  
O king of destroyers, most terrible guest!  
Which is the power that causes thy flow,  
And what the condition that puts thee to rest?

Thy voice is the terror of every creature,  
Thy aim is destruction, thy follower, death;  
Devastation and ruin, thy general feature,  
Despair is the angel which follows thy breath.

Like struggling Cyclops, who carelessly trample  
The worm in the dust, without intent,  
So dost thou cruelly kill, without ample  
Warning, all beings, till thy fury is spent.

Unconscious destroyer, great is thy power,  
Thou fillest all hearts with awe and fear;  
At thy approach the bravest will cower,  
And feigned bravado will disappear.

Though called a destroyer, and worthy that name,  
Thou art but a bungler compared with men;  
Who, ferocious and beast-like, will inflame,  
The hatred of nations, of city, or glen.

Thou art a terror, but men in thy path,  
Like vultures will follow, and oh the shame,  
Will steal the gift which the merciful hath  
Donated unselfish in humanity's name;

## *Early Poems*

---

Will steal from the poor, and hyena like,  
Devour the helpless, and tramp down the weak;  
Oh merciful God, why dost Thou not strike,  
And on these cravens, Thy vengeance wreak?

O merciful God! The fire and storm,  
The flood in its fury, are a matter of chance;  
But the human hyena, e'er loth to conform,  
To thy sacred commandment, doth ruthless advance,

And vampire like, regardless of right,  
Defies Thy laws, and from his prey,  
His helpless prey, in his sorrow and plight,  
Sucks the last drop of blood away.

Thy forbearance, O Lord, we cannot doubt,  
And Thy wisdom supreme needs no defense.  
But why, O Lord, I ask Thee devout,  
Should avarice pollute thy creation immense?

(After a fearful cyclone had destroyed the unfortunate town of Pomeroy, in Iowa, many of the appointed officers put a large share of the money received in trust into their own pockets.)

## SORROW

Steel thy heart when sorrow meets thee,  
Flee thou not in useless speed.  
None escapes, and none who greets thee,  
Ever baffled sorrow's greed.  
Sorrow's sway, and sorrow's power,  
Undisputed o'er us lower.



## *Early Poems*

---

Think thou not, that care and sorrow,  
In mankind's dregs alone are found.  
I to-day, and you to-morrow,  
Feel its gnawing hear its sound.  
Princes proud, with treasures blessed,  
Feel its scourge, and find no rest.

Cohorts of minor servants follow  
Sorrow in its daily path.  
Groundless fear, perversions hollow,  
All upon thee wreak their wrath.  
All unite, and none they spare,  
All entrap thee in their snare.

Ranks defying, sorrow wanders  
O'er the earth, no favorite  
On whom it ever mercy squanders;  
Its realm is vast, and infinite.  
Sorrow comes, and plans are blasted,  
And cherished hopes we find dismasted.

In duty's service, every tilt  
Counts and is a mighty ally,  
In consciousness that free from guilt,  
Let thy timid spirit rally.  
Steel thy heart, and never waver,  
When sorrow comes, the wrinkle graver.

LOVE'S DEATH

**SHE:**

My heart is with him,  
With him is my mind.  
From weeping are dim  
My eyes. I have pined  
Without avail:  
My courage doth fail.

I'll die in despair,  
Unless a kind fate,  
Or an angel most fair  
Will vanquish his hate:  
He once did love me  
In highest degree,

But I trifled with him,  
(O sword, seek thy sheath)  
And remorse most grim  
With relentless teeth  
Gnaws in my heart,  
Oh woe is my part!

**HE:**

At the morning sun's rise  
And the evening sun's set,  
Regret doth surprise,  
Myself, and yet,  
She knew I was true,  
But could not subdue

## *Early Poems*

---

Her wicked impulse  
To give me sore pain,  
So she tried to convulse  
My heart, true and plain,  
By flirting with men,  
Within my ken.

Her object, no doubt,  
Was selfish and wrong,  
And none but a lout  
Would join in a throng  
Of amorous swains,  
Where folly reigns.

To fasten her sway  
O'er me was her aim.  
But she killed every ray  
Of Love's clear flame;  
And when love is dead,  
All illusions have fled.

### WHY SHOULD NO LIVING BEING SAVE MAN HAVE A SOUL?

Presuming, selfish man!  
Thy arrogance,  
Luxuriance,  
Forstalls thy Maker's plan.  
A soul thou claimest for thyself,  
While horse and dog, part of thy pelf,  
Must die, a soulless span.

## *Early Poems*

---

A friend within thy sight  
    Who loves and fears  
    God, and adheres  
To maxims, fair and right,  
    Will treat his poor, dependent beast  
    With love, or gentleness at least,  
With hand both kind and light.

The neighbor at thy left,  
    Whose heart of stone  
    Ne'er will atone  
For wounds his hand hath cleft;  
    Most merciless, with brutal zeal  
    Maltreats God's creatures, whose appeal  
Finds him of sense bereft.

Thy answer is, no doubt,  
    That God, the just,  
    In wrath will thrust,  
The brute into the spout  
    Which leads to him whom myth adorns,  
    (Prince Satanas) with hoofs and horns,  
With tail and fiery knout.

So far, 'tis good and well.  
    But tell me, pray,  
    Who will repay  
The beast, whose doleful yell  
    Will die unheard. Who will requite  
    The innocent, who did excite  
Thy wrath, thou food of hell?

Who will repay, I ask,  
    The soulless brute,  
    Helpless and mute,

## *Early Poems*

---

Whose life is but one task  
Of servitude, of joyless toil,  
A chain of hardship and turmoil?  
Down, feigner, with thy mask!

### A MYTHOLOGICAL ORGY

Serenely the stars were twinkling,  
Preparing for the ball,  
While a mysterious inkling,  
From unseen lips did fall,  
And a generous incense sprinkling  
All senses did enthrall.

The universe illum'ed  
With myriads of torches;  
Zephyr-like clouds, perfumed,  
Subdued the heat which scorches;  
When Jupiter Rex assumed  
His stand on Elysium's porches.

Graciously, as ever,  
He welcomed every guest;  
Mars, richly dressed and clever,  
Led by his side one blest  
With charms that none could sever  
From Venus, the loveliest.

The lions of society  
And gnomes both large and small,  
Of spirits a variety,  
Did answer the roll-call,  
And bowed with due propriety;  
But hark! What a sudden squall!

## *Early Poems*

---

At first it seemed a riddle —  
The din could move a stone;  
Boreas in the middle  
Stood, tuning his trombone,  
And Urania, whose fiddle  
Was wailing, held her own.

Apollo, the great sire  
Of music, beat the time,  
And Orpheus with his lyre  
Fell in, with strains sublime;  
He tamed both shrieks and ire  
With his harmonious chime.

The dance was soon progressing  
Terpsichore did guide;  
Fortuna, with a blessing,  
Joined in the rhythmic slide;  
Though a hundred eyes possessing,  
Swam Argus with the tide.

Aurora, too, and Isis  
Were found within the throng,  
And even good Osiris,  
And Hercules the strong.  
Poseidon at this crisis,  
Delighted, swung his prong.

To Bacchus oft appealed  
The mirthful in their glee,  
And those in sorrow kneeled  
On Lethe's banks so free,  
Their thirsting souls, which reeled  
From guilt to misery.

## *Early Poems*

---

Naiads, sirens, muses,  
All living and the dead,  
Resumed without excuses  
Or plea, their former tread.  
Though Nemesis her abuses  
In showers o'er them shed.

The limbs of Pan in their socket  
Were skipping like a fawn.  
Next off went, like a rocket,  
Morpheus, with a yawn,  
And the moon, with hand in pocket,  
Complacently looked on.

Yet, every beginning  
Must also end, disband.  
Old Sol stepped forth, and grinning,  
He three times clapped his hand,  
And the misty phantoms, spinning,  
In Tartarus did land.

### WHY REPINE?

Cheer up, my friend, why thus corrode?  
Oppressed, no doubt, by secret load,  
Your mind gives way to brooding.  
Again, cheer up! Be not a slave  
Of chance — for surely time will lave  
Your woes, on the intruding.

Affliction comes, at every chance,  
Deriding time and circumstance,  
Nor humble prey despising.

## *Early Poems*

---

The rich and strong are not exempt  
From sorrow, pain, or from contempt  
    (Oft a deserved chastising).

Yet, friend, stand firm, although oppressed,  
Your ailings soon may be redressed,  
    Quit only woe compiling.  
And do not grumble or repine;  
Your neighbor's lot is worse than thine,  
    Yet is he always smiling.

The burdens which our spirits bend,  
If magnified, with gloom will blend,  
    All our thoughts arresting.  
But if resisted and subdued,  
Compared with blessings since accrued —  
    No longer are molesting.

Most ills of life in which all share,  
Which drive their victims to despair,  
    Are not real but seeming.  
And happy he, whose buoyant soul  
Is master e'er, who can control  
    And overcome Fate's scheming.

Happiness and pain can dwell  
In peace together — let me tell  
    A secret, reconciling;  
If thou thyself dost happy feel,  
The views of others ne'er can steal  
    The joy upon thee smiling.



AMERICA

America, dear native land,  
O land so noble, free and grand!  
    "I sing this song to thee."  
For thee, for thee! With hand and heart,  
I pray to God, may ne'er depart  
    Thy liberty.

For thee, thy sons and daughters brave,  
Will carry with them to the grave,  
    A love most holy and divine.  
And every wife and every man,  
Would sacrifice their dearest plan  
    Before our native shrine.

To heaven's care, thy soil, thy air,  
Thy mountains, lakes, and streams so fair,  
    Most earnestly I do commend.  
God, the just, has ever blessed  
Our native land from east to west,  
    From north to south, from end to end.

But ho! What glorious bird is this?  
A soaring over precipice,  
    And mountains steep and high?  
'Tis not a vulture on a prow,  
'Tis not a falcon, nor an owl,  
    A roaming in the sky.

What means the glittering arrow-crest,  
And what the banner on its breast,  
    As with the stars and stripes it flies?

## *Early Poems*

---

'Tis our Eagle on the wing,  
A keeping guard, and everything  
Within his sight in safety lies.

Oh royal bird, so strong and grand!  
Oh, ne'er forsake our native land,  
Our land so brave and free.  
America! With hand and heart  
We pray to God, may ne'er depart  
Thy liberty.

### A TALE

Once an old hero bold,  
Chief of the Arquanold,  
Up in the highest wold,  
Camped with his band.  
In war with another tribe,  
Whose chief, with a sneering gibe,  
Once dauntingly did inscribe  
A war ax in sand.

The Arquanold warriors who  
For strife ever ready, flew  
To vanquish and to subdue  
Their insolent foe.  
Just where we are resting now,  
Away from the summit's brow,  
On corpses, a fearful mow,  
Did the rising sun glow.

## *Early Poems*

---

For our old hero chief,  
In battle, both fierce and brief,  
Had routed and brought to grief,  
The enemy bold.

In horror, the rising sun,  
Shone on the night's work done,  
Ghastly, and fit to stun  
Those who did it behold.

Alluni, the chieftain's child,  
Virtuous, gentle, mild,  
The "prairie's pure lily" styled,  
Descended the hill.

In pity she onward moved,  
By warriors fierce reproved,  
But quiet, as it behooved,  
In compassionate thrill.

In pity, now multiplied,  
She on the bare ground espied  
A foe who still death defied,  
With a deep bleeding wound.  
Trying her thoughts to trace,  
He slowly raised up his face,  
With features of rarest grace,  
But instantly swooned.

A grim warrior, standing near,  
Furiously grasped his spear,  
And aimed, with an ugly sneer,  
At his noblest part.  
But Alluni, swift as a flash  
Which precedes the loud thunder's crash,  
With a bound, an impulsive dash,  
Covered his heart.

## *Early Poems*

---

The spear struck her shoulder plate,  
And pinned her to him, whose fate  
She tried to alleviate,

Discarding all fear.

Her father shook like a leaf;  
Frantic with pain and grief,  
And hastened to her relief,

Withdrawing the spear.

Then up stood the maiden brave,  
And grasping an arrow, grave  
Words from her lips did wave

In the balmy cool air.

"With this sharpened arrow point,  
Which skilful hands did annoint,  
With poison, I'll prick my joint,  
And quench my despair."

"Unless, dearest father, thou  
Wilt pledge with a sacred vow  
To spare the youth swooning now,  
From death and all plague."

The chieftain, 'twixt fear and hate,  
Yearning his wrath to sate,  
Tried to equivocate,

In words rather vague.

But seeing the arrow glist,  
Near her denuded wrist,  
He vowed, and a sudden mist

Her mind did enshroud.

True to his sacred pledge,  
The chief did no longer hedge,  
But ground down his hatred's edge,  
So haughty and proud.

## *Early Poems*

---

Both scorning vile pills or broth,  
Recovered, and pledged their troth,  
And to love turned the chieftain's wrath,  
    Ere the full moon turned pale.  
And when the old hero died,  
The Arquanold in their pride,  
Elected Chief Lightning-Stride —  
    And here ends the tale.

### TAKE PRIDE IN THY CALLING

Take pride in thy calling, oh mortal,  
    Or failure will surely attend thee.  
With letters of gold o'er thy portal  
    Mark plainly, distinctly, and handy,  
        Vocation and calling,  
    With neatness, not sprawling,  
    And all will consider thee "sandy."

Have faith in thy doctrine, or scoffers  
    Thy teaching in slime pits will draggle.  
Aim higher than filling thy coffers  
    With treasure, or sure thou wilt straggle  
        From the path of success;  
    If not, faith limitless  
    Will raise thee o'er trifling and haggle.

HUMAN NATURE

Not all is bad that we despise,  
Nor all that like the cream doth rise  
Should we admire.  
The human mind, like all on earth,  
Is imperfect. Abundance, dearth,  
Our griefs and joys, and harmless mirth,  
Like a hot fire,  
Our hearts do mark  
Now light, now dark,  
With love or ire.

We struggle hard, and take due pains  
That in our lines, our skill attains  
The highest ranks.  
Yet, though we strain in ceaseless toil,  
Our powers all, and ne'er recoil  
From honest work in life's turmoil,  
We draw but blanks.  
But others gain  
What we would fain  
Accept with thanks.

With seeming ease, some make a name.  
We persecute them, and defame  
Their fair repute,  
For envy is the demon dark  
Who aims at every shining mark,  
As doth the seaman at the shark,  
Most resolute.  
When their life's spent  
Their monument  
We execute.

TOO LITTLE OF ANYTHING IS BUT A CURSE

The love we retain for our kindreds' sole use  
Of right doth belong to all beings that breathe.  
God's less-favored creatures, we ever abuse,  
And crown ourselves with an ill-bestowed wreath.  
Neglecting the needy, our chattels we nurse;  
Too little of anything is but a curse.

Oft haters of evil, whose courage doth fail,  
Who waver for fear when a crisis they meet,  
Will yield to corruption, and faint-hearted quail  
When firmness would stagger, and force to retreat  
The enemy shamming, whose valor's still worse;  
Too little of anything is but a curse.

There are cases where plenty, which ne'er doth abate,  
May smother of ever-prized kindness the germ,  
Which thrives while fulfilling impulses innate,  
Whose lamp is ne'er lacking the oil or the sperm.  
Yet vain all endeavors, if slim our purse;  
Too little of anything is but a curse.

If each in his backyard had gold to scoop up,  
The Klondike and Rand would be left to their fate.  
And Death would discard soon the bane-brimming cup  
Of gold, which doth strife and dissention create.  
Ah, had we but more, we'd gladly disburse;  
Too little of anything is but a curse.

## LATER POEMS

---

### YESTERDAY

Where are the joys which us beguiled,  
When love and simple virtues reigned,  
And vanities left undefiled  
Our mind, and our heart unstained?  
Where are these joys which none could stay,  
The joys of vanished yesterday?

Where is the work of long ago,  
Which, slowly plodding, we pursued,  
And still had leisure to bestow  
Profounder thoughts on what we woo'd,  
While we to-day, e'en hastening pray,  
Where is the work of yesterday?

Where is the strength distinguishing  
The past, in deeds and thoughts expressed?  
Though rudely fashioned, everything  
Had lasting worth and stood the test.  
Where is the strength, which did betray  
The trend of bygone yesterday?

Where is the sham-despising pride,  
Which stoops not in a vain desire  
The jewel, truth, alas, to hide  
Beneath misleading, false attire?  
Where is the crown, in worth's array,  
Where is the pride of yesterday?



COMPENSATION

The laws of compensation,  
Not few, but manifold,  
Do equalize what otherwise  
Would be a wrong untold.

One may possess vast riches,  
Yet doth he miss a child  
Whose babble cheers, and dries our tears —  
For hearts must be beguiled.

And he, penury's victim,  
Whom fate so much neglects,  
Oft mourns and grieves — his child retrieves  
For him all such defects.

Some never knew their parents,  
Nor did their love accost.  
Yet recompense saves woe intense —  
The unknown can't be lost.

Great intellects e'er straying  
Into mind's silent realm  
Gain joys unknown to the idle drone,  
And woes to overwhelm;

While he whose mind is clouded  
Is happy in his way;  
Not high nor deep his aims do creep,  
For small stakes doth he play.

## *Later Poems*

---

Sin may enhance our status,  
And transient profits bring;  
Yet sin begets no violets,  
But thorns to smart and sting.

He who has few possessions  
Can lose but few at last,  
While others may see much decay  
If much they have amassed.

The laws of compensation  
With God's hand keep apace,  
Each gets his share of joy and care,  
Best suited in his case.

Were all alike in riches,  
In health, and wisdom's way,  
Progress would halt, and sloth exalt,  
And striving minds decay.

The gift of understanding  
The King of mortal kings,  
Alone can claim; He knows his aim,  
But we are helpless things.

TO BABY CARMEN

Composed January 29, 1905, in honor of little Carmen Eggerth, just six months old, weight 16 pounds.

Baby, now a polliwog,  
Has bright eyes, e'er peeping;  
Baby, like a little log,  
Rolling o'er, is keeping  
All her secrets to herself,  
And delights in colored pelf,  
Laughing now, then weeping.  
Baby, now a polliwog,  
Soon will be a little frog,  
Creeping, ever creeping.

Baby, now a little elf,  
Keeps on growing, growing;  
And intrudes her little self,  
Where joy is gifts bestowing.  
Baby, oh, thy tricks are vain,  
Yet do they each one entertain,  
Be calm, the winds are blowing.  
Baby, yet a little elf,  
All doth claim, from floor to shelf,  
With bulging eyes, and glowing.

TO BYRON

Byron, oh Bryon, an error most grievous,  
'Twas when thou didst mention thy critic by name,  
Whose small pricking arrows could never, believe us,  
Thy merit diminish, nor darken thy fame.  
The aim of the well-known sly burgher of Edin  
Was doubtless to keep his own lustre from fadin'.

All critics I'd liken to mirrors, and looking-  
Glasses, quite worthless, if left in the dark.  
The light must fall on them before they — oft shocking —  
Can mar and distort, or leave a true mark.  
There are mirrors and mirrors, some faultless and polished,  
And others but worthy of being demolished.

The hen needs must cackle, but the egg she has laid  
May pass as excuse for the needless ado;  
But critics unfruitful, like leeches, invade  
The realm of their betters, most ruthless, in lieu  
Of mending their spirit, unfruitful and sear,  
Of creating, self-active, or seeking the rear.

When wine becomes sour, and worthless to drink,  
It drops to the rank of best vinegar;  
But critics, e'er trying reputations to sink  
Can never fall lower from where they now are.  
The author or poet embraced by the critic  
Reminds me of oak trees and plants parasitic.

Byron, oh Byron, 'twas an error to wrest  
From oblivion, a name foredoomed sure to fade.

## *Later Poems*

---

Merit will rise while the masses digest  
The works of thy mind, but dwindle to shade  
In spite of all puffs by the critic employed,  
Thy efforts will soon, if of merit devoid.

### TO MY FRIEND, GEORGE W. HANNA

(For whom the author erected a fine residence.)

The job is done, the keys are thine,  
To lock each door. To thee assign  
I now each chest and every fixture,  
From attic roof to cellar floor —  
Dimensive now thy will. Explore  
At leisure thou the mixture.

May comfort, warmth, a cheery smile,  
Thy outward man each day beguile,  
When business cares thee tire.  
And may thy inner man rejoice  
At deeds of love, to those whose voice  
To thee appeal in their desire.

For kindness, friend, which we impart,  
Ne'er leaves a sting in thine own heart —  
It is God's first and greatest boon —  
A duty, too, for weak and frail  
Are mortal men; few can avail  
Themselves of gifts which flee too soon.

Should e'er thy mind (I truly doubt it)  
Mean flattery or fawners' plaudits  
Pervert, and cause thy spirits rise,

## *Later Poems*

---

Then rise thou too, scale wall and roof,  
Far o'er the earth from all aloof —  
None could men's smallness there disguise.

The works of God, immense and grand,  
In glorious garb before thee stand.

Thy spirits droop, thou seest clear,  
Not to possess, but to improve,  
Kind Nature's gifts, it doth behoove  
The creature, man, in his career.

But should ill health or loss of wealth,  
Or other griefs, in secret stealth

Thy spirits cause in woe to droop,  
Then, friend of mine, do not despair,  
Stand firm, erect, and then compare  
Thy lot with those who always stoop.

Adversity will cause thine eye  
To read men's hearts, and thus descry  
Much silent worth, before not seen;  
And Nature's face, God's manuscript,  
Thou then canst read, with eyes equipped  
To see in darkness, clear and keen.

Adversity thine ear will train  
To list, in patience to the strain  
Of those whom life ne'er brought a joy;  
The lisping winds, the roaring sea,  
Will clearer, louder, speak to thee:  
"Adversity means not alloy."

Let ne'er thy better judgement swerve  
From what thy heart found true. Preserve  
The cream of all which stood the test;

## *Later Poems*

---

An honest foe who with strong arm  
Thy brow attacks will do less harm  
Than hidden claws, which thee caressed.

The man, not dress; the deed, not word,  
Compels respect, we ever heard.

A seeming fall may mean thy rise,  
Not always seen by man, the thrall  
Of circumstances, apt to fall,  
As Adam fell in Paradise.

And when thy life-clock has run down,  
Go hence in peace. May thy renown  
Be such that those who know thee best  
May pray sincere, in grief and tears,  
"O Lord, spare him yet twenty years";  
Then will thy memory be blessed.

At last, my friend, good cheer be thine  
(Philosophers ne'er do repine).

In every state, each day and year.  
And to thy loved ones, kith and kin,  
I wish the same, and peace within,  
Again I say to thee, "Good cheer."

THE GOLDEN MEAN

The Christian and the heathen  
Each preaches and proclaims  
His own perplexing doctrine,  
Which covers all his aims.  
And I, who speechless worship  
At the All-Mother's shrine,  
I'm seeking for a guidepost,  
Yet fail to see its sign.

I've seen them worship idols,  
And am to blame myself,  
If it is vain, pernicious,  
To cling to transient pelf.  
I've groped and searched unceasing  
For truths which are divine;  
I'm seeking for a guidepost,  
Yet fail to see its sign.

Should I my conscience smother,  
And ape the thoughtless throng,  
Who judge all things by seeming,  
And turn the right to wrong?  
Or pass as "crank" molested  
By folly's grand combine?  
I'm seeking for a guidepost,  
Yet fail to see its sign.

Should I for wealth and riches  
E'er strive in ruthless zeal,  
That I, as open-handed  
Myself may yet reveal?



## *Later Poems*

---

Or should as helpless pauper,  
My goodness I define?  
I'm seeking for a guidepost,  
Yet fail to see its sign.

Should I, who sees but riddles,  
Ask others them to solve?  
Or should my finite knowledge  
New theories evolve?  
Alas, I am but human,  
And life, a boundless mine;  
I'm seeking for a guidepost,  
Yet fail to see its sign.

### IT CANNOT LAST

Let e'er thy watchword be:  
"It cannot last,"  
Stand firm, stand fast,  
Abide by God's decree.  
Then wilt thou ne'er a victim fall  
To innate insolence a thrall,  
Nor to despair's strong plea.

Should dangers thee pursue,  
Stand firm, stand fast,  
It will not last.  
Be brave, and strong, and true,  
The clouds which hide the sun to-day  
To-morrow shall have ebbed away,  
And peace will bide with you.

## *Later Poems*

---

Doth beauty thee adorn,  
Stand firm, stand fast,  
It cannot last,  
To waste, all things were born.  
Thy outward grace, cause of thy pride,  
May vanish soon, and not abide,  
And give thee cause to mourn.

Should you abound in joy,  
Stand firm, stand fast,  
It cannot last :  
All things will fade, alloy,  
The lips so sweet, the hands so warm,  
Which oft caressed thy yielding form  
May soon grim death decoy.

Hast riches thou, oh man?  
Stand firm, stand fast,  
It can but last  
As long as your life's span.  
The treasures which with zeal we hoard,  
May vanish e'er death's ruthless sword  
Lays low us, pale and wan.

When death at last thee meets,  
Stand firm, stand fast!  
Death will not last :  
Death ne'er God's aim defeats.  
To mould will turn the empty shell ;  
Our works and deeds the truth will tell,  
The truth which life completes.

WELCOME

(Read before a gathering in the new residence of the author.)

My gentle wife for whom I've planned  
This new abode, with head and hand,  
Has left me far too soon;  
A better home, an endless home,  
A home with God beneath his dome,  
Is now her cherished boon.

And you, my friends, who did abide,  
When fate had robbed me of my bride,  
And grief my soul bent down,  
For you my thanks, my heart-felt thanks,  
I shall retain, until your ranks  
Are broke by death's grim frown.

No more of this. To-night we're here  
To while away in right good cheer,  
As oft in olden time,  
The fleeting moments of the night,  
Amid the games and sayings bright,  
And hear the music chime.

Welcome, friends, I welcome you;  
May merrily the time pursue  
Its flight within my hall;  
May, when my threshold you have passed  
Your sleep with soothing dreams be massed;  
Aye, welcome, one and all.

TO EMMA

Dearest wife, although departed,  
Thy spirit still is lingering nigh.  
Thou hast been my hope and anchor  
When the waves were rolling high;  
Thou hast been my pride and honor,  
In the years that have gone by.

Gentle wife, thy deeds and actions  
Never left a pain or sting,  
And thy love and thy affections  
Never were found wavering;  
Thou hast cheered thy husband's summer,  
And hast blessed thy children's spring.

Sweetest wife, oh, not forgotten,  
Wilt thou be, for whom I moan;  
And a monument more precious  
Shalt thou have, than marble stone,  
In the heart of him who loved thee,  
As only he loved thee alone.

THE DYING STRAINS OF ALEXANDER  
THOMPSON

(This happened at Dubuque, Iowa, 1899.)

A train was wrecked. What matters  
The loss sustained in rolling stock,  
Had not a brave man suffered  
A searching pain and deadly shock?  
Wedged up against the boiler,  
Which smoke belched forth, and scorching heat,  
Poor Alexander Thompson  
Was found, destined thus death to meet.

Despite of all exertions  
To free the martyr, sore and bruised,  
In dreadful straits, and hopeless,  
All was in vain. Though each refused,  
He begged without cessation,  
To end his misery and pain;  
Then tones most sweet came flowing  
In one continuous, mellow strain.

They flowed from lips scarce able  
To move, from being cracked and charred,  
They touched, like angel's voices,  
The list'ners' hearts, who could retard  
Their grief and pain no longer.  
"My old Kentucky home, good night,"  
He sang, and Death's dark shadows  
Gave way to hope of coming light.

## *Later Poems*

---

Though weak and ever weaker,  
    "My old Kentucky home, good night,"  
He sang, and deepest sadness,  
    His farewell strain did thus invite.  
All bowed their heads, still trying  
    To ease him in his woe and blight;  
Once more he breathed, dying,  
    "My old Kentucky home, good night."

### LIFE EVERYWHERE

(Inspired during a steamboat trip on the Mississippi, June 16, 1907.)

Our lives intertwine like the billows,  
    Which ever their level do seek.  
The low lifts the high even higher,  
    And the strong shares his strength with the weak.

The ripple we see on the surface,  
    Disguises a struggle below,  
And a countenance outwardly beaming,  
    May hide a most trying heart-throe.

The wavelets which restless are skipping,  
    Uniting again soon to part,  
Like human aims, growing, declining,  
    Are submerged at a greater wave's start.

And yet is essential each billow,  
    And human endeavor doth count,  
E'en though its beginning be modest,  
    The crest in life's stream to surmount.

## *Later Poems*

---

The pulse beat, the swell, and the heaving,  
Emotions which never find rest,  
God's presence proclaim most impressive,  
To those who with insight are blessed.

We judge by external appearance,  
Neglecting the depth to explore,  
Of men and of swift-flowing waters,  
Embraced by their limiting shore.

The snags and infirmities hidden,  
The shoals and the fathomless pits,  
We notice too late for retreating  
When fate in her judgement-chair sits.

To trust in a stranger unwisely,  
To ride on a stream which deceives,  
Is courting disaster, which greedy  
And watchful, its spider-net weaves.

But to cling to the tried and the faithful,  
And to cherish the true without stint,  
Betokens a judgement which doubtless,  
Was coined in fair wisdom's own mint.

## HOARDING

Aye, hoard we must and will, all times, it seems,  
(An oft misused impulse). One hoards the beams  
Of every gladness, and e'er strives in zeal  
To wrest from Fate its sting, while his ship's keel  
Divides the clouds which ever hang in gloom  
Above most men, in age and in youth's bloom.  
His helping hand, which tireless imparts  
Kind gifts, is potent in unselfish arts.  
Each tear he dries, his noble soul extends,  
And to his countenance new sweetness lends.  
His sole reward, which gratifies beyond  
All parallel, he finds within the bond  
Which chains him to the one blessed by his aid,  
And, miser-like, he revels in the shade  
Of former deeds. Full hundred-fold, his years  
Are blessed with fruit, of Mercy's golden ears.

Another here we find, who hoards his grief,  
The common grief of all, though short and brief.  
He magnifies, with artful master-touch  
Each tiring pain, not recognized as such  
By braver men. His one inglorious aim,  
His narrow ruling thought, is to inflame  
Anew the dying embers of despair.  
And when exhausted his own grief and care,  
His woeful eye, in search for greener fields,  
Dismays his friends, whose cheerful aspect yields  
Not willingly, yet, like the mildewed mist,  
His presence blights each joy: naught can resist —



What his reward? Ah, what does he deserve?  
A somber life can scarce from darkness swerve,  
God's brightest rays are not for one who hath  
A gloomy eye. His is the aftermath.

Another hoards his baseless, vaunting pride.  
In channels deep, obscure, it e'er doth glide,  
By none discerned, seen only by his eye,  
Which ever dreads the searching probe to ply,  
For fear to prick a bubble, where he stored  
His idle dross, by him alone adored.  
Such attributes as we in others find  
Well merited call forth his hatred blind.  
His only aim is not "E'er to outdo,"  
But "to outshine" the common earthly crew.  
What recompense should God on him bestow?  
Whose shallowness doth higher aims forgo?  
Enduring fame is not for one like him;  
A glittering outward show, his hollow whim  
Attracts far more than wisdom's guiding shield;  
His is the fruit-shorn, empty, stubblefield.

The last of all, the one God loves the least,  
Is he whose greed for wealth oft shames the beast,  
Which, when its gnawing want is stilled and quenched,  
Gives way to those unfed. While he retrenched  
The scanty means of those whom adverse fate  
Left in his blight'ning reach. Accumulate,  
Despite the laws which come from high above,  
And hoard he must, e'en at the cost of love,  
Which turns to hate, as day to night will change.  
His avarice doth all his friends estrange;  
He rules by fear, but should his fortune fall,  
He's left alone, e'en now his passion's thrall.

While others sleep, or on the Sabbath day,  
When stronger minds for light and wisdom pray,  
His sordid thoughts still revel o'er his gold,  
His only aim, for which all else he sold.  
A fearful scourge, a phantom dark with gloom,  
Is death to him — all earth-born mortals' doom.  
The thought of death, like wrathful tempest's roar,  
Strikes his declining years unto the core.  
How can God one remunerate like him,  
Whose love for self eclipsed his mental trim?  
While memories of better men redound?  
His is the hopeless, barren, stony ground.

### GRANDPAPA

Grandpapa, my grandpapa,  
I'm still a little man, but ah,  
    I'm growing, yes, I'm growing.  
Thy knee, I've reached it long ago,  
And now I'm but a bit below  
Your elbow when it's hanging low,  
    And many things I'm knowing.

Grandpapa, my Grandpapa,  
Upon your knees I'll ride, hurrah!  
    How do I love careering!  
When I am grown as tall as you,  
A spur I'll buckle on my shoe,  
And ride a horse, as others do,  
    Not faltering nor fearing.

Grandpapa, my grandpapa,  
When I am strong, with ax and saw,  
    I'll help you daily, yearly.

I want to do all you do now;  
I want to learn, oh, show me how!  
A book to write, or guide a plow,  
And I will love you dearly.

Grandpapa, my Grandpapa,  
Your picture on my slate to draw,  
A joy is, and a pleasure.  
To watch each twinkle in your eye,  
To see your smile, doth multiply  
My joys, which sorrow's clouds defy —  
I snatch each passing treasure.

## PURSES AND PATRIOTISM

Purses and patriotism  
Are much alike indeed,  
Although no catechism  
Taught ever such a creed.

When empty, the purses are carried  
Open around in the hand,  
But filled with treasure are buried  
'Gainst thieves and fiery brand.

Patriotism resembles  
A purse, no one denies,  
The superficial trembles  
While the genuine hidden lies.

Both patriotism and purses,  
In times of need we test,  
The empty, none e'er nurses,  
While the opulent is blest.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Slowly with the evening shadows,  
Fades and dies the weary day.  
Far beyond the hills and meadows,  
Longing for his next relay,  
Sinks the Sun-god, still reflecting  
Sunbeams blessed with warmth and life,  
But the gloom of night, directing,  
Claims its right in stubborn strife.

Darkness, in its greed devouring,  
All that light made ever clear,  
Must recede, though often lowering  
And unwilling, when light's sphere  
In its panoply of glory  
Shining like a polished plate,  
Rises and attacks the hoary  
Mist before Aurora's gate.

Likewise in the spirit human,  
Darkness finds a lodging place,  
When our wisdom and acumen  
Are found wanting in life's race,  
Which the soul of every creature  
Should adorn with graces rare,  
Instead of being, mind and feature,  
Marked as lost to gloom's despair.

But when knowledge comes approaching,  
Strengthened by God's own essence,  
Ignorance, before encroaching,  
Now must stand in self-defense.

Slowly, slowly, yet unfailing,  
Towards the ends by God ordained,  
Hast'ning here, and elsewhere trailing,  
Knowledge frees the mind enchained.

Knowledge brings us joys, enhancing,  
While their source we learn to love;  
Knowledge in its course advancing  
Points to hope and light above.  
Ignorance and darkness tremble,  
Fearing that which they not know,  
And they cling, while they dissemble,  
To all transient things below.

#### TO GENTLE KATE

This simple lay, devoid of art,  
A tardy tribute of the heart,  
Whose spell of silence has been broken,  
I do inscribe in grateful mood,  
To pure and noble womanhood,  
As a, alas, deficient token.

And if I could, a song I'd sing,  
The nightingale's tunes rivaling  
In sweetness and in truth and power;  
And if the gift, thoughts to portray  
In song were mine, I'd not delay,  
But touch my lute this very hour.

I'd sing their praise, whose worth I bless,  
Who, lacking harshness, still possess,  
The choicest gift which heaven sendeth,

## *Later Poems*

---

To lead aright, man's forces stern,  
Which, though they're needful, we discern,  
Are wanting that which love but lendeth.

Men see the justice of a thing,  
But women with them mercy bring,  
The remedy, which, when all faileth,  
Where jarring discord doth abound  
Or where the cries of woe resound,  
With its intrinsic worth prevaieth.

In youth, if they are led aright,  
Their countenance reflects the light,  
Which in their inmost soul is beaming;  
And like the flower which precedes  
The coming fruit, their aspect leads,  
To hopes which in glad hearts are teeming.

Like tender buds which do adorn,  
The rosebush in the early morn,  
Before the sun the zenith reaches;  
Like blossoms pure, unspotted, fair,  
Which with their fragrance fill the air,  
And charming like the bloom of peaches.

And later on, when life's demands  
Their sphere of usefulness expands  
As wife and mother, children rearing,  
Self-sacrifice, their chosen law,  
Calls forth our gratitude and awe  
Toward ways most gentle and endearing.

And when rude men, whose vain dispute  
Oft ends in war, their gains compute,  
They find at last, when they must settle,

That not the grim, opposing host,  
But their own wives have suffered most,  
And yet retained their loyal mettle.

And who will doubt God's final aim,  
Whose love, the all-embracing flame,  
Triumphantly in woman weaves?  
Doth not the trend which they pursue  
Bespeak for them a well earned due,  
In realms where love its crown achieves?

### CONSCIENCE, THE SAVIOR

The rushing stream, which onward speeds,  
With skiff and bark,  
No guidepost in its course e'er needs,  
Nor other mark;  
Yet in the end it finds its goal,  
Since nature doth all things control.

And thou, enforced by reason's guide,  
Which, after all,  
Is but a staff to aid thy stride,  
Or cause thy fall;  
Thou shouldst thy conscience' voice ne'er scorn,  
Whene'er thy staff leaves thee forlorn.

Thy conscience, framed to suit thy case,  
Leads thee to God,  
And mine; although less rich in grace,  
Finds fruitful sod;  
And though our paths apart us lead,  
We both no other guide shall need.

## *Later Poems*

---

Thy reason may lead towards the truth,  
Thy yearning soul,  
While mine, misguided in my youth,  
Lack's wisdom's dole.  
Yet if each faithful goes his way,  
Not you nor I can go astray.

The realm of truth, none can invade,  
Not sage nor fools,  
And daily see we doctrines fade  
Of former schools.  
What our mind as truth perceives,  
To change, an endless limit leaves.

Truth, love, and life, is He alone,  
Of all the cause.  
And we, but creatures of a zone;  
Well may we pause,  
Ere we proclaim, from doubtful ground,  
That we the precious truth have found.

### JULY FOURTH, 1895

'Tis true the fate  
Of nations strong, rock-rooted seeming,  
Is doubtful like the fate of man;  
To-day with pride our visage beaming,  
To-morrow, in despair we scan  
Our fleeting hopes, still feebly gleaming,  
Which join destruction's caravan.

Vast kingdoms fell,  
Still in their prime and utmost power,  
A prey to vices grave, severe.



They fell when God did seem to shower  
His blessings on their self-closed ear;  
They fell not by the hands that scour  
The earth, and fill our hearts with fear.

They were brought low  
By foes within their hearts and home,  
Who stealthily did undermine  
The corner-stone on which the dome  
Of truth and happiness doth shine.  
To enervation in its roam,  
They fell a prey in their decline.

Let us all pray,  
To-day, sincerely, that our land  
Be spared for e'er from such a fate;  
Let us all pray that virtue's band  
Entwine our people, brave and great;  
And that dissention's blasting brand  
Be banished from our nation's gate.

Let us all hope  
That time to our strength may add,  
As years and centuries pass by;  
And that the tree in hope be clad  
On which our fathers did rely,  
The tree of liberty, which had  
A charm for all 'neath freedom's sky.

Oh, native land!  
May ne'er thy honor, fame, subside,  
As long as man on earth may dwell,  
But may it, like the rising tide,  
Constantly increase and swell;  
Aye, to thy fame, we point with pride,  
Thine enemies, we will repel.

LIFE

Like a whirling Charybdis without a rest,  
Without repose or contentment blessed,  
    Like grains of gladness with pounds of hope,  
And tons of care, all mixed together;  
Like lowering clouds in cheerless weather,  
    Which hide the truth for which we grope:

Like a problem unsolved and undefined,  
Like the goddess of Justice, who is blind,  
    Like a streak of joy in sorrow's home,  
That comes to mock each station and cast;  
Like a link that joins our future and past,  
    In the chain of fate and doom to come:

Like a chimerical were-wolf, which haunts our dreams,  
Like a fluttering sunbeam, which is, or seems,  
    A ray of wisdom which springs from the fount  
That flows where He dwelleth, whom we revere;  
Like a flash of intuition that'll disappear  
    Ere we can grasp the thought profound —  
        Such is Life.

HARMONY IN NATURE

The twilight gives way when the sun-ray approaches,  
And the dew seeks the chalice at evening's prime;  
The song-bird's blithe carrol, when darkness encroaches,  
    Upon the day's richness, is hushed for the time.  
Each fills in its turn, and in its own season,  
The duties assigned by a loftier reason.

## *Later Poems*

---

The forest's calm voice, and the rills' rhythmic babble,  
In harmonies blending, invite us to rest;  
The web-foot, e'er eager to dive and to dabble,  
Enlivens the outlook, enhancing the zest.  
The pond ever courting the moonbeams so bright,  
Is a spring of deep languor, and a source of delight.

The mountains, with summits the clouds overreaching,  
Strike awe to the minds of the brave and devout,  
And at their side nestles a shepherd's hut, preaching  
Of hope and of faith in its sheltered redoubt.  
The swift rushing waters, keep time with the storm,  
Pulsating, they hasten their tasks to perform.

Verdure embellished, the meadows embolden  
The rodent to venture his realms to explore;  
The squirrel, improving the time rare and golden,  
Enriches with judgement, his well-guarded store.  
The bee, by her secret impulses impelled,  
Doth gather that portion, from others withheld.

The elements, too, in their turn ever changing,  
Bring home to our vision, sweet nature's accord,  
For while the chilled snowflakes await their arranging  
In sheets of white zephyr, she elsewhere doth hoard  
The vapors yet liquid, which rise to descend,  
To keep all in tune, or discordance to mend.

**RULES AND FOOLS**

Fools need rules, and rules make fools;  
And both will rhyme together.  
Yet rules are often handy tools,  
'Mid frowning skies or pleasant weather.

The leader makes his rules to suit  
The work which doth amuse him,  
The follower so sly and cute,  
Doth follow, or abuse him.

The former sees more sides than one,  
In every thing or question,  
The latter, of the common run,  
Has mental indigestion.

An artist may achieve great fame  
With rules quite new and cunning;  
Then comes a critic, weak and tame,  
Filled full and overrunning,

With vile abuse because his master  
Has left the worn-out highways;  
Yet always dies this doom-forecaster  
In fame's forgotten by-ways.

A sorry lot, these knights of letters,  
Who, like the ivy creeper,  
Cling for a living to their betters,  
For want of stay or sleeper.

## *Later Poems*

---

Their breath of venom, too, resembles  
Said creeper's blight'ning action;  
Yet harmless like the leaf which trembles,  
Are they in their distraction.

Aye, fools need rules, and rules make fools,  
And when they meet and mingle,  
You have the acme of all schools,  
The critic plain and single.

### THE ARCHITECT

(To T. H. Conner.)

Doubtless, in recesses hidden  
In thy mind, but known to thee,  
Thoughts arise, and stay unbidden  
And are seldom prone to flee.  
When in need of cheer, and tired,  
In cohorts they seem to rise,  
And, like clouds by tempests sired,  
Aim your peace to sacrifice.

Doubtless, thou hast known the trials  
Which the striving mind beset,  
And hast often drunk from vials  
Filled with envy and regret;  
The former gathered up and hoarded  
(Speaking in a metaphor),  
By the grudger, who recorded  
Outward seeming — nothing more.

## *Later Poems*

---

Pigmies, gauged with thine own measure,  
Reaching scarcely to thy knee,  
Sit behind a safe embrasure  
In stern judgment over thee.  
Failing in their minds benighted  
To esteem your trying task,  
Blind to merit, yet delighted  
In your hard-earned fame to bask.

Such are those whose envy blightens  
Many a blossom in your breast,  
And regret your heartstrings tightens  
That 'tis all so manifest.  
Burdens which but vex and tire  
Every leader must sustain,  
'Though the fruit thou dost acquire,  
Is no less thy neighbor's gain.

All thy life may be devoted  
To the betterment of man,  
Yet those who on follies doted  
With disdain your doings scan;  
Ah, regret, like pigeons homing,  
Leaves thee only to come back,  
And thy weary soul, e'er roaming,  
Seeks for kindred spirit's track;

Spirits who, in walks more equal  
To thine own, are wont to move;  
Spirits who — this is no sequel  
But the gist I hope to prove —  
Who, I said, devoid of passion,  
Thy endeavors know to prize,  
And not, as is modern fashion,  
Glittering trifles eulogize.

## *Later Poems*

---

Painters who, in skill surpassing  
All that liveth can portray;  
Who their thoughts on canvas massing,  
Show their fancy's choice display;  
They, like thou, whose thoughts are leading  
Far beyond all mortal ken,  
In their works of art exceeding,  
Preach a sermon to all men.

Sculptors, patient, slowly toiling,  
Carve the marble dead and cold,  
But, O wonder, Death, recoiling,  
Flees, and charmed, we all behold,  
Quickened by the artist's cunning  
(Architects have done the same).  
Life which flows to overrunning,  
Almost breathing forth his name.

Music's masters, who, exalted,  
Soar in realms by few attained,  
Who proceed where others halted,  
Are thy kindred, and have gained  
For themselves renown unfading,  
For the world enraptured joy,  
While the sounds, the ear invading,  
Reined and bridled, they employ.

Poets, sensitive to beauty,  
Touched by all which joy or pain  
Doth present, oft rise in duty  
Wrongs to right, or peace to gain;  
And, untrodden paths pursuing,  
Sway the hosts which force withstood,  
With a simple song, subduing  
Wrath, thus turned from bad to good.

## *Later Poems*

---

Thou, like poets, ever reaching  
In your ever-fashioning mind  
For new objects — thou art teaching  
Not in words, but forms refined.  
And congenial comrades brighten,  
In their thoughtful intercourse,  
Thy spare moments, and thus lighten  
Loads, which thee from joy divorce.

Leading minds in each profession  
Bear the brunt which weaklings shun,  
Who — to use a trite expression —  
Are found only "on the run."  
Yet the solace which thy straining  
Aimed toward ends both good and high,  
In itself contains, e'er gaining,  
Shall increase and multiply.

Treats are placed within thy grasping,  
Which thy critics ne'er esteem,  
Who, content with dross, are clasping  
Closely to their bosom's seam  
Chattels which in bulk commanding  
Fill their sole and only thought,  
While before thy mind are standing  
High ideals, all self-wrought.

Ah, Regret! Your stings are trying!  
When the best thou did'st produce  
In thy course, with others vieing,  
Brings a harvest of abuse.  
Still, thine is the greatest blessing  
Which the living ever cheers;  
Thine the knowledge thee impressing,  
That thou art known by thine own peers.



REASONING

Some folk, evading logic,  
Can prove that white is black,  
And others, that the blackest  
Doth yet in darkness lack.  
Some see, and see it plainly,  
That sunshine is but rain.  
Ten reason with their wishes,  
While one consults his brain.

Some folks reach their conclusions,  
As Reynard doth the hen;  
In other words, cupidity  
Doth lead them from their den.  
They argue that the useful,  
If taken, leaves no stain.  
Ten reason with their purses,  
While one consults his brain.

Some claim that God's existence,  
Is but a myth, a dream;  
Yet swear that ghosts and phantoms  
In truth exist, not seem.  
They manifest they see not  
While bound to error's bane.  
Ten lean on superstition,  
While one consults his brain.

Some think that sweets and dainties  
Are treats without alloy;  
And others call their bottle  
Their foremost source of joy.

Some smoke and chew tobacco,  
And call it only gain.  
Ten reason with their stomach,  
While one consults his brain.

## PROGRESSIVE EGOTISM AND ITS REBUKE

Said the plant, in accents taunting,  
"Mineral, thou shapeless clod,  
Neither life nor death thou knowest;  
But I rise above the sod.  
And I herewith do avow,  
I am better far than thou!"

Said the beast, "Plant, how I pity  
All thy vain and baseless pride;  
Look at me, thou fettered being,  
How I leap o'er chasms wide.  
Stir thou dost — a storm-forced bow —  
I am better far than thou."

Next spoke man, with scorn unblushing,  
For his color did forbid:  
"I've a soul, and thou must perish,  
And beneath my coffin-lid  
I shall live. Thou must allow,  
I am better far than thou."

Spoke the white man, "Souls are trifles,  
Which no white man need respect,  
And, enforced by sword and cannon,  
I my proper dues collect,  
Which shall grace no colored brow —  
I am better far than thou."

## *Later Poems*

---

Lastly spoke the Anglo-Saxon,  
    "White or black, Mongol or Slav,  
All are subject to my bidding,  
    Since I pounds and dollars have.  
I proclaim it here and now,  
I am better far than thou!"

Patiently God heard and listened,  
    To this thoughtless, idle cant;  
And at last he spoke serenely,  
    "Man and beast, and clod and plant,  
All do live, and naught can perish,  
    Save the thought of self and gain,  
For my breath, my soul eternal,  
    Doth each atom entertain.

"Man to me is what a twig is  
    To the tree on which it grows;  
And the clod on which man tramples,  
    Like a leaf in my sight glows;  
Large or small, each thing or creature  
    Fills the place by me assigned,  
And in worth all things are equal,  
    If with Me, the whole, combined.

"But a thing on self depending,  
    While abusing fellow clods,  
Calls for pity, not for anger,  
    For it plants self-chast'ning rods.  
Said not he, my foremost prophet,  
    'He who humbles self shall rise'?  
And self-seekers in their blindness,  
    Serve themselves quite otherwise.

## *Later Poems*

---

"I can change the state of beings;  
Sage to-day in wisdom dressed,  
Thou to-morrow mayst encumber  
As a clod, earth's patient breast.  
But each state with life is blessed,  
In a more or less degree,  
And all things are good and perfect,  
Since they all belong to me.

"Senses five has man, the foremost  
Of My creature's on earth's globe,  
While his lesser fellow beings,  
From the whale to the microbe,  
Are less gifted, yet are doing  
All that I from them expect,  
If their gifts they use untiring,  
And speak their own dialect.

"If another sense were added,  
Man, to those which now thee serve  
Wouldst thou not in righteous horror,  
From your present folly swerve?  
Yet e'en ten, all potent senses,  
Could my nature not decide;  
For the fathomless to fathom,  
I alone am qualified."

TRUTH

Oh friend, ne'er say, "This is the truth."  
Your terms be qualified, forsooth:  
    In such a plain construction,  
We may employ both science, art;  
And see a thing from end to start,  
    Still err in its deduction.

The blind ne'er sees the lightnings flash,  
The deaf's unfeeling to its crash;  
    And those whose other senses  
Are paralyzed, would doubtless claim  
That sound and light alone e'er came  
    With trusty evidences.

A sixth or seventh sense might teach  
Us lessons new, yet our reach  
    Would still embrace but little;  
And what we learn through mortal means,  
Of truth beyond death's darkened screens,  
    Is less than jot or tittle.

Delusion is the foremost relish,  
On which we thrive, which we embellish  
    Most diligent forever.  
It flatters us, its words ne'er mincing,  
Although untrue, they are convincing,  
    Most cunning, and most clever.

Truth, fathomless, did e'er invite  
To introspection, and excite  
    All knowledge-thirsting sages.

## *Later Poems*

---

Her charms, most subtle, when once known,  
Are fatal to delusions throne,  
Where short-lived falsehood rages.

But truth in part, not truth complete,  
Can we conceive. Not always sweet  
Yet wholesome truths we're learning.  
Eternal life is her's. Her path  
Leads on to him, who ever hath  
An ear for our yearning.

### DOES DRESS MAKE THE MAN?

When thou thy finest suit hast on,  
And cast aside thy plainer garb,  
In which to meet the thorn and barb  
Which toil requires thou shouldst don,  
Then bows to thee, the fickle crowd,  
And sings thy praise, at least aloud.

And when again thou changest dress,  
The churls who did upon thee fawn,  
True to themselves, betray the spawn  
From which they sprang in giddiness,  
By heaping on thee, black abuse,  
While wiser minds, worth's standards use.

The dress which fits the circumstance  
The wearer's saneness e'er reflects;  
And he who in vain pride expects  
The world's good will thus to enhance  
Will find when he achievements counts,  
That ten times naught, to naught amounts.

## SUNSHINE IN THE HEART

The hardships which each one encounters,  
The trials which beset us here,  
The woe and sorrow which forever  
Pursue each mortal in his sphere,  
They all must vanish and depart,  
If we have sunshine in the heart.

The clouds which threat'ning o'er us hover,  
The storm, whose fury doth appall,  
The chilling blasts, all else congealing,  
And evils which us all befall,  
Are impotent right from the start,  
If we have sunshine in the heart.

A trying loss, pain, and disease  
We overcome, and wisdom gain,  
Instead of pining evermore  
For things from which we must abstain;  
And we avoid grim fate's best dart  
If we have sunshine in the heart.

By stern decrees we must abide,  
Unalterable in their course,  
And folly it would be to mourn  
For things which will not yield to force;  
All wounds will heal, though now they smart,  
If we have sunshine in the heart.

Vain pride to its own level sinking,  
Cannot affect a heart which fills,

## *Later Poems*

---

Brave and undaunted, all its duties,  
And meets with courage, all life's ills.  
And we disaster's aims will thwart,  
If we have sunshine in the heart.

### THE ECHO

Ye cataracts roaring, ye brooklets and hills!  
Ye winds unencumbered by sorrows and ills!  
Ye meadows and flowers increasing and blessed!  
Ye birds and ye sunbeams, whose aim and whose end,  
To mock the dark shadows, I truly defend!  
What state of the mind will ever bring rest?  
Quoth the echo: "When blessed."

Ye sculptors, whose chisel your thoughts can portray,  
Ye painters, though human, who seldom go stray,  
Whose aim is perfection in beauty's own mart,  
Ye poets, though humble, whose magic subdues  
E'en man, the ferocious, who loves to abuse;  
Where will, when all faileth, I surely find art?  
Quoth the echo: "In heart."

Ye impotent idlers, ye drones in the hive,  
Oft diligent nature, unable to dive  
In wisdom's deep ocean, but willing to lurk;  
Your indolent habits, of evil the source,  
Are wanting in something to keep the right course,  
Which even enriches the steed of the Turk.  
Quoth the echo: "'Tis work."



Ye rich, yet unhappy, and ye who despair,  
One's ailing is fullness, the other one's share,  
    Though strong and in vigor, is ever to cope  
With want, and the element's changing design;  
Ye youthful and happy, and ye who decline,  
    What is the most precious in life's changing scope?  
Quoth the echo: " 'Tis hope."

Ye spirits e'er restless, in search for the new,  
Like old Ahasverus, the Wandering Jew,  
    Who aimless his lifetime in wayfaring spent,  
What is it that's lacking, and causes unrest?  
And robs ye of joys, which belong to the blest?  
    And oft like a dagger, your heart-strings doth rent?  
Quoth the echo: "Content."

Ye dwellers of Northland, Equator's gay host,  
Ye lads and ye lasses, of highland and coast,  
    Ye parents, e'er sending petitions above,  
Embracing your kindred, dependant and weak,  
Ye children e'er yearning — what is it all seek,  
    What is the enchantment, whose symbol the dove?  
Quoth the echo: " 'Tis love."

### AS WORTHLESS AS DUST

As worthless as dust, says the ignorant man,  
When a thing of no value his eye doth scan;  
For the thought that dust has no value at all  
Is fixed in his mind, and then, withal,  
An object so common, so cheap and unprized,  
Seems worthless to him, and is despised.

## *Later Poems*

---

But let us look closer, and carefully weigh  
The value of dust — or call it clay —  
For clay or dust is the substance of life  
That builds our body in peace and strife;  
And to dust will return, our flesh and bone,  
For all that liveth, dust claims his own.

Dust, which to our soles did cleave and cling,  
Is blooming to-day in the flowers of spring;  
And to-morrow the bees, so busy, discreet,  
Will draw from the calyx the honey so sweet.  
And you, dear readers, consume their prey,  
The honey from flowers, the product of clay.

This circuit continues in ceaseless haste,  
For nature works steady, and knows no waste.  
Your body of to-day, long ere you're dead,  
Has exchanged every atom — the tears you shed  
Will rise to the sky, and fall as rain,  
And thus reproduce your equal again.

As worthless as dust, says the ignorant man:  
But the research of the wise, to whom nature's plan  
Has been revealed, can see that dust  
Is a mighty factor, before whom all must  
In reverence bow, for dust is king,  
The brains and sinew of everything.

REVENGE

"Revenge," he cried, and passion-swayed, he yearned  
Each wrong sustained, by greater wrong to square;  
Yet soon he found the only thing he earned  
Was not content, but strife his growing share.  
And he perceived that on each battle-ground,  
New enemies upon his doings frowned.

At last he said, "'Tis vain with common arms,  
Antagonists as well equipped as I  
Thus to attack. Not hate, but love's sweet charms  
Henceforth all my opponents shall defy.  
To weapons, such as heretofore employed,  
I'll trust no more, and be no more annoyed.

"I'll strike clear home, with weapons which increase  
In strength and force, if used against our foes;  
I'll aim, henceforth, my better self to please,  
And to subdue my passions in their throes.  
Revenge I'll have, and sated my desire,  
I'll every night in peace and calm retire."

And thus he gained his end, and humbled those  
Who never yield when yielding means defeat;  
And thus he proved alike to friend and foes,  
That love sent forth, with love doth ever meet;  
And when revenge the theme is of the hour,  
He tells his tale, a tale of love's great power.

THE BREATH OF GOD

God made Adam of clay, and blew His breath into him, giving him a soul.— Genesis.

God's breath goes forth, a thousand babes are born,  
And countless beasts and plants to life are brought;  
God's breath inhaled, of life again are shorn  
Those creatures who, like one-day flies, are wrought  
To fill a moment's space within time's sea,  
And then return, yet never cease to be.

God's changing breath, which life or death unties,  
As seen by men, all things doth regulate;  
With endless change, the changeless one supplies  
And aims the offspring of his breath to sate.  
He gives His own to His, and all retains;  
His one hand's loss, the other fills with gains.

In future times, towards other worlds exhaled,  
I'd fain go forth, progressing on my way;  
And since on earth, in many things I've failed,  
I still may hope, my frailties' course to stay,  
And to receive, equipped by greater means,  
Truth's greater gifts, now hid by weakness' screens.

## THE BROWN MAN'S BURDEN

With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

(Written during the Russo-Japanese War, 1904.)

Take up the Brown Man's burden,  
Since ye to lift have stooped,  
And teach the pale intruder  
On whom your hosts have swooped,  
That white or dark or yellow  
Is equal in God's sight,  
And that ye have the justice  
And valor in this fight.

Take up the Brown Man's burden  
Without undue delay,  
And send the hords of robbers  
Upon their homeward way.  
Show Russia and England  
And Germany and France  
And other tribes as selfish  
Your sternest countenance.

Take up the Brown Man's burden,  
Which means the white man's gun,  
And shoot, when reason faileth,  
Until your foe doth run —  
A lesson in mild manners,  
As cowardice appears,  
Therefore, strike hard and harder,  
Draw blood, and even tears.

## *Later Poems*

---

Take up the Brown Man's burden,  
Your manful days draw nigh;  
Your years of patient labor,  
Approved are they, on high.  
Yet childish are your doings,  
Seen by exploiter's eyes,  
Therefore, assert your manhood,  
And with your burden rise.

Take up the Brown Man's burden,  
Shirk not the urgent task,  
And ye, whom God's peace favored,  
Shalt now in honor bask.  
'Tis honor, wealth, and station,  
Which here on earth prevails;  
Not peace, nor virtue's striving,  
If weighed on earthly scales.

Take up the Brown Man's burden,  
Forget your peaceful aims,  
Until brute force has conquered,  
Alas, in brutish games.  
The wise to throw, takes wisdom,  
And force to force doth yield,  
And mirrors are to blindness  
An unproductive field.

Take up the Brown Man's burden,  
Repulse the white man's greed,  
And when he's down and humbled,  
In ways less stern proceed.  
Your words, when ye have punished  
The selfish and profane,  
Will weigh like words inspired,  
And peace again will reign.

SPRING

Of butterflies, of blooming flowers,  
Of clouds and sunshine should I sing;  
Of birds, of bees, of April showers —  
In fact, of each awaking thing,  
For it is spring.

Yet speechless stand I, and admire  
The matchless forms of nature's mold,  
Which, could I say all I desire,  
Would fill a book, yet leave half told,  
What I behold.

My ear, if true to nature's plans,  
May aid the search which I pursue;  
My eye the surface also scans,  
But fails to grasp the meaning true  
Of all I view.

By what I see, I the unseen  
To judge — alas, in vain — essay,  
For all the knowledge which I glean  
Of Him, the author of each day,  
Doth me betray.

Each of his creatures may perceive  
Another side of everything;  
Yet all do err, if they believe  
They see the whole, as it doth spring  
From nature's king.

He who sees all, doth all create  
With change, the tool at his command;  
And we, who our senses sate,  
Perceive, but seldom understand,  
The things at hand.

'Tis best that we all times rejoice,  
For finding much which us may cheer;  
In ringing tones, in silent voice,  
Serene to thee, to me austere,  
God speaketh here.

### MY HOBBY

Manifold are the devices  
Which fate in its whim doth employ  
To lure to content the yearning heart, bent  
To play with a hobby or toy.  
O youth, not forgotten, though vanished  
Are thy pleasures, to memory banished.

The toys of my childhood discarded,  
Which cheered me when all else did fail;  
I still firmly cling to another plaything,  
'Tis my hobby, so feeble and frail.  
I'd gallop, aye, gallop forever,  
Were the poor little thing but more clever.

I feed it with morsels of wisdom,  
Alas, but a second hand food,  
Which father to son, in this world's changing run,  
Bequeathes, oft but half understood.  
I pet it and nurse it with care,  
Yet often my share is despair.



## *Later Poems*

---

The longer I search for perfection  
With resolute, quickening stride,  
The farther, it seems, are its joy-giving beams  
Removed from my fruit-wanting side.  
All knowledge, book-learning inclusive,  
Oft seems, like a mirage, delusive.

Ah, wert thou, dear hobby, Pegasus,  
No longer I'd mourn and repine.  
In rapture I'd steep, and in glee overleap  
The verge of my narrow confine.  
Return, O conceit of my childhood,  
To me, in life's woe-sprinkled wildwood.

### CHANGE, NOT REST

When death, who ne'er slackens his far-reaching stride,  
Reduces a victim and ends his career;  
When man, the frail bantling, the thrall of his pride,  
Has ended his doings on this earthly sphere:  
We say and repeat it, and ever attest,  
"Peace to his ashes, he now is at rest."

But rest, even God in His workings doth shun,  
Although the Eternal need time not to spare;  
And change is the thread which through all things doth run,  
On earth, in the heavens, and everywhere.  
Rest and relapse are of kindred import,  
And both are death's handmaids, two of a cohort.

The matter, still active, but hastens its change,  
When freed from the trammels which life doth control;

## *Later Poems*

---

And each of the atoms itself doth arrange  
In changed relations to the all and the whole.  
And rest vainly enters with change to contest,  
For change is God's servant, the foremost and best.

In change, when all else us doth leave in despair,  
We find recreation and solace to soothe;  
And when we return to the every-day lair,  
We find we have cheated time's e'er gnawing tooth;  
Yet must we admit that the comfort thus found,  
The soul healeth first, next the matter around.

And why should the soul, after death, not partake  
Of the hope, which in change, ever springs up anew?  
And why should the spirit, like matter, not slake  
Its longing for change, and the future to view?  
Are the atoms unconscious, do we judge aright?  
Yet surely our spirit outwings the dark night.

I pray not for rest, but for change, and a chance  
To view in the future, God's wonders in turn;  
I pray for the insight which e'er doth enhance  
The value of all in this earthly sojourn.  
I pray for repose, which the child is of change;  
But rest everlasting seems a punishment strange.

THE NIGHT

When the birds retire  
To their roost in the spire,  
    And the purple hue of the day declines,  
And the light  
    Of the moon, the hills entwines;  
We call it night.

When the bats and the owls  
Begin their prowls;  
    When the spirits of darkness their wings unfold,  
Far and near,  
    And the voices of the dusk our ears behold,  
Husky and drear;

When a spectral shade  
Will come and fade  
    And reappear, us to dismay  
And terrify;  
    When Luna hides, our fancy's play  
Will multiply.

When Morpheus Rex  
Our dreams perplex,  
    And our spirit leads us far away,  
And on its flight  
    Meets hosts of phantoms in array,  
We call it night.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT A FAILURE

A pig which in blindness is groping,  
May heedless, ill-guided proceed,  
Despoiling a thing of great value,  
Assigned it to succor in need.

And yet, who would punish the creature,  
Whose failing excuses the wrong,  
Whose fault is a logical sequel  
Which to the infirm doth belong?

And man, by his wishes misguided,  
Is blinder in all his pursuits  
Than even the pig so ill-fated;  
Despising the least transient fruits.

To punish him for his shortcomings,  
Would wisdom not bring to him home;  
And justice in such a proceeding,  
Would hide like a pebble in foam.

"But," says one, "cupidity's servants  
On others their wrongs will inflict,  
Will gorge their own purses with mammon,  
And all that is just contradict."

And blinder than both the foregoing,  
More hoggish than either, is he  
Whom love has completely abandoned,  
Who ever unsated must be.

Unsated — oh terror of terrors —  
While wealth, which should quench his desire  
Surrounds him, he, famished and yearning,  
Embraces an undying fire.

To punish him justly and fairly,  
He should be allowed to proceed  
Until he, by sweeping disrelish,  
Is forced wiser counsels to heed.

### MIND'S SOLITUDE

From the hour of birth, when the spark was kindled,  
In this, our frail and transient shell,  
Until our life has ebbed and dwindled,  
Will solitude within us dwell.  
Our consciousness and thinking mind  
Holds slow communion with its kind.

Thy smiling face, thy careless mien,  
May disguise a groan within you,  
And heartache may, although not seen,  
Strain your every nerve and sinew;  
And even those who near thee dwell  
Can't estimate your talents well.

Mind's solitude reigns everywhere,  
All o'er the world, where man is living,  
In public halls or hermit's lair,  
To solitude, his dole he's giving.  
By outward mold, we know our kin,  
But strangers to us, are the spirits within.

## *Later Poems*

---

Though intimate with our friends,  
And near them through each passing hour,  
The hidden thought its realm defends  
Against each strange, intruding power,  
And gulfs remain, which ever hide  
A wealth of thought, like oceans wide.

For years we may together dwell,  
And know each others traits and troubles;  
We may distrust and scruples quell,  
And shun deception's short-lived bubbles.  
Yet, after all, we stand alone,  
In times of stress, to sigh and moan.

And when we think we have disclosed  
And fathomed every nook and cranny  
Within a mind which seems composed  
Of light alone — one out of many —  
We find the task with which we cope  
Proves that we still in darkness grope.

### MUSINGS OF A DREAMER

What am I? Whence from, ah, and whither?  
Did chance or a whim place me hither?  
Is life, which unconscious remains,  
Though weaving and spinning, the link of beginning,  
Or the end of eternity's chains?

To fathom life's secrets, confronting  
The living, I tried, yet am wanting  
In all that resembles result;  
And death to define, the task I assign  
To those who can read the occult.

## *Later Poems*

---

I've learned in long years, steeped in sorrow,  
Oft cheered with vain hopes for to-morrow,  
    That life is akin to a trance.  
I've found to my terror that all may prove error  
    Which human conceit may advance.

Proud structures of wisdom fell humbled,  
And all that existed, e'er crumbled,  
    Beneath time's ne'er slackening heel;  
And the more I am yearning for the gift of discerning,  
    The more I my ignorance feel.

An atom, ne'er missed, yet essential,  
To make up creation substantial,  
    Am I, in my limited sphere.  
Yet not without reason, but the fruit of his season,  
    Is man in his puny state here.

The past to our judgement is shrouded,  
And to-day in its glare finds us crowded  
    With theories, doctrines obscure;  
And the future encroaching on the present, is broaching  
    New puzzles, weak men to allure.

Alas, even knowledge concerning  
    Ourselves, is in spite of all learning,  
    At best but a fruitless essay;  
We try to unravel the paths the stars travel,  
    While we from self-knowledge do stray.

All is vain that we value and cherish,  
    Doomed in its season to perish,  
    Created the living to test,  
Who, loving or hating, in zeal ne'er abating,  
    In stores for the future invest.

## *Later Poems*

---

Love, in its blessed course, is e'er finding  
A certain reward, but hates grinding.

All structures doth build on loose sand,  
The former, the kernel of wisdom eternal,  
The latter, a craft sure to strand.

Vain are all ambitions, provided  
They approach not the light which e'er guided  
Those seeking in earnest the truth,  
For which we are groping, despairing and hoping,  
Which only escapes from death's tooth.

Truth is the true searcher's requital,  
And love is the virtue most vital,  
God's messengers laden with cheer,  
Who come in dark hours, in sunshine and showers,  
Where they are, God also is near.

### MEMORY

Oh dream of my childhood, oh pleasure unfading,  
Like fairies caressing, approaches thy spell,  
And fain doth my spirit, new trials evading,  
Upon ever-changing remembrances dwell.  
The joys of past seasons, which never corrode,  
Should brighten each sorrow and lighten each load.

The log house, though humble, gave shelter unstinted,  
When blizzards did threaten its site to engulf,  
And the creak of the storm-shaken clapboards e'er hinted  
That the element's fury surpasses the wolf,  
When hunger his stomach doth shrivel and shrink,  
And he, disappointed, to his cavern doth slink.



The springs of the valley, whose babble since languished,  
I've seen in their vigor, and heard in their prime;  
Alas, 'tis a thought which often me anguished,  
That naught can escape from the ravage of time,  
Which ever unsated, doth all things devour —  
Even itself in the swift-passing hour.

The grapes of the forest, the nuts which we gathered,  
The blackberry bushes, o'erburdened with fruit,  
The tribe of blythe songsters, in gay colors feathered,  
The squirrel, rehearsing his standing salute —  
All these, and the stately, yet whispering trees,  
I see oft before me — true memory's fees.

The orchids and blossoms by lovers demanded,  
Vieing each other in grace to outdo;  
The fish, which the angler of patience e'er landed,  
From waters portraying the heaven's clear blue;  
The reptile, oft harmless, yet shunned all the same,  
I should as a passing reflection here name.

The plain daily diet, from nature's own salver,  
As pure and as wholesome as the dew of the night,  
Of which e'en a king or a gay truffle delver  
Might envy the feaster, was a source of delight.  
And the woes which in childhood us often befall  
Could now neither frighten myself, nor appall.

Oh dreams of my childhood! Oh pleasure unfading!  
How soothing and cheering your gentle arts are!  
Not honor, nor even misfortunes degrading  
Can smother your ceaseless and bright-shining star.  
Your visits are blessings, which often, I pray,  
May comfort my sorrows, my ailings allay.

## THE TALE OF THE SCISSORS GRINDER

Dismal and dreary o'er the beautiful isle,  
Hung clouds of dark vapor, which tried to beguile  
The hosts in their clamor, who yearned to unwind  
The threads of the fates, whose tireless hand,  
E'er spinning and weaving, life's cream doth demand.  
"Scissors to grind, ho, scissors to grind,  
I pray you, good people, more scissors to grind."

The deafening bustle, the uproar and din,  
Preceding the struggle, which was to begin  
For Cuba, fair Cuba, e'er treated unkind,  
Rose upward, e'er swelling in awful accord,  
And the army passed onward with musket and sword.  
"Scissors to grind, ho, scissors to grind,  
I pray you, good people, more scissors to grind."

Capron, the captain, so brave and so bold,  
Stood firmly, unflinching, resolved to uphold  
The banner of freedom, which ever we find  
Where truth and where light in their conquering train  
An abode for the peaceful and humble doth gain.  
"Scissors to grind, ho, scissors to grind,  
I pray you, good people, more scissors to grind."

The cannons were roaring like demons of hell,  
Huge missiles e'er bursting in torrents now fell,  
A deluge of fire before and behind,  
Yet onward and onward the brave captain pressed,  
Though the enemy struggled like giants possessed.  
"Scissors to grind, ho, scissors to grind,  
I pray you, good people, more scissors to grind."

"Ho there!" cried a messenger from his swift steed,  
Which, dripping, exhausted, could scarcely proceed:  
"Dear Captain forgive me, for doubtless your mind,  
My tidings will burden with sadness and grief;  
Your son has gone down like a storm-shattered leaf."  
"Scissors to grind, ho, scissors to grind,  
I pray you, good people, more scissors to grind."

The captain ne'er faltered nor slackened his gait,  
Until the fierce combat began to abate,  
And the forces opposing were fleeing like blind.  
Then, hastening backward in search of his boy  
Whom the fates had forsaken, now broke like a toy.  
"Scissors to grind, ho, scissors to grind,  
I pray you, good people, more scissors to grind."

Prostrated, the last of his promising sons  
He saw now before him. Oh proud Spanish Dons,  
Your thrust has gone deeper than even designed.  
He stooped to uncover the face ever dear,  
Of him who thus checked in his onward career.  
"Scissors to grind, ho, scissors to grind,  
I pray you, good people, more scissors to grind."

He smoothed his locks, and a smile sweet and sad  
His countenance stern, in its bright halo clad  
"Well done, my dear boy!" — And rising, confined  
His anguish and sorrow where mortal conceit,  
Deficient and helpless, is apt to retreat.  
"Scissors to grind, ho, scissors to grind,  
I pray you, good people, more scissors to grind."

Capron, the captain, as brave as before,  
His duties fulfilled, and his trials forebore.

## *Later Poems*

---

But when the war over, his vitals declined,  
And like a grand oak tree, of all limbs deprived,  
His body succumbed — but his spirit survived.  
“Scissors to grind, ho, scissors to grind,  
I pray you, good people, more scissors to grind.”

### A PROPHECY

(This poem was written during the Boer War, and was aimed against the English government, not the English people, whom I always admired.)

Ye bards of old! Ye prophets skilled and wise!  
Ye sages who, inspired, oft did rise  
    The will of God to mankind to proclaim;  
Ye seers gifted, who the fate foretold  
Of nations doomed to fall or to enfold  
    Their strength and virtue in His holy name,

To you I bow; forgive that I intrude  
Inspired thoughts to voice — in solitude  
    They came unbidden, and with me abide.  
Forgive that I, not prompted by conceit,  
But by a sense of duty, yielding, meet  
    An obligation urgent like the tide.

I see the cloud, scarce visible and small,  
Before whose wrath a mighty realm shall fall,  
    Whose prime is past, whose deeds of guilt and wrong  
Have undermined its fundamental stay:  
I see it grow, I see in fierce array  
    Nemesis and her sterner sisters throng.

## *Later Poems*

---

Britannia! Thy doom is near, ah near!  
Although thou rulest yet a hemisphere.  
Thy days are counted, and thy last respite,  
Has been recorded in the book of death.  
Exhausted is God's patience, and his breath  
Or hand will crush your idols and your might.

Your maxims, that the fittest should survive  
Will be fulfilled. Yet fitness to deprive  
Thy weaker fellow-men of all they own  
Was here not meant, but fitness to subdue  
Your greed for more, which ruthless, ever slew  
Those who opposed your force in ev'ry zone.

Those are the fittest who, in times of need  
Unflinching stand, and ne'er an inch recede,  
And drain their blood, if such a sacrifice  
Fate doth demand. And even when hard pressed,  
Ne'er do forget that righteousness is blessed,  
While unjust force the laws of God defies.

Those are the fittest, who such means employ  
Which giveth life, and not each day destroy  
The works of God, embodied in each man.  
Those who respect the right which snail or fly  
Can justly claim, the right to live, or die,  
As was outmapped in nature's guiding plan.

Thy government, for which thy children bleed,  
Britannia, gives them but scanty meed;  
Those who thy battles fight receive but bones,  
While favored few the flesh and cream demand,  
Which rightfully should fill your people's hand  
And not increase the wealth of selfish drones.

## *Later Poems*

---

Thy love for gold, for wealth, for idle dross  
Injustice breeds, and widow's tears across  
    The ocean's deep, and tears at home in streams,  
Cry for revenge, robbed of their only stay  
By deeds of those who must a court obey,  
    Composed of men whose every thought blasphemes.

Thy end is near, Britannia! Thy pride,  
Thy fleet, will vanish, yea, like vapors, glide  
    Into oblivion, displaced by nature's powers,  
Which skilful hands and guided minds will find  
Thy ships to break, and fortresses to grind  
    Into the dust, which all vain things devours.

Iniquity, and ruthless selfish aims  
Marked e'er thy course, but fitter beings' claims  
    Will soon prevail, and peace and freedom thrive;  
Where now thy arsenals the eye offend,  
The plow and spade in diligence will mend  
    The injury, now threatening all alive.

Thy brazen guns, intended to destroy,  
And sinful rulers who foul means employ,  
    Their ends to gain, shall be in time reduced,  
And higher aims than slaughter, strife, and war  
Shall rule the world, shall force the gate ajar  
    Which now bars out fair justice, oft abused.

Of wealth deprived, of all thy powers shorn,  
Misrule will end, and virtue's wreath adorn  
    Thy conquerors, who from the ranks shall rise,  
Which e'er produced the best, which e'er brought forth  
Men, noted for their fitness and their worth —  
    The ranks of toil, where strength dwells in disguise.

## *Later Poems*

---

One consolation shall thy people cheer,  
O'er whom vile lordlings e'er did domineer,  
Consuming that which others did create:  
They shall observe, while time through epochs glides,  
Their language grow, and spread with giant's strides,  
While other tongues cease to reverberate.

The time will come, when obsolete thy name,  
Known to but few, unknown to lasting fame,  
Yet shall the best thou ever didst esteem —  
Thy language — conquer in its peaceful course,  
The speech of those who broke your brutal force  
And thus enhance the star of fitness' gleam.

Britannia, beware! Ah, heed the signs,  
Which like the shades, when noonday's sun declines,  
Begin to grow, which in each rune reveals  
Thy coming doom — Britannia, atone!  
Retrace thy steps, for penitence alone  
Can check the fate which dead'ning o'er thee steals.

### THE DUTIES OF THE GIFTED

An idiot's error counts lightly,  
For fetters his groping mind bind,  
And God, in his wisdom, ne'er asketh,  
From him who is mentally blind  
An insight, unerring, unfailing,  
In efforts, alas, unavailing.

But ye, who are capable, gifted,  
Whose conscience can plainly discern;

## *Later Poems*

---

Whose spirit in higher realms soaring  
Could, toilless, life's simple truths learn;  
For ye, it is meet and befitting  
To avoid aimless folly and flitting.

Your gifts are the bearers of duties,  
Your wisdom a borrowed attire,  
Reflecting but qualified honor,  
As madmen ne'er hatred inspire;  
Your gifts are a trust, no possession,  
Misused, they may sink to a passion.

Your strength is the strength of thy Maker,  
Beware, how thou wait'st on his trust;  
Count, mortal, thy life a vain struggle,  
Unless all your doings are just.  
The thought of thy helpless weak brother,  
All selfish impulses should smother.

Your aptness, without much exertion,  
Triumphantly conquers defeat:  
While he, the less gifted, reaps failure,  
With which all his life is replete.  
His misconceived efforts fail ever,—  
Yet credit deserves true endeavor.

He does all his Maker expected,  
Though meager results are his share;  
And thou, who art favored and skilful,  
See to it, your deeds do compare  
With all thy endowments of spirit,  
Or thou wilt but shadows inherit.



TIME

O time, stay thy footsteps, suspend thy mad haste,  
Oh, cease in thy march, for thy hurry lays waste.  
The dreams of my youth, and the hopes which, forsooth,  
Still beckon to me in my search for the truth.

Man's yearning for deeds and for thoughts which outlive  
The short space allotted to each fugitive,  
Who follows thy path, O time, ever hath  
To struggle 'gainst thee, to the end of his breath.

The best part of life, ay, months and long years,  
Finds us but in thralldom, 'twixt hoping and fears,  
For necessity's spurn, at every turn,  
Defeats noble aims, which in human hearts burn.

Oft talents are smothered, and spirits subdued  
Which, free from want's shackles, would failure exclude,  
While others succeed to overcome need,  
Yet die ere the harvest could spring from the seed.

Alas, 'tis your nature, O time, in your speed  
To tarry no moment, not even to heed  
The calls of distress, nor the joyful caress  
Of those who would hold what is doomed by life's stress.

The past is thy footprint, and thou art to-day  
The future, the highway approaching your sway,  
And we who are grieving, oft doubting, believing,  
Are eddies of dust which your footsteps are cleaving.

Yet thou, even thou, who resistless proceeds  
Art naught but the servant of Him who e'er leads;  
And though never seen, no virtue so mean  
Which he would reject in His wisdom serene.

### YOUR FACE WILL TELL THE STORY

An abstract on its pages  
Doth past transactions show;  
And vanished thoughts, forgotten,  
Which in thy past did glow,  
And pain or joy which keenly  
Did torture or enthrall;  
Your face will tell the story,  
Your countenance tells all.

Each living thought which dwelleth  
Within thy active mind  
A trace leaves on thy visage,  
A mark, it leaves behind,  
And shows the close observer  
Your rising or your fall;  
Your face will tell the story,  
Your countenance tells all.

Your noble thoughts unspoken  
Did shape their dwelling place  
To make it uninviting  
For vice, devoid of grace.  
But if the latter enters  
And thou dost it install,  
Your face will tell the story,  
Your countenance tells all.

## *Later Poems*

---

Degraded thoughts which action  
Bring forth, or dormant lie,  
Their imprint leave upon thee,  
Their signs will multiply.  
And sorrow's sting and gnawing  
Will on thee cast its pall;  
Your face will tell the story,  
Your countenance tells all.

The miser hoarding chattels,  
The usurer, whose heart  
To stone has turned, ne'er sated,  
No pleasing sight impart,  
Since such emotions brand us  
In runes, which do appall;  
Your face will tell the story,  
Your countenance tells all.

Your voice, it may deceive us,  
Your written pages, too,  
May leave a false impression  
And us with faith imbue.  
But if you stand before me  
In virtue, large or small,  
Your face will tell the story,  
Your countenance tells all.

# TRANSLATIONS

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## POESY AND WOMEN

(By Julius Rodenberg.)

The pure and true of womankind,  
Like roses are, in darkened leaves,  
Their dreaming soul, vague, undefined,  
A fragrance round each object weaves.

In her own world, where virtue dwells,  
All is serene, and graceful, tender;  
A glance into her pure soul tells  
A tale of heaven's own surrender.

True, thou shouldst listen to the wise,  
Nor be a child which only prattles,  
And from thy teacher's desk shouldst rise,  
Equipped with means to fight life's battles.

But deathless things, unseen, divined,  
If thou dost follow in thy labors,  
Then turn thy face to womankind  
And poesy, for they are neighbors.

THE POET'S PREROGATIVES

(By Hans Freiherr von Rothkirch.)

Thou dost lament, O poet, that each dream  
Has fled, to leave thee poorer in life's stream.  
But why repine, while millions of others  
The burden feel, which now thy spirit smothers?

Each day and year, we see some blossoms fall,  
And nearer draws the grave to one and all;  
Yet few of them are conscious and aware  
How sadly they are changed through grief and care.

The poet only sees — oft with dismay —  
What he has been, and what he is today.  
He, and none else, in written runes confessed  
What he has lost, and what he ne'er possessed.

Each song he penned in former times reveals  
How hopes were blasted, and again he feels  
The woe and pain which others have forgot,  
Arising from mind's cemetery lot.

Yet must I add, his burden is but just;  
For strength he has to rise, while in the dust  
His brothers sink, in heart and spirit broken;  
Ill luck he shapes to be his prop and token.

Therefore, be proud, O poet! Ne'er complain  
That joys have fled, while miseries remain;  
Prerogatives to bear with stronger heart  
His greater burdens, are the poet's part.

I CRAVE OF THEE

(By H. von Fallersleben.)

I crave of thee what time ne'er overcame,  
    'Tis beauty which springs from the heart;  
I ask of thee what ne'er this world can claim,  
    Thy pure child love, devoid of art.

This is the heart's most rare and precious boon,  
    Which doth our life with joy adorn;  
Owns thee the world, and thou to me art soon  
    As one who died, or ne'er was born.

HOMAGE TO THE ARTS

(By Schiller.)

Unrestrained by bounds, unfettered, free,  
    I hasten on through space, by naught confined.  
My realm immense is thought. The word's the key,  
    The wingèd tool, with which I all unbind,  
And all that heaven or earth from others hides,  
    Or nature in her secret way begets,  
Must yield to me and be unveiled. Besides,  
    The poet's art no foe of light abets,  
But greater beauty nowhere else I found  
    Than a fair soul, with beauty all around.

PERSEVERANCE

(By Julius Hammer.)

If thou wouldst build a lasting temple,  
Where beauty dwells, and worth abides,  
Let thou not fear of earnest labor,  
Thy courage check, or halt thy strides.  
Enthusiasm and hope's promise,  
Are not enough to gain thy end;  
Exhaustive strife with yielding matter,  
Alone, can faultless form and blend.

THE COMMON GROUND

(By Frederic Rueckert.)

If thou wouldst thy brother's feeling  
Deeply stir, my word accept;  
Sing of woe, whose strains appealing  
Pass no heart which ever wept.

There are those to whom a stranger  
Joy, undarkened and serene,  
Ever was. But woe and danger,  
All, alas, have felt and seen.

## THE PARTITIONING OF THE EARTH

(By Schiller.)

"Take ye the world," cried Jove from his high throne,  
To men, his thralls, "to keep and to possess;  
Take this, my gift, which ye shalt ever own;  
But portion it, that all this boon may bless."

Then hurried each, and scrambled in much haste,  
And young and old were tireless all day;  
The farmer took the fields, yet bare and waste,  
The hunter chose the forest, there to stay.

The merchant gathered all that he could store;  
The abbot hastened to the sweetest wine;  
The king claimed toll on street and river's shore,  
And said, "One tenth of all that grows is mine."

At last, when all was claimed and fixed upon,  
The poet came, from whence, no mortal knew,  
And asked his share, but all, alas was gone,  
And vain the search, which he did thence pursue.

"Woe, woe!" cried he, "that I alone should fail,  
Thy truest son, who aims but thee to please:  
I, who ne'er folly's stings, nor truth's travail,  
Did shun, to gain the sluggard's toilless ease."

"If thou didst tarry in the land of dreams,  
Blame thou not me, if all earth's wealth has flown,  
Where hast thou been?" quoth Jove, "to me it seems  
Thou reapest that which thou alone hast sown."



## *Translations*

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"Mine eye upon thy countenance did dwell,  
And on thy heaven's harmonies, mine ear;  
Forgive the spirit whom thy light's sweet spell  
From earthly things removed to thine own sphere."

"Alas!" said Jove, "disposed of is each prize,  
And naught is left which I could still bestow,  
If thou wilt live with me in Paradise,  
Thou shalt at will, in freedom come and go."

# DRAMAS

---

## AMONG THE PIONEERS

### A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

#### *Dramatic Personel*

MR. BRIMBURY, *a rancher.*

THOMAS, *his son*

ADELHEID, *his daughter.*

MR. ABNER, *a rancher.*

LOUIS, *his son.*

CABANO, *chief of a band of outlaws.*

LIEUT. YALE, *of the U. S. Army.*

*Robbers and soldiers.*

#### ACT I

(BRIMBURY'S log house. *Enter BRIMBURY and THOMAS.*)

#### THOMAS

Just so, forsooth!

What thou hast said is but the truth.

The net of circumstances drags

Us surely down, if courage lags,

Mesh by mesh, in silent stealth

Destiny weaves on. I felt

E'er you did speak, what doth oppress

Thy mind, my father dear.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

### BRIMBURY

No doubt, my boy.  
We both see clear, but how proceed?  
An easy task 'tis e'er to feed  
Those with advice who need it not;  
But now that we, by fate's complot  
Pursued, safe remedy is wanting.

### THOMAS

What can we do, what shall we do?  
This is the thread I did pursue  
All day, all night, with searching mind,  
And found, or rather, tried to find  
Expedients, which by the score  
Passed by my waking inward core,  
Yet all seems vain, a prey of doubt.

### BRIMBURY

The banyan tree, which in its age  
Its offspring's succor doth engage  
To help to bear the weight of years,  
As I thy aid now seek in fears,  
Is much like me, whose strength declines,  
While still his mind to broaden pines.

### THOMAS

Oh speak not thus. Thy strength remains;  
Thy grief for mother only chains  
Thy spirit down in saddened gloom.

### BRIMBURY

Alas, she's gone! All mortals' doom!  
And oft I ask, why should I mourn?  
Are not to die all beings born?

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

But since her deeds behind her left  
The proof of worth, the more bereft,  
The more forsaken do I feel.

THOMAS

Pray rouse thyself. We share thy grief;  
Let us consult, for time is brief;  
As I remarked, luck seems to stride  
Away from us, like waning tide.  
Lost is the man of sluggard's gait,  
For timely deeds may conquer fate.

BRIMBURY

Well said, my boy, speak on, I pray.

THOMAS

The hostile rogues with copper skin,  
Or else the bandit, whose chagrin  
Poor Adelheid did cause,  
Stole our herds with thievish claws.  
And I for one, I should advise  
To follow swift, and to chastise  
The thieves, whoe'er they be.

BRIMBURY

The bandits all are more to fear  
Than Indians. To me 'tis clear,  
The oft mistreated redskin's brain  
The cunning lacks, his ends to gain,  
By slow degrees, beneath a mask,  
While they yet in our friendship bask.

THOMAS

Dost to Cabano thou allude?

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

BRIMBURY

The same. The rogue who did intrude  
Upon thy lovely sister.

THOMAS

Ah, her footsteps I discern.

(*Enter ADELHEID.*)

BRIMBURY

My child, to see thee I did yearn.  
Pray do relate, how, when, and where,  
Thou first didst meet the evil stare  
Of him, whose boldness thee offends,  
Who doth by stealth gain all his ends.

ADELHEID

Beyond the hill. Thou knowest the place,  
Where stately woods the hillside grace,  
A favored spot, a place to muse,  
Where light and shade, e'er changing, fuse;  
Where oft my mind in aimless dreams  
Forgets the world, which glows and gleams.  
'Twas there, a week ago, one day  
I sat, when lo, to my dismay  
Two gaudy rogues, like birds of prey,  
With tomahawk, did bounce to slay,  
Or else e'en worse, they meant to drag  
As captive me, onto a nag.

THOMAS

Oh, sneaking knaves, had I been there,  
I'd made them skip, by Jove I swear!

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

ADELHEID

I wish you had, in place of him  
Whose piercing eyes and features grim,  
My terror did at once increase.

BRIMBURY (*impatient*)

Relate, my child, relate!

ADELHEID

As I remarked, both rushed towards me,  
While terrified, I tried to flee.  
One grasped my arm; when, tempest like,  
Cabano dashed towards us, to strike  
On fleetest steed. With piercing yell  
Both fled as if from doom's own knell.

THOMAS

From bad to worse, from death to hell!  
Oh, that such mischief thee befell!

ADELHEID

"I swear," said he, "by these, my scars,  
That their escape my pleasure mars,  
Yet did I hesitate to aim,  
For fear to hit thee, noble dame.  
Philosophers like me, appeal  
To reason first, then to their steel."  
His speech was fair, but I did feel  
His fiendish glance, which made me reel;  
He led his steed, we homeward walked,  
And oh, his tongue so glibly talked.

BRIMBURY

Was that the first time thou didst meet  
That bandit, robber, rogue, and cheat,  
Who now thy gratitude doth claim?

## Among the Pioneers

---

### ADELHEID

The first. But oh, my words are lame,  
Inadequate, to show how I  
Abhor that man, whose deeds belie  
That he unselfish acts this rôle.  
He follows me with his cajole  
At every turn.

### THOMAS

Enough of this. To Abner's ranch (*Adelheid blushes*)  
To seek the aid of Louis so stanch,  
I'll ride in haste, and then we'll chase  
The thieves so bold in heated race.  
Not always justice wins the heat,  
Yet he who yields invites defeat;  
A swift resolve forestalls success,  
While timid action doth caress  
Disaster's greed.

### BRIMBURY

Do as thou wilt. Thou speakest well;  
My aching bones and health compel  
Me to abstain from joining thee,  
And then, I fear, 'twould surely be  
Not well to leave poor Adelheid  
Alone, while these marauders glide  
Unseen through bush and hidden caves.

### THOMAS

Indeed, the fiercest of the knaves,  
Cabano, 'tis whose stealth I fear;  
That he may fail, I wish sincere.

(*Exit* THOMAS.)

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

### BRIMBURY

My heart with pleasure and with pride  
Looks on thy brother, Adelheid;  
Were I yet young, and thou not here,  
Adventures such as I now fear  
Would stimulate my love for deeds  
Of valor, but my age impedes.

### ADELHEID

No, father, no. Oh, speak not so.

### BRIMBURY

I don't complain. I did outgrow  
The pleasures which to youth belong;  
Each state and age, of joys a throng  
Can call its own. I now enjoy  
My children's love without alloy.  
Experience did ever teach  
That naught on earth can last, that each  
And every joy which came and grew  
Is short-lived like the morning dew.  
And wise is he who makes the best  
Of every moment — God's bequest —  
And though my frame in strength doth fail,  
My mind more fitted to avail  
Can grasp life's truth with greater ease  
And hope grows bright at life's surcease.

### ADELHEID

Forgive that I oft did bewail  
The loss of things so vain and frail,  
Which now I learn could never last,  
Which are forgotten, gone, and passed.



## *Among the Pioneers*

---

### BRIMBURY

Not so, my child. Though all will fade,  
All small and passing things are made  
To fill their place as we fill ours,  
While God's great love above all towers.  
The joys of life are manifold,  
As are the plants which we behold;  
Each in its place is necessary  
To make the whole. The stem must carry  
The finer parts which breathe the air,  
And each receiveth its own share.  
'Tis not in vain we pluck the flower,  
Though fade it must, the selfsame hour.

### ADELHEID

Thanks, father, thanks. Thy words so wise  
Encourage me not to disguise  
The sorrows which my mind oppress —  
Perhaps thou knowest my distress.

### BRIMBURY

Let me, my child thy burden share;  
Reveal to me thy secret care.

### ADELHEID

'Tis not alone the low pursuit  
Of which we spoke, that pains acute;  
'Tis not my mother's death alone  
Which doth beget my secret moan.  
Begin, I must, for none but thou  
Can ease my mind, I do avow.

### BRIMBURY

Cheer up, my child, and do not quail;  
My care for thee shall never fail.

## *Among the Pioneers*

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### ADELHEID

Louis Abner, sir, whom all esteem,  
Is dear to me, of him I dream  
With open eyes, all night, all day,  
If he is here or far away;  
Though dark the day, if he is near,  
All shadows seem to disappear.  
He doth return my love, and I  
In happiness would all outvie;  
But, sir, his parents, aged and stern,  
Object to me, in grief I learn.

### BRIMBURY

Object to you?

### ADELHEID

Indeed to me. It seems their view  
Is far from broad, or why pursue  
Me for my faith?

### BRIMBURY

What, sayest thou, our differing creed?  
Oh, that's the obstacle, indeed!  
Were Louis like both his parents aged,  
I'd toil to see thee disengaged.  
But, happily, he is not thus,  
His every thought is generous.  
He's one of those whose deeds proclaim  
That he, in spirit more than name,  
Performs his tasks as God expects,  
Regardless of all creeds and sects.  
Subdue thy woe. All may yet end  
Far better than we apprehend.

*(The curtain drops.)*

## *Among the Pioneers*

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### ACT II

*(In ABNER's log house. Enter ABNER and LOUIS.)*

LOUIS

With due respect, I must reply  
The facts I gave don't justify  
Your attitude in this affair.

ABNER

Your insolence is hard to bear;  
Your Adelheid, though smooth of face  
Is one of a most godless race.

LOUIS

Why godless race? Are they not true?  
Their blameless lives, I pray, review.  
Although their faith is not like thine,  
It's quite as worthy and divine.

ABNER

Hush, hush, thou vain, deluded fool!  
Fit pupil of old Satan's school,  
There is but one faith, only one,  
Which leads to Him who guides the sun,  
The faith I taught to thee, in vain,  
A faith which angers the profane.

LOUIS

Their faith, like thine, doth surely please  
God's wakeful eye, which all things sees.  
The paths which lead to Him on high,  
Are manifold, and signify

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

That those who ever seek and strive  
In righteousness, they will derive  
Their just reward, although their creed  
May error be. God does not heed  
The spoken word, but sees the deed,  
And reads the thought which gave it birth.  
We are weak children of this earth;  
The chances are, we know far less  
Of God and future, I confess,  
Than does the fish, which sightless dwells  
In solitude in deepest wells,  
Knows of the creature man, so proud.

ABNER

Thou heretic. Thy words so loud,  
Offend mine ears like sounds of hell.  
Now sir! Art thou an infidel?

LOUIS

No infidel; no, father, no;  
'Tis not my aim to overthrow  
The teachings all, which do include  
Much wisdom of great magnitude.  
They are the best we can produce,  
Yet far from godly in their use,  
Unless to God we do submit  
All differences, and acquit  
In modesty, all tasks we meet.

ABNER

Thy tongue is sleek and indiscreet.

LOUIS

On God's infinity to dwell  
Is past all earthly parallel.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

We can the All not interview;  
We only know He loves the true,  
The kind, the just, who ne'er pursue  
Their fellow-men. I have in view  
The littleness of humankind  
Whose self-aggrandizements remind  
Me of the snail, whose narrow cell  
Is his whole world, his citadel.  
All see the world as it appears,  
Not as it is. He who not hears  
Can't comprehend the world of sound;  
And he, the sightless, who is bound  
To night eternal, he must gain  
Conclusions slowly, grain by grain.  
Had we another sense or two,  
The Christian, the heathen, Jew,  
Could see mistakes they now defend  
But never wholly comprehend,  
All-knowing God of all the cause.  
Yet must I add, although some flaws  
Are doubtless found in every creed,  
'Tis easier, all must concede,  
To criticize than to improve  
The doctrines which our minds do move.

### ABNER

Spare me. I scorn your wicked dish  
Of madness and of gibberish.  
If she, who did thy eloquence  
Inspire, sir, to flights immense,  
Will join our church, and will foreswear  
Her own, which is old Satan's snare,  
I will consent.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

LOUIS

I pray thee, sir, not so, I pray.  
Have patience, for thy words betray  
That thou mistakest her to be  
A shallow thing of low degree,  
For only such their faith will change,  
To please one person, and estrange  
Themselves from those to whom they owe  
Love, gratitude, from long ago.  
And furthermore, those who revere  
And truly love God, should adhere  
Unswerving to their conscience' course,  
For 'tis His voice, and He'll endorse  
Their offering, although their mind  
Can't grasp the truth to God confined.  
To change our faith, as we would change  
A coat, a dress, or rearrange  
All passing things, destined to fade,  
Strikes me as doth a masquerade,  
Which oft beneath its glittering rind  
Hides poverty of heart and mind.

ABNER

Enough of this. I've had my say;  
I'm sorely grieved, that thou, my stay,  
Shouldst thus repay the love and care  
Which with thy mother I did share;  
On whom to lean, I thought with pride,  
When aged, my powers should subside.

LOUIS

I only ask, my father dear,  
My Adelheid to see and hear;

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

My feeble words, despised and weak,  
Thy ear to gain, in vain did seek.  
To her good sense I now will trust  
To move thy heart, and melt its crust.  
Oho, who's there?

*(Enter THOMAS in haste.)*

THOMAS *(to LOUIS)*

In haste I've come to ask your aid,  
Since I must seek the thieves who made  
Away with our herds.

LOUIS

What sayest thou? What is it, friend?  
Thieves, dost thou say? I apprehend  
There will be work for us these days,  
For lawlessness, barefaced, displays  
A boldness, which all doth eclipse;  
But off, in haste, not word of lips,  
Nor fruitless loiter wins the day.

ABNER

Quite right you are. Off, off, I say.

*(Exit THOMAS and LOUIS.)*

Ah, ah, I'm stunned. Did I outlive  
My time? Ah, sad prerogative  
Of age to claim the title "Sage,"  
While striplings of this fellow's age  
In words submissive and demure,  
In wisdom veiled, try to allure  
Us from the point of view which we  
Upheld in sorrow, strife, or glee,

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

By habit strengthened, day and year,  
Our staff and stay in times austere,  
And now, that soon my task is o'er  
Shall I admit that I deplore  
My former course, that I was wrong?  
No, thrice no, I'll plod along.

*(He strikes his hands in anger, and muses.)*

Yet true it is, when age doth throw  
Its weight on us, we stubborn grow.  
What we in youth by chance have missed,  
In age we scorn, and we resist;  
The pride of youth to time will yield,  
But age its foibles ne'er repealed.  
We all can see, that if the son  
Does not eclipse his sire's run,  
Progress will halt and retrograde,  
And ignorance the world invade.

*(Again in anger.)*

But never, no, I'll ne'er consent.  
My foolish boy must be content.

*(Again musing.)*

That fellow Tom, what fine a man —  
I fain his sister's face would scan —  
Not to forgive, but her to scorn.  
I'll call on Brimbury this morn.  
This foolish match in haste begun,  
E'er I return, has had its run.  
I'll ne'er consent.

*(Curtain falls.)*



## Among the Pioneers

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### ACT III

*In BRIMBURY'S log house. BRIMBURY and ADELHEID. Enter  
ABNER.*

ABNER

Good morning all. God be with you.

BRIMBURY

To you the same. What tidings new  
Dost, neighbor dear, thou bring to-day?  
But first be seated, sir I pray.

*(ABNER, sitting down, and looking at ADELHEID with mingled  
scorn and admiration.)*

I am devoid of eloquence,  
Unskilled in speech, free of pretense,  
I call on thee without much show;  
My presence here is the outgrow  
Of a short talk with Louis, my boy,  
Who does, it seems, his time employ,  
Or, more correct, his time to waste;  
He courts your daughter, fair and chaste.

BRIMBURY

Pray, what of it if she is fair?  
And chaste besides? They are a pair  
Which e'er a higher price commands  
Than gold and wealth, which ne'er expands,  
And ne'er inspires shrunken hearts  
To deeds of love, nor e'er imparts

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

The spirit which the avenues  
Of helpfulness and love pursues,  
Unless this wealth is made a tool  
To help the good and kind to rule.

### ABNER

Thou dost mistake me sir, not I  
Object to charms and duties high,  
Which in themselves are truly good,  
But void of credit to my mood.  
A gift of God, or duties done,  
Deserve no praise, I offer none.

### *(Aside.)*

Yet she's a witch, ah, Louis, poor fool,  
Such charms as hers will overrule  
The wisdom which old age begets,  
E'en opposition youth abets.

### BRIMBURY

What mutterest thou? art thou unwell?

### ADELHEID

Sir, your distrust I pray dispel.

### ABNER

What I've to say will soon be out.  
I've come this foolish match to rout.  
I've come to warn thee, maid, desist  
Your arts to ply on Louis, and list:  
Thy creed accursed between us stands  
Like towering rock, like sinking sands.  
This chasm deep, which naught can span,  
Parts our kindred, race and clan.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

### **BRIMBURY**

Ah, sir, why dost thou thus adhere  
To doctrines obsolete, austere?  
I pity thee, thy heart will starve  
While love its runes will elsewhere carve.  
Thou seest thorns which ne'er will sting,  
And in your blinded wrath wouldst fling  
These thorns aside, but buds unseen  
Fall victims to your zealous spleen.

### **ADELHEID (to her father.)**

O father, please rebuke him not.  
He loves his son. I pray allot  
To him the right to plead his cause,  
As he perceives and sees God's laws.  
The object, less than failing eye,  
Doth our searching mind belie.

### **(To ABNER.)**

And, sir, permit me yet to add  
Thy estimate, it makes me sad.  
Why should not Louis and I agree,  
While oak and elm and maple tree,  
Each in his way, God's praise proclaim?  
And onward, upward strive and aim?  
If ever I did thee offend,  
Your pardon, sir, I pray extend.

### **ABNER**

All argument to naught will lead,  
Unless thou wilt my claims concede.  
Concerning Louis, my curse is thine,  
I'll ne'er forgive in life's confine.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

*(Enter CABANO with his band of robbers.)*

CABANO

Ha, ha, ha, ha! but I'll forgive.  
Thy beauty is provocative.  
I will enthrone thee in my cave  
As reigning queen, and be thy slave:  
For all are slaves; one bows to gold;  
Another is by hate controlled;  
One seeks for fame — poor blinded fool —  
And prejudice doth others rule.  
But slave of slaves is he who fails  
To grasp the thralldom which regales  
Its victims with a choicer draught  
Than fame e'er won, or gormands quaffed.

BRIMBURY

Loud mouthed knave, I did suspect  
This thievish plot, though indirect,  
Must be thy work. But, sir, beware,  
Though age my powers did impair,  
I'm yet thy match.

*(Reaches for his rifle, but is overpowered.)*

ABNER

Vile scoundrel thou; thou didst employ  
A coward's measure to decoy  
Away the strong, whose shielding arm  
Would keep the aged and weak from harm.

CABANO

Old scarecrow thou, please hold your tongue.  
Philosophers like me ne'er swung  
A deadly weapon without need  
As long as cunning would succeed.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

Humanity with business mixed,  
My motto is. I have affixed  
It to my coat of arms, which shows  
A lion's claw, and fox's nose.

### ABNER

One e'en more fitting, I'd suggest :  
A rattlesnake and viper's nest.

### ADELHEID

Ah, sir, I pray, do not provoke  
His anger now. Your feelings cloak.

*(Kneeling to Cabano.)*

If in your breast there is a spark  
Of knighthood left within the dark ;  
If memories, unsullied, pure,  
Have left a trace where thoughts mature ;  
If thou a sister or a bride  
E'er didst with love and manhood guide,  
Then sir, I pray you, give us free.

### CABANO

In this respect, we disagree,  
Although the virtues thou didst name  
Do all enhance my mortal fame.  
I must refuse thy first request,  
For what thou fear'st is for my best.  
And what thou lov'st does not concern  
Philosophers like me, who learn  
To prize each gift within their reach  
While critics tauntingly impeach  
Such things as they ne'er could achieve,  
And thus their envious souls relieve.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

ABNER (*lifting up Adelheid*)

Forget, poor child, what I in haste  
Have said to thee. And pray, don't waste  
Upon this rascal here thy breath.

CABANO (*knocking Abner down*)

Insulting owl, O hell and death!  
I'll teach thee, sir, thy words to weigh.  
But no, ha ha, I'll not display  
A weakness, sir, which would but show  
That my philosophy did grow  
Upon the bush which did bring forth  
Your own conceit, of little worth.  
And mind, old boy, I'll have my will,  
And thou shalt see thy honest fill.

ADELHEID

Have mercy, sir!

CABANO

My darling dove, make haste, bestir  
Thyself, without much more delay  
Thy last adieu and farewell say  
To this old hut, whose solid wall  
Shall like a rotten turnip fall  
Into the dust from whence did spring  
Its strength, its weight, and everything.  
Up, up, my men, weak tools of fate!  
Another mesh we will create,  
Another link, another span,  
We'll add to doom's swift caravan.

*(All prisoners are bound and taken out, and  
the house is set on fire.)*

*(Curtain drops.)*

## *Among the Pioneers*

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### ACT IV

(CABANO, ADELHEID, BRIMBURY, and ABNER *sit on robes in a cave. The robbers farther back sing the following song.*)

#### ROBBER'S SONG

We are the true princes who govern this earth;  
We're free like the eagle, and rulers by birth.  
In boldness we pillage the miserly host,  
Whose aim is but riches, whose end is despair,  
If free-hearted fellows like we ever share,  
Without invitation, their opulent toast.

Unceasing we follow, by darkness obscured,  
Or even in daylight, by cunning secured,  
Our calling so noble, quite free of pretense.  
And when we have gathered the surplus of man,  
Whose means, oft ill gotten, are ample, we plan  
A jollification in consequence.

'Tis true they will hang us if caught in a trap,  
While thieves more pretentious are filling their lap  
With honors and treasures, oft shielded by rank,  
Yet do we not envy their hollow conceit,  
For what we have stolen we drink and we eat,  
While others dispose of their plunder less frank.

In winter and summer, in cold and in heat,  
This cavern so spacious is our retreat.  
Here do we endeavor most righteous to dwell.  
They call us law-breakers, and doubtless we are,  
But penance and prayer the devil will bar  
From dragging triumphant us down into hell.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

### BRIMBURY

Nor need ye fear the Devil bold,  
If true repentance doth enfold  
Its gracious and its saving wings.  
But ah, I fear the King of kings  
Such feigning surely will condemn,  
E'en more than theft. Such strategem  
Can easily mislead the throng  
Of thoughtless men. But Satan's prong  
Inclined toward treachery and lies,  
Strikes, swift and sure, him who defies  
The Golden Rule, the highest law,  
A rule devoid of every flaw,  
Which even teaches us to treat  
The speechless beast with love replete.

### ABNER

What wilt thou, man? These fellows here,  
Whose love for God is weak, whose fear  
Is greater far of him with hoofs,  
Try to subdue their soul's reproofs  
By self-deceit, as doth the fowl,  
Which in the desert loves to prowl,  
Tries to escape by hiding swift  
Its silly head beneath the drift.

### BRIMBURY

And superstition roots and thrives  
Where only ignorance survives.

### CABANO

What, preaching here, you ninnies both?  
'Tis true, these fellows here, I'm loth  
To say, have not as yet imbibed  
The virtues to the wise ascribed.



## *Among the Pioneers*

---

But why this fuss, why this ado?  
Is not each grain which ever grew  
Outweighed by chaff and worthless straw?  
Philosophers like me, who saw  
Enough of life in shine or shade,  
Are satisfied the world was made  
Not for the special use of man,  
But man, it seems, in nature's plan,  
Has been devised to share with all  
That life can claim, or death can call  
As victims in time's doubtful course,  
The gifts that spring from nature's source.

*(He muses a while.)*

Were given I to thought profound,  
I'd try to prove and to expound  
That theories, though great and grand,  
Are bubbles which we can expand  
No farther than their true confines;  
And that in all that lives there shines  
A trace of reason, feeble though,  
Seen in the acts of beings low,  
While in the sturdiest human mind,  
We folly meet, and failings find.  
What proves this all? It proves to me  
That naught on earth can perfect be.

### BRIMBURY

It proves to me, perfection lies  
In God alone, whose hand supplies  
All kindred creatures of his stamp  
With gifts to light up reason's lamp  
To such degree as is his will.  
It further proves, thou dost not fill

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

The expectations in thee placed,  
By God and man. Thou hast disgraced  
Thy gifts of mind, thy better part;  
Foul are thy aims, and mean thy heart.

CABANO

Tut, tut, old fool. I am the fruit  
Of circumstances. I dispute  
The wisdom which unheard condemns —  
But ha! Hello, unpolished gems,  
Your noise subdue. What's up? Report!

*(Enter two robbers)*

1ST ROBBER *(laughing)*

Ah, captain, sir, didn't we have sport?

2D ROBBER

Hush, nonsense, sir. Mind not this block,  
Who shook with fear, but like a cock,  
Who saw the eagle change his course,  
Crows out his triumph till he's hoarse.  
The facts are these: A Union troop,  
No doubt prepared on us to swoop  
Three miles from here, near Medlin's Cup  
We met this morn. We were dressed up  
Like farmers, sir, with ax in hand,  
This dolt, myself, and Johnny Rand.

CABANO

Eternal Styx! Black, sulphur brand,  
Who'd thought of this? Speak, I command!

2D ROBBER

They asked for traces of thy camp;  
We swore at thee, but this here scamp

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

Came near betraying all in haste;  
His chicken-heart e'er bravely faced  
The weak and aged, but when a foe  
An equal match, his face doth show,  
Then quails the blustering poltroon.

### 1ST ROBBER

Believe him not, the lying coon.

### BRIMBURY (*sarcastic*)

Indeed, indeed, a worthy pair  
This captain and disciple fair.  
The one decoys the strong away,  
Then gathers in an easy prey;  
The other, too, much talk affords  
But e'er his precious valor hoards.

### CABANO

Another word, old coon, and thou  
Shalt feel my wrath, I swear it now.

### (To 2D ROBBER.)

Proceed, I say, out with your tale!

### 2D ROBBER

We led them onward to the trail  
Which Louis and Tom and cattle thieves  
Had lately passed. My fancy leaves  
Me not in doubt, but that they now  
Press onward, sir, and not allow  
Space to increase 'twixt them and thee,  
Whom they suspect the thief to be.

### CABANO

Well done, my man. But let's suppose  
The readiness with which they chose  
The trail to take was but a feint?

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

### 2D ROBBER

True, true, my chief! I am acquaint  
With tactics such as you've in view.  
And Johnny Rand to watch, pursue,  
I've left behind.

### CABANO

Thou art a jewel, man. I fear  
We must disband and disappear;  
For when the lion prowls around,  
The jackal's voice must not resound.  
Philosophers like me concede  
The privilege to rule and lead  
To those whose strength of arm or mind,  
Or better still, of both combined,  
Can force all opposition down.  
In other words, the wise do frown  
On rash exploits which mostly end  
In such results which none can mend.

### ABNER

Well spoken, sir, I do admire  
Thy modesty, not to aspire  
To fall in open fight and gain  
A brave man's grave, and not disdain.  
A fitting motto in thy case  
Would doubtless be: "Life and disgrace  
Is better far than saint's renown."

### CABANO

Ah, knave, foul knave, I'll knock thee down.

*(He knocks ABNER down, and tramples on him in his rage.  
BRIMBURY and ADELHEID try to pull him off. A great noise is  
heard at the cave's entrance.)*

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

CABANO

What means this noise? I am undone!

(LIEUT. YALE of the troops, springs forward, followed by LOUIS, TOM, and his men.)

YALE

Up with your hands! Drop each his gun,  
Or death, a mystery to all,  
A fright to those who hear his call  
While unprepared, will surely lay  
His stunning hand upon his prey.

CABANO

Ah, Johnny Rand! Ah, traitor knave!

(JOHNNY RAND, with hands tied.)

Hear first the truth, and do not rave.

LOUIS

This fellow here, you truly called  
A knave, yet, sir, he skipped and crawled,  
In eagerness he watched and chased,  
And overlooked us, who retraced  
Our hopeless course. By him not seen  
We gained his rear through the ravine.  
The rogue knew us, and we knew him,  
And here we are. Though drear and dim,  
The owl and groundhog here will dwell  
When thou art hanged, thou beast of hell.

CABANO (to Louis)

Thou art the wretch who stood between  
Me and these woodland's fairy-queen.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

My life misguided, without aim,  
In darkness, sir, from whence it came,  
Again may end. These two old crows  
Derided me; my gall still flows.  
I challenge thee to mortal fight.  
But, sir, beware. This hand did smite,  
Antagonists who were thy peer.

LOUIS

I fear thee not. Yet thy career  
Of stealth, of cruelty, and shame  
Deserves the rope which thee will claim.

CABANO

I pray thee, sir, not me to spare,  
But to comply. I am aware  
My vain career, my hopeless trend,  
In death obscure, now soon must end.  
Give me one chance to wash the taint  
Of cowardice without restraint  
Off from my name, and thanks be thine.

LOUIS

Thy offer, sir, I must decline.  
The wary fox caught in a trap  
Thinks just as thou. Misfortune's lap  
Has ever been the hatching place  
Of good intentions to retrace  
The erring step. Yet like the fox,  
Whose innate stealth forever mocks  
The thought of honesty and truth,  
So doth the lie thy heart pollute.

YALE

Enough of words. The hornet stings  
E'en when deprived of legs and wings.

## Among the Pioneers

---

We have not come here to debate  
Such topics as now agitate  
The tender strings in this scamp's breast,  
Who soon will be in bracelets dressed.

CABANO

Enough insult! My last resort  
I must exhaust. Revenge, pour forth  
Like lightning-flash, strike this man's heart,

*(Pointing to Louis.)*

Who could have saved me from shame's dart.

*(He springs toward ADELHEID with a keen dagger, with intent to stab her, but ABNER trips him, and he falls on his own weapon, mortally wounded.)*

LOUIS *(springing to ADELHEID's side, speaking to ABNER)*

O God be thanked that he did fail!  
My father dear, thy will prevail.  
No longer will I thy command  
In selfishness despise, withstand.  
For thou hast saved her. Even more,  
His dreadful vengeance to the core  
Came near to strike thy son. Have thanks.

ABNER

My naughty boy, e'en fate loves pranks.  
The wisdom which in school we learn  
Oft fails, when tested, I discern.  
My theories, which yesterday  
Reached to the skies in grand array,  
Have fled before this sweet child's smile,  
Are banished now, and in exile.

ADELHEID

Oh father, speak. My heart stands still.

## *Among the Pioneers*

---

### BRIMBURY

Fear not, my child, 'twas all God's will,  
His ways are not the ways of man.  
A labyrinth is His life-plan,  
Which we, without the leading thread,  
Ne'er could explore. This crisis led  
To such results as none foresaw.

### ABNER

And thou shalt be my child-in-law,  
And love shall bind me as it bound  
My truant boy to thee.

### CABANO

This crisis, too, brought on my doom;  
My spirit fades away in gloom.  
For generations past my clan  
From plunder lived, more often than  
From honest toil. "Dam in the sea,  
The storm in chains attach to thee";  
Reform the fox, who e'er will steal,  
Than try thy skill on men, who feel  
The lash of law, the sting of shame,  
And also, too, vice's innate flame,  
Which centuries ago, did blaze,  
In sire's hearts, with scorching rays.

### ADELHEID

I pity thee, thou poorest man.

### CABANO

Then pray hand me that water can.

*(He drinks.)*

Ah, thou art kind. My sullied life  
Disgusted me. In earnest strife



## *Among the Pioneers*

---

I often tried my course to mend,  
But, rudderless, divined my end,  
And drifted back, now here to sink.

LOUIS

Despair not, man! Another drink!

CABANO (*after drinking*)

I pray not, Lord, for me in fear  
That selfish prayer offends thine ear;  
Nor dare I raise my voice to pray  
For those my hand did try to slay,  
And who my intercession weak  
Can easy spare, and ne'er will seek.  
But, Lord, my thanks, thanks most sincere  
Accept, I pray, with willing ear,  
For leaving childless me to die;  
The worm of vice will multiply  
In me no more, which I, though late,  
With all my heart appreciate.

(*He dies.*)

LOUIS

Uncommon man. His end doth show  
Philosophers like him may know  
Not how to live, yet his last breath  
Showed he could die a worthy death.

*The End*

# STRIFE AND PEACE

## A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

### *Dramatic Personnel*

NATE, *a volunteer.*

MARTIN SIMMS, *a miner.*

MR. ENGLESBY, *a farmer.*

MRS. ENGLESBY, *his wife.*

MAUD, *their daughter.*

MORTIMER GLENN, *an adventurer.*

MR. SOMBRE, *a farmer.*

MARY GREEN, *a friend of Maud.*

GEN. DUVAL.

GEN. SWIFT.

COL. BRIDESLEE.

CAPT. ELBOW.

*An army surgeon.*

*Five prospectors.*

MR. CARROL, *a philanthropist.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. (*Iowa, a rough hillside.*)

(*Enter MARTIN SIMMS, a miner, with pick-ax in hand.*)

SIMMS. Thy womb, O earth, with treasures filled to<sup>u</sup>burst,  
Again I pierce, in search for wealth accursed:  
Still, not accursed, for when e'en gold doth fail  
With statesman's art combined, lead may prevail.  
Both lead and steel, when justice is outraged,  
Oft right the wrong by mean oppressors waged.

(*Picks up a chip and scans it closely.*)

## *Strife and Peace*

---

Ah, mother earth, with foresight planned and built  
Wert thou, and not by chance in space outspilt;  
Though precious metals thy intestines fill,  
O'er which the greedy quarrel, well or ill.  
Thou givest us, too, an antidote to break  
The tyrant's rule, which causes them to quake.

(*Enter JOHN ENGBESBY, smoking a clay pipe.*)

ENGBESBY. Your prospects good? Ah, friend, strike sturdy  
blows;  
The mother lode lay bare; strike hard, who knows  
How soon the product of this barren hill  
Shall be required muskets' mouths to fill?  
For slavery, the greatest curse of all  
Which erring men can here on earth befall  
Or ever meet, in boldness now doth raise  
Its hydra-heads with hatred fierce ablaze.

SIMMS. I see it come, the muffled sounds I hear,  
Whose clamor shall dismay the proud, who sneer  
At equal rights, God's foremost gift to man.  
Huge shadows float, such spectres as foreran  
All epochs great. Presageful I perceive  
That awful strife will soon asunder cleave  
The North and South, engaged in bloody war,  
And feel its scourge approaching from afar.

ENGBESBY (*examining a piece of quartz*) This landscape  
rough, with stunted oaks bedecked,  
Unfruitful, sear, with boulders strewn and checked,  
Reminds me oft of men whose outer garb,  
Unpromising, seems naught but thorn and barb;  
Yet, deep concealed, reached but by those who seek,  
Are treasures found, most rare, which do bespeak  
That precious wealth in hidden shaft abounds  
Far oftener than where blithe laughter sounds.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

**SIMS.** The mountains, hills, so vast, are similar  
All o'er the earth, seen near or from afar,  
Yet one the purest gold alone doth guard  
While baser metals our search reward  
In other parts. The deadly lead as well  
As precious quartz, in human minds doth dwell.

*(Enter NATE, excited.)*

**NATE.** The dice are cast, fate will now raise his arm,  
And in his track death's messengers will swarm,  
Destroying swift, what patient work and toil  
Have wrested from both elements and soil.  
The war is on. Ft. Sumpter's brazen guns  
Are quieted by those whom freedom shuns.  
The war is on. And futile, vain, and weak,  
Are measures now, such as for peace would seek.  
The hurricane is naught compared with man,  
Whose selfishness and rage we daily scan.

**SIMS.** No error, friend? Though long I feared 'twould  
come.

**NATE.** Ah, everywhere now sounds sedition's drum.

**ENG.** Alas, alas! Much noble blood will flow  
Ere peace will reign, ere force will overthrow  
The hosts in arms, prepared to stand or fall,  
To die. Aye, die far sooner than recall  
The stern decree, in darker ages hatched,  
When might was right, and cunning, worth outmatched.  
In infancy, our nation overlooked  
The noxious germ of slavery, and brooked  
The consequences which at first were small,  
Which grew and spread, wise thinkers to appall.  
If anywhere blame rightfully can rest  
Our forefathers with it should be assessed.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

This generation's blame did but consist  
In weakness, and a strong desire to twist :  
A wrong inherited, to take the shape  
Of righteousness, from self-loath to escape.

NATE. I'll haste to join the forces of the North  
Now gathering, and will devote henceforth  
My modest gifts, my feeble strength and force,  
To free the slaves, whom clanking chains divorce  
From rights divine, who now in bondage yearn,  
While their oppressors proud refuse to learn  
Such lessons as the onward trend of time  
Propounds to all, in ev'ry state and clime.

ENG. Aye, aye, the time will come, and come it must  
When justice will triumph, when in the dust  
The fetters fall, which now to our shame  
Reduce a race, whose only fault and blame  
Is shade of skin, who otherwise as we  
Both love and hate, and long for liberty.

SIMMS. Thou speak'st my mind. But Nate, my boy,  
my friend,  
Act not in haste, the dangers comprehend.

NATE. I comprehend that overripe the time  
That we must strike, that wavering is a crime.  
There is a time when leisure is a grace,  
And other times when deeds are more in place.  
The harvest comes not when it suits our whim,  
But when matured the grain. My life, each limb  
I'll gladly risk, if such a sacrifice  
Can right the wrong which time e'er multiplies.

SIMMS. O noble youth. A secret pang and pain  
My wasted heart doth mournful entertain.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

A son like thee would swell with pride my breast;  
I miss the child which I might have caressed.

NATE. An outcast, too, am I, unknown to kin,  
And often, too, I felt that pang within.  
Yet why repine? Love never was confined  
To limits, such as kindred e'er combined.  
Love, like the atmosphere, and light of day,  
Like morning dew, like rippling fountain's spray,  
Refreshes all, skips only those who hide  
While time speeds on, and only shades abide.

*(The curtain drops.)*

### SCENE II

*(In ENGBY'S log house, front room.)*

*(MAUD, MR. and MRS. ENGBY.)*

MAUD. O foolish war! O men devoid of wit.

MRS. E. Why foolish, child? Though cruel, I admit.

MAUD. My mother dear, I truly sympathize  
With those poor slaves debarred from exercise  
Of inborn rights. Yet foolish, rash, and bold  
It doth appear. For why should we uphold  
And why defend a cause which doth concern  
Not our state? When will men ever learn  
To prize the love which they at home could gain  
Instead their blood in rash exploits to drain.

ENG. True, true enough. Most wars had e'er their  
source  
In selfishness, inclined to gain by force  
Such ends as truth and justice would condemn.

MRS. E. The southerners repeat this stratagem.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

ENG. We have no choice, the crisis must be met.  
If we this curse faint-hearted now abet,  
And thus escape from momentary pain  
We'll reap in time a fearful hurricane.  
Injustice thrives like weeds, the plague, and pest,  
If not in time by proper means redressed.

MRS. E. A grievous thing is war and mortal strife.

ENG. Yet not the greatest loss, the loss of life.  
The loss of self-respect is more by far;  
Ideals shattered like a fallen star  
Leave naught behind. No future doth invite  
The soul despairing of eternal right.  
But death, if faced in such a cause as this,  
Gives hope to reach beyond the dark abyss.

*(Exit MR. and MRS. E.)*

*(MAUD alone.)*

MAUD. I feel 'tis true, each word my parent spoke.  
I, too, a slave, but mine's another's yoke.  
Oh, despot love. Yet willingly we yield,  
Thou ruler of the greater battlefield.  
Thy realm exists wherever life appears;  
Thy gifts are joy and often bitter tears.

*(She sobs.)*

They tell me, Nate, that feeble-looking lad  
Whose love I scorned, has gone his strength to add  
Where moral force of highest grade alone  
Can win the day. Alas, could I atone  
And ease his mind! But nay, he came too late.  
O Mortimer, my love is thine. My fate  
Is hinged to thee. O God, I pray thee, hear!  
Save him for me, shield him in his career.

*(Exit. Curtain falls.)*

## *Strife and Peace*

---

### SCENE III.

(*Enter MORTIMER GLENN, SIMMS, and SOMBRE a neighbor.*)

MORT. The time's unrest infective doth appear;  
While Nate goes south, I now will westward steer.  
I'm not a beast e'er thirsting for the gore  
Of those who differ in their inmost core  
From my convictions, even though I feel  
I'm quite a match for such a one whose zeal  
Crops out at sight of other mortal's ways,  
And thus his incapacity betrays.

*SIMMS (sarcastically)*

Capacity? The term is qualified.  
Thou, who art thinking now thyself to hide,  
Art capable as is the hare, whose heels  
Are visible, when danger near him steals.

MORT. Peace, peace, old coon. Since when art thou  
so brave?

Old badger, thou, go hence into thy cave;  
Go dig for lead, in darkness search and prowl;  
Spare men like me from thy satanic scowl.

SOMBRE. I pray you, sir, his crippled limbs observe.  
He stood the test, and showed his splendid nerve.

MORT. What's nerve to me? By other means I'll  
sway.

Success is his who knows how to array  
Opposing elements with skilful hand,  
To fight his battles and thereby expand  
His usefulness. He's lord and king who rules  
Not by rude force, but by the aid of fools,  
Who, cheaply bought by flattery, devote  
Their clumsy gifts, his scheming to promote.

(*Smiles at SIMMS, and slaps him on the shoulder.*)



## *Strife and Peace*

---

And thus, you see, my venerable sage,  
'Tis wisdom, sir, that counts, not size nor age.

SMMS. Ah, wisdom, sir? The article on tap  
Which thou outpour'st, in which thou dost enwrap  
Thy precious self, is wisdom even less  
Than dross is gold, or tiger's paws, caress.

MORT. Gold, yes, gold, ah, precious gold to seek,  
This is my aim. While others steam and reek  
From human blood, shed with an aim to please  
Their own fantastic whim, I grasp and seize  
The chance now offered, not alone to snap  
My finger at old Abe's recruiting trap,  
But to obtain the gold which fate in heaps  
Has stored away for him who overleaps  
Such paltry scruples as the common thrall  
E'er holds in awe. What can a man befall  
Who has the gold which can unlock all hearts?  
With gold, I'll buy the fame which hero's arts  
Ne'er can attain. Distinction and renown  
Is his who holds the precious wealth, the crown  
Of all that fate doth offer to mankind;  
E'en love it buys, though poets call it blind.

SMMS. Aye, love it buys, the kind akin to thine,  
An equal trade, a trade which doth combine  
A knave and fool, the first, in mammon's toils,  
The last, a sport of fate in life's turmoils.  
And fame it buys? Ah, truly, sir, no doubt.  
Yet fame bought thus remains as dead throughout  
Its short-lived reign, as marble carved by hands  
Unskilled. Thrice blessed is he who understands  
God's sacred laws, whose genius doth teach  
Him how to gain the wealth within his reach

## *Strife and Peace*

---

Without oppressing weaker fellow-man,  
Who, less discerning, end where he began.  
Thrice blessed, I say, if wealth gained thus is spent  
Unselfishly for those whom accident  
May overtake; or for the sick and poor,  
Whose blessings will in gratefulness conjure  
A spirit called content, which e'er will wait  
On such a one whose love is his estate.

**SOMBRE.** Thou speakest well. Thy utterance is true.  
Stern truth will live, and e'er its course pursue  
While sophistries, in glittering garments clad,  
Are dead ere born, extinct their vital thread.

**MORT.** No sophistries. The wealth I seek is real.  
Your sentiments to theorists appeal,  
Who waste their lives in reveries morbose,  
Which lead to naught. While yet life's current flows,  
In its full strength, I shall not rest nor tire,  
To gain my end, my one supreme desire.  
Ah, give me gold, and friends and foes alike  
Will humbly bow, and most submissive strike  
Their breasts, confirming their esteem profound,  
And, echo-like, 'twill hundred-fold resound.  
Ah, give me gold, and valor I can spare,  
And critics, with their vain and shallow ware,  
I'll placate soon, for, like the carrion kite,  
On refuse they will sate their appetite.

**SOLMS.** I'll not deny that men of wealth impress  
With awe or fear, the multitude who bless  
Them not. Yet clear it is, thy wealth, not thou,  
Is worshipped thus. While one, 'neath brazen brow  
His envy hides, his hatred fierce conceals,  
Another one, his fear and dread reveals,

## *Strife and Peace*

---

By cringing low before the foot of him  
Who, armed with gold, is well prepared to dim  
Or to increase the luster of glad eyes.  
A blessing or a curse, great wealth implies.  
A modest beast is he, who lives and thrives  
As critics do, on offal, and connives  
At glaring wrongs, if men of wealth do steep  
Their grasping hands in guilt. But should fate sweep  
Aside the mammon which their souls adore,  
The critic doth of all the loudest roar,  
Condemning them. And none but he alone  
Whom thou didst aid, when need pressed forth his moan,  
Will stand by thee, when other men annoy  
The fallen idol with malignant joy.

MORT. The burden of thy stale, insipid song  
Affects not me. Old fellow, go along.

SOMBRE. Why, let him speak; check not the fountain's  
flow.

List thou, O man: as scarce as winter's snow  
In summer time, are men with speech equipped  
Who dare with words of doubtful meaning stripped  
The truth to voice, the ever-lasting truth,  
The stepping-stone to reach eternal youth.

SIMS. My time's soon up, and I must haste away;  
Another word, and I'll have said my say.  
E'en should your fortunes never thee forsake,  
Your greed for more will from thy slumbers take  
The rest and peace which greater hearts refresh.  
And day by day, the never-slackening mesh  
Of mammon's net will tighten and obscure  
All else but gain, and thus a state mature  
Of disregard towards nobler aims and deeds;  
And when advanced in years, your nature feeds

## *Strife and Peace*

---

Not on the joys which God with hand profuse  
Outspreads for those who never did misuse  
The pound of wealth entrusted to their care  
Or gifts of genius, or talents rare,  
But on the fear which certainty creates  
That death, the leveler of all estates,  
Will, at one stroke, the substance gained in years,  
Which indispensable to thee appears,  
Make valueless, and lay thee low beside  
The beggar, whom in life thou didst deride,  
But who in peace and hope closed life's account,  
While dark despair will drown you in its fount,  
And when entombed, for worms a choice repast,  
Your former friends, whom you forsook when blast  
Or storm them helpless found, whom you'd divest  
Of the last pittance they on earth possessed,  
They will not weep, nor will the curious throng  
Indulge in tears, or heart-felt mourning song.  
And when your grave is filled with kindred dust,  
Your heirs begin each other to mistrust,  
And, quarreling for thy estate, forget  
The wretch who throve on brother's tears and sweat.  
But let's be off. 'Tis vain to preach to those  
Whose single thought in narrow channels flows.

*(Exit SOMBRE and SIMMS.)*

MORT. Ah, vain indeed. Your bray, old fool, suspend.  
Would I such rules as these observe, I'd end  
In poverty, as all the heroes do,  
Who like thyself, misleading paths pursue.

*(Walking the floor and musing.)*

Why all this fuss? 'Tis gold I want, ah, gold.  
All else in time will come, ere I am old.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

Experience, which every day we gain,  
The earth-born pilgrim oft doth entertain  
With solid lumps of wisdom knocked into  
His whole make-up, to stick like pitch and glue.  
But gold alone, the greatest living force  
'Neath heaven's dome, e'er takes another course.  
'Though the unthinking throng has ample sense  
To know its value and its consequence;  
Yet most of them, like gobblers blind with rage,  
O'erleap the mark, while shrewder men engage  
This wasted force, with rare, unfailing skill,  
Their ready purse with ringing gold to fill.

(*Knocking. Enter MAUD.*)

MORTIMER (*bowing to her*). Good cheer be thine! And  
how dost thou enjoy  
The time propitious, with those who employ  
Its moments rare, as thou hast ever done,  
Who smile when glad, and aim distress to shun?

MAUD. Ah, thanks to thee! Yet 'tis no virtue great  
To hoard the sunbeams, fleeting swift like fate.  
And if distress in bygone days did spare  
Me with its sting, yet am I well aware  
That those immune from daily harm and pain  
Fall victims oft, to greater evil's train.

MORTIMER. Ah, what a thought! Why, thou art really  
pale.  
What aileth thee? What harm did thee assail?

MAUD (*excited and blushing*). Thou errest, sir! As  
usual, quite well  
To-day I am, and hope time will dispel  
And rout the phantoms, which, in somber views  
The future paints, in most disheartening hues.

(*Drops her face in her hands.*)

## *Strife and Peace*

---

MORTIMER (*confused, aside*). I'm certain now her love  
is mine for aye,  
And she'll be cheered, if I my aims betray.

(*Aloud to her.*)

I've come to-day — preparing to depart —  
To greet thee, and enjoy before I start  
Another smile, one of the cheerful kind,  
Which on thy face a worthy playground find;  
And which, when I am gone, my lonely hours  
Will console, when care my soul devours.

MAUD. I have forseen that it would come to this,  
For war is like a dire precipice,  
Which swallows up the flower of the land.  
Yet go thou hence, I will not plaintive stand  
'Twixt thee and what thy conscience doth advise;  
Not men alone should bring a sacrifice.

MORTIMER (*taking her hand in his, and speaking confused,*) Thou art misled; not towards the bloody field  
My steps I'll lead, but where the soil doth yield  
Abundantly the yellow grains of gold.  
Ah, fare thee well! May I again behold  
Thyself on my return, not sad, distressed,  
But by the fates and fleeting time caressed.

(*Exit in haste.*)

MAUD (*alone, on her knees*). Ah, fare thee well, thou  
noblest and best!  
Thy pious fraud, invented to arrest  
My selfish fears so foolishly betrayed,  
Deceives me not. Alas, have I not prayed,  
O God, to save me from this bitter doom?  
The one I love to spare, and not entomb

## *Strife and Peace*

---

My highest hopes ere thy fruition found?  
Yet, thanks to thine! Unharm'd, quite whole and sound,  
If such thy will, he may return to grace,  
Side by side with me, his destined place.  
Ah, thanks be thine! A dastard I despise,  
Though live he may, and high in fortune rise.  
Ah, fare thee well! A hero shall compel  
And hold my love. Oh, fare thee, fare thee well.

*(Curtain drops.)*

### ACT II.

#### SCENE I.

*(A hillside in the California mountains.)*

MORTIMER *(alone in the mountains)*. Ah, here I am,  
and there the ramparts rise  
On lofty heights, ascending towards the skies,  
Which vainly try, with awe-inspiring front,  
To scare away mankind, who e'er are wont  
To seek and utilize, with rare forethought,  
What nature in her secret shops hath wrought.

*(Pausing a while.)*

No sentimentalist am I, nor will  
With childish scruples, precious time I kill.  
*(He takes a bag of gold-dust from his pocket and scatters it about.)*

Here is the seed which planted shall produce  
With proper care, a crop most rich, profuse.  
Henceforth in ease my path I shall pursue;  
I'll sow and reap — let lesser spirits rue.

*(Footsteps heard from afar. He kneels down and gathers some soil in a pan.)*

## *Strife and Peace*

---

(*Enter MR. CARROL, a philanthropist.*)

CARROL. Good morning, sir. 'Tis a refreshing scene,  
This landscape here, where rock on rock doth lean,  
Where nature's hand a feast for eyes hath wrought  
In grandeur unsurpassed, with beauty fraught.

MORTIMER. Aye, more than that! Here in the dirt  
dispis'd  
Lies more than thou hast ably eulogized;  
Here's the essence which kings and lords creates,  
And fame obscures, of which the hero prates.

CARROL. What can it be? Ah, gold, of course, that  
tells;  
I know its force, and met its magic spells.  
Yet, after all, I'd choose that which remains  
Which others share with me, where each one gains.  
And still the capital from which all draw  
Remains intact, where time's ne'er sated jaw  
Alone can mar. I mean the glorious views  
Of canyons deep, and peaks in gorgeous hues.  
Thy claim, if rich, may bless thyself or thine;  
My claim as public wealth, I should define.  
Your claim, when it is drained, doth cheer no more;  
But mine remains, an inexhaustive store.

MORTIMER. All very true, yet do in all I share  
Which thou dost claim. I pray you to compare  
The lot of him who feasts his eye on things  
Which nourish not, with him who firmly clings  
To that which all joy-giving things commands  
And which — Ah, man! 'Tis here beneath my hands.

CARROL (*Stooping to look down*). I wish thee well.  
'Twill place thee in a state  
To help, and act as right-hand man of fate



## *Strife and Peace*

---

Toward those less favored in life's fitful strife,  
Who struggle on, sustaining scarce their life;  
Yet will it not contentedness secure  
Nor will't for thee immunity insure  
Against disease, 'gainst accident or death,  
Which comes unheard, and steals away thy breath.

MORTIMER. Would'st thou then rather see the human  
                  race  
In idleness remain, or pleasures chase?

CARROL. I'd like to see the rich and mighty toil  
Enough to earn their bread, their salt and oil,  
While they are young. And those who stunt their mind  
And wreck their frame by overwork, who find  
But scant reward for toil which ne'er doth cease,  
To them I'd give, if I had but a lease  
Of providence, each day enough of rest;  
And culture, too, I'd give, to make them blessed  
As are the rich, who fill their favored place,  
With modesty, and all-ennobling grace.  
Wealth is a blessing, if it has been gained  
In noble strife, not by oppression stained;  
Yet there are those whose eye, in search for pelf,  
In baseness roams, admiring naught but self.

*(Exit CARROL.)*

MORTIMER. Ah, hear him croak, ah, hear the saint who  
                  sins  
In dreams alone, but waking, ever spins  
A righteous web, intended smaller fry,  
Like me, for instance, mocking to decry.

*(Pauses.)*

Ah, go you hence! Thy tongue so glib and smooth,  
Shall serve my aims and purposes, forsooth.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

'Twill not be long till this, my bait, will draw  
The finest string of fish I ever saw.  
And then I'll prove, and prove it without stint  
That wealth is life, and life with something in't.

*(Curtain drops.)*

### SCENE II

*(Five prospectors in camp.)*

1ST PROSPECTOR. 'Tis tiresome, far more so than I  
thought,

This chase for wealth, which so far only brought  
But disappointments, blasted hopes, to me.  
I'm like the clown, who claimed his pedigree  
Assured success, but in his summersault  
He fell far short, and on the carpet sprawled.

2D PROS. Ah, pedigrees, in clowns or common fools,  
Including us, and kings who sit on stools  
Of gold or brass to match their haughty pride,  
Are like the tinsel which they need to hide  
Their mind's defect, their heart's contracted state—  
Are valueless. But vanity they sate.  
Give pedigrees to him who has the spleen.  
Give me for my sweet babes and my Kathleen  
Enough of that which some as mammon spurn,  
And others seek before might's shrine to burn,  
And I, contented with my lot, no more  
Will spendthrift's harbor seek, nor miser's shore.

3D PROS. I wish I'd stayed where love unfolds her  
charms,  
Where humble hearts now wait, and open arms.  
I, who in all my foolish dreams espied  
Uncounted wealth, now find myself belied.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

1ST PROS. We all agree now, as the 'coons agreed,  
Which hounds in search for sport had chased and treed,  
That those who aim too high may starve encased  
In splendors trim, by fate's odd pranks misplaced;  
While others in their low, but well stored cave,  
In safety find that which in vain we crave.

2D PROS. Aye, and before fate treed this silly gang  
We all agreed, the precious metal's clang  
And nothing else should call the fortune in,  
Which we foresaw would benefit our kin.  
Alas, once more we learned, ah, far too well,  
That strong desires man allows to dwell  
Within his mind until his judgment sees  
Things which are not, but seem. He pays the fees  
Which teacher life exacts for aid uncalled  
Yet needed, oft for our good installed.

4TH PROS. All silly talk. Zounds, are ye men or  
boys?  
Your metal's dross, aye; far beneath alloys  
From which is coined, the currency esteemed  
And known as brass, which is by many deemed  
To be in value next to real worth;  
As doth the dawn approach light's sportful mirth.

1ST PROS. E'en brass, which may, at more propitious  
times,  
Results achieve, is here like tongueless chimes.

4TH PROS. Have patience, sir. Old Carroll, whom you  
know  
To be as pure as freshly fallen snow,  
Looked on, but yesterday with his own eyes,  
When the dark stranger, who now restless plies  
His pick and pan in yonder barren vale,  
Exhumed real dust, which we to find did fail.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

5TH PROS. 'Tis not an hour since I met "Doc." Hall,  
Who me informed, Mort. Glenn would surely fall  
A victim to the fever's threatening jaw,  
Unless from hence he doth in haste withdraw.

1ST PROS. Ah, fortune's tricks! In vain we searched  
for wealth,  
'Though sound we were. But he who's broke in health,  
The treasures found, which he can't utilize.  
He who digests, oft to his sad surprise,  
Lacks that which all his wants could fill and quench,  
And which dyspeptics have, but must retrench.

3D PROS. Not so, my friend. Suppose we buy his  
rights,  
Then we may thrive, and he, whom sickness smites,  
Will have his due. And care, which otherwise  
His ills would swell, will him no more surprise.

1ST PROS. Forget we now misfortune, failure, drought.

(*All together.*)

Buy him out, yes, we will buy him out.

(*Curtain drops.*)

### SCENE III

MORTIMER (*sitting on a rock eating his lunch, his horse  
tied to a bush*). Ha, ha, ha, ha! Four times my  
clever ruse

Bore fruit to me. None can myself accuse  
Of being slow or dull. I am but one,  
Yet have I scores of men with ease undone,  
Who, like October flies, flock in my trap  
In thoughtless haste. Ah, man, who dost enwrap

## *Strife and Peace*

---

Thyself in pride and wisdom's seeming garb,  
Thou art a dolt, e'er grasping for the barb  
Which such as I, the essence of mankind,  
Place in your reach, and you are sure to find,  
While we retain, with foresight rare and skill,  
The flower and fruit for our spacious till.

*(Musing a while.)*

Ha, ha, how did those precious dupes rush in!  
How sure of gain they felt, how they did grin  
While in their minds delusion's magic quill  
Air-castles drew, short-lived and volatile.  
The shark must live, and since I am a shark,  
I'll watch for prey — but ho there, listen, hark!

*(Tramping sounds. Enter 2d prospector on horseback.)*

SECOND PROSPECTOR. Infernal knave, cheat, rogue,  
and hypocrite!

Disgorge your spoils, or I'll a deed commit  
Which shall enrich, with your black, greedy soul,  
Old Satan's realm. Out with the gold you stole.

*(Both draw and fire. 2d prospector falls from his horse.)*

Oh, I am killed! O my beloved Kathleen!  
Oh my sweet babes, had I but this foreseen!  
To die like this, O God! slain by a thief,  
Who doth triumph, while I despair in grief!  
My sweet Kathleen, no more thy smile shall cheer  
The heart of him who now is dying here!  
O Lord! shield her! My infant babes, oh guard!  
Ne'er did I think that dying is so hard.

*(He dies.)*

MORTIMER *(very excited)*. Oh, hellish fiend! Not murder was my aim,  
But wealth alone to chase, wealth was my game;

## *Strife and Peace*

---

But thou, oh fiend, who sulphur vapors quaffs  
'Twixt brimstone walls, and who now doubtless laughs  
At me, your dupe; thou who dost haunt for sport  
Earth's woeful creatures with thy whole cohort  
Of frightful images, who bring dismay;  
Thou, who the Furies dost employ, to prey  
Upon man's rest, when darkness mercy shows,  
While it, its shrouding cloak upon them throws,  
Their sores to hide; thou did'st once more make plain  
That he is thine who hopes to entertain  
In selfish aims, thy black and ruthless self,  
And yet escape with all his stolen pelf.  
Fiend, incarnate! Who to thee looks for aid,  
Is lost to hope, a slave in bondage laid.

*(Musing a while.)*

Had I not all which I did need to thrive?  
Are there not those who fate's fell strokes survive  
E'en without wealth, more safely than the thrall  
Who falls when his ill-gotten wealth doth fall?  
I see my guilt, alas, too late, too late!  
What's done is done, wherefore equivocate?  
To cheat ourselves is but a pleasing sham,  
"To cheat the devil or his worthy dam."  
I'll try no more, for they are sure to reap  
All they desire, while I retain to keep  
Naught but remorse. E'en now I feel its pangs,  
And see the doom, which threatening o'er me hangs.  
From hence, from hence! Man's judgement to frustrate  
I'll try at least; all else now seems too late.  
O rustling leaves, O whispering winds, oh hush!  
I dread your voices, which, accusing, rush  
Upon my ear. From hence, without delay!  
I fear your doubtful, underhanded way.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

Off, off, away! Nemesis, fearful scourge!  
Why beckon'st thou? What claims hast thou to urge?  
*(He bounds on his horse, and gallops away, as if the  
furies were upon his heels.)*  
*(Curtain falls.)*

### ACT III

#### SCENE I.

*(A camp of the northern army. Officers in the general's  
tent.)*

GEN. DUVAL. The art of war is like a game of chess;  
Each move for well or ill may raise, depress  
The chances which each side must sternly face.  
In war and peace, each man must fill his place,  
Or failure will o'erwhelm him in swift strife,  
Be wealth at stake, or precious human life.

CAPT. ELBOW. In this, our case, the stake doth more  
include  
Than wealth or life. 'Tis of vast magnitude:  
For slavery, a remnant of an age  
When might prevailed, doth now brave men engage,  
Who fearless risk what others prize beyond  
All else on earth to break the black man's bond.

GEN. DUVAL. As I remarked, a well-considered move  
Doth count for much. Would not a judge approve  
The disposition which the hard-pressed foe  
To-day assumed? Although we were not slow,  
We came too late the hill beyond to seize  
Where now the southern colors meet the breeze.

*(The report of a cannon is heard.)*

## *Strife and Peace*

---

COL. BRIDESLEE. Nor are they slow to daunt us, as you  
see,  
Or rather hear. Yond hillock seems the key  
Which may decide the struggle yet to face;  
'Tis for their guns a most commanding place.

GEN. DUVAL. And what is worse, although our guns  
outmatch  
The few they have, we can ne'er hope to catch  
Them where they are, nor harm them on that hill,  
Which, fortress-like, will baffle our skill.

CAPT. ELBOW. 'Tis clear, in strength we are more than  
their peers,  
Yet is their station such that pioneers  
May well beware. One side has ample force,  
The other cunningly has had recourse  
To strategy, and may yet, in the end,  
Prevail o'er those who but on force depend.

GEN. DUVAL. Brute force succumbs, when intellect it  
meets.  
In all life's combats, genius defeats  
All ruder elements. The storm in chains,  
And tearing floods in harness it restrains;  
E'en men who, heedless in their rage, abuse  
Their favored place in life, it oft subdues.

*(Pauses a while.)*

To me 'tis clear, we must from here withdraw  
Or spike their guns: a task to fill with awe  
The stoutest heart, a deed which hopeless seems,  
Yet worth a trial by one who life esteems.  
A stake most apt, to risk in freedom's cause,  
Where loss may gain imply. One who applause



## *Strife and Peace*

---

And outward show doth scorn, a volunteer,  
Go, Brideslee, seek at once, and bring him here.

(EXIT BRIDESLEE)

CAPT. ELBOW. I have in mind a lad, most delicate  
He doth appear. All call him simply Nate,  
Whose feats of strength, whose moral worth bespeak  
A fitness for the task from which the weak  
May well recoil. Ah, there at Brideslee's side,  
I see him come, whom none dare "coward" chide.

(*Enter BRIDESLEE and NATE.*)

NATE. Your servant, sir! The problem which to solve,  
You've honored me, doth truly much involve.

GEN. DUVAL. Bethink yourself, my son. No trifling  
feat

Awaits him who goes forth to-night to meet  
All terrors which this ruthless war has bred,  
Which follow close, where e'er his footsteps tread.

NATE. What I may lose, but me alone affects;  
What I may gain, may aid the architects;  
Who build for hosts, who now for freedom cry.  
What I may lose, God lent to me, and I  
Most willingly repay, when he his due,  
Which grows and doth increasingly accrue,  
From me demands. What I may gain, outweighs  
A hundred-fold the danger which dismays  
But those who doubt the justice of their deeds.  
Procrastination e'er on doubting feeds.

COL. BRIDESLEE. Well said, brave youth, the elements  
in thee  
Forestall success. Thou hast in high degree  
The proper sense, so seldom found in youth.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

NATE. That praise I earned, I earnestly dispute.  
In advance paid, your servant shirks his task;  
When heat prevails, in sunshine none would bask.

GEN. DUVAL. Your words are apt. Yet since the  
                  shining orb  
Will soon sink low, and darkness light absorb,  
Reveal thy plans, for thou shalt have full sway;  
What means wilt thou employ, what signs display?

NATE. A feint retreat at once to execute,  
I'd recommend. The night, pitch-dark and mute,  
All this will tend the foe to reassure.  
Ventriloquist am I, and may allure  
The enemy from where I chance to creep;  
And if the issue such as we would reap,  
A rocket I shall animate to fly,  
To show thee where the fangless serpents lie.

CAPT. ELBOW. No reptile bites while venom it doth  
                  lack;  
Nor engine speeds when it has jumped the track.

GEN. DUVAL. Your plan's approved. At once retreat,  
                  retreat!  
Let fleeting time us not of prospects cheat!

*(Trumpets and drums sound. Tumult without.)*

*(Curtain drops.)*

### SCENE II

*(GEN. DUVAL and officers in tent. Enter GEN. SWIFT,  
commander of the southern forces, in charge of  
CAPT. ELBOW.)*

GEN. SWIFT *(dejected)*. Pray, sir, accept my sword.  
Though keen its edge,  
'Twould folly be to charge the living hedge

## *Strife and Peace*

---

Without the guns, which doubtless thou did'st fear  
And consequently of their virtue shear.

GEN. DUVAL (*taking the sword*). I'll not deny the guns  
so shrewdly placed  
Did menace me, and hence had them effaced.  
Self-preservation prompted thee to choose  
The place you did. Mine is the same excuse.

GEN. SWIFT. I blame thee not, 'tis I whose prudence  
failed.  
What demons, sir, were those, who thus assailed  
Us spirit-like, enwrapped in darkness' cloak?  
Inferno's prince ne'er struck such telling stroke.

GEN. DUVAL. A prince it was, untitled, though, and  
plain,  
A prince of light and virtue, in whose train  
No demons move. One lad, quite young, alone  
Hath thee undone, thy power overthrown.

(*Noises without; enter soldiers, surgeon, and NATE, with  
his left arm in a sling, supported by a soldier.*)

GEN. DUVAL. Praise God! My son, I feared that  
thou wert lost.  
A giant's task, nor at a strifling cost,  
Hast thou achieved. Each drop of blood which thou  
To-night hast spilt, the pain which shades thy brow  
A carnage did prevent, the thought of which  
Might stun the brave. Oft doth one's deed enrich  
The multitude, who blind and helpless grope,  
Who aimlessly debate, despair, and hope  
For remedies to cure their present ills,  
Yet fail, while one the common hope fulfils.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

NATE. Praise thou not me, nor blame the bird whose  
wing

A snowslide starts, which doth destruction bring  
To those who dwell within the path thus doomed.  
All that exists and ever shape assumed  
As well as active life brought forth by birth,  
And intellect which guides most things on earth,  
Are instruments with which the Supreme Power  
His ends doth gain, each day, and every hour.

GEN. SWIFT (*bitterly*). So doth it seem. Nor would I  
be surprised

To learn said instruments thus eulogized  
Were all employed, the Yankee cause to aid,  
A cause for which they our rights invade.

NATE. Be just, oh sir! The human cause, you mean.  
Your inmost thoughts before the world you screen;  
Yet when alone, a voice which ne'er can'st still,  
Your conscience moves, your nobler parts doth thrill,  
Proclaiming loud, "No masters, and no slaves,  
But brothers all!" Oh, sir, this curse engraves  
A blot most dark upon our nation's shield,  
Which makes thee blush, and others weep concealed.

GEN. SWIFT. Alas, much truth thy youthful zeal reveals;  
A heritage which to our greed appeals,  
Is Slavery. We drag along the load  
Of injustice, which darker times bestowed  
Upon our sires. A common thing at first,  
A habit next, and now a crime accursed.  
In innocence neglected sprouts the seed,  
And thrives where folly reigns, and errors lead.  
Its bloom is shame, and vice the fruit it bears;  
Why moralize? We are the lawful heirs

## *Strife and Peace*

---

Of a vile system, which we must uphold,  
Or poverty will closely us enfold.

NATE. Heroic hearts, and foresight more than all,  
Which sees the doom to which this curse must fall,  
Which kindred souls of freedom doth deprive,  
Can here prevail. Oh why shouldst thou connive  
At things unnatural, whose course is run,  
Whose time is up, whose ruin has begun?

GEN. SWIFT. Ah, why indeed? Why do men ever  
choose  
Both wealth and ease, well knowing they must lose  
It all again, when death upon them calls?  
The blacks are slaves, we whites are mammon's thralls.  
'Tis an excuse we daily hear and meet:  
"Reform in time: to-day, let's drink and eat."

NATE. I feel most faint and sore. Excuse, I pray,  
One who needs rest, all else doth brook delay.

*(Exit NATE with soldier.)*

SURGEON. Brave fellow he. I fear his arm is lost.  
To praise him justly would myself exhaust.

GEN. DUVAL. Praise, flattery, both children of one sire;  
Praise overdone is sure to vex and tire  
Those who for merit seek, not unearned fame.  
With such a one, praise ever is the same  
As flattery. The latter in its turn  
Doth pass as praise. Self-seekers never spurn  
Acclaim and noise, and all that's volatile,  
Their empty lives, with emptiness to fill.

*(Curtain drops.)*

## *Strife and Peace*

---

### ACT IV

#### SCENE I

*(In ENGBY'S log house, front room.)*

*(Enter MAUD.)*

MAUD. Bewilderment, I feel I am thy toy;  
My thoughts confused, half sorrow and half joy,  
Find nowhere rest. I feel I've cause to weep  
And weep I should, but new emotions creep  
Through head and heart, which heretofore most strange,  
Avoided me, elsewhere to romp and range.  
Ah me, what news? I've looked for noble deeds  
To Mort. alone, yet only Nate succeeds.  
Mort. writes of wealth and ease, and then confounds  
Me with all else. His message selfish sounds.

*(Sobs, but dries her tears again.)*

And Nate, poor Nate, whom fate may reconcile,  
High minded, risked his life in Spartan style,  
To end the strife before death's reaper grim  
Began to mow. To him, and only him,  
Who, orphaned, ne'er a kinsman's love did know,  
All parents turn, with hearts that overflow  
With gratefulness, and there again do prove  
That universal love all things doth move.  
The love begot by duty or blood ties  
Is but the shade of that which doth arise  
Spontaneous, and which, without restraint,  
All may embrace, the bold, the meek, and faint.

*(Takes a letter from her bosom and reads.)*

DEAR MAUD: Farewell. God, whom I now invoke,  
Has placed me where I, with one single stroke,

## *Strife and Peace*

---

All may achieve, which otherwise may fail,  
E'en though in force we should the foe assail.  
Death thus to meet for me hath no dismay,  
Since thine affection e'er from me did stray,  
As doth the sunbeam at night's swift approach,  
As doth the dove when enemies encroach  
Upon her realm. Alas, couldst thou survey  
The passion which most merciless did sway  
Within my heart, thou wouldst at least forgive  
When I am dead that I aspired to live;  
Life without thee its first incentive lacks,  
A void to me. To thee, my love's a tax.  
Farewell, farewell — my death, which I foresee  
Doth me not grieve, may it bring peace to thee.

*(Wiping her fast-flowing tears.)*

Alas, poor Nate, thy life was saved, and I  
Therefore rejoice. O heart, didst thou belie  
Me when I chose? Ah, small regret I'd feel  
If Mortimer, whose message doth reveal  
A sordid mind, should ne'er to me return.  
Poor crippled Nate, who dared thy love to spurn?  
Woe me, I've cast aside that which I prize  
Far more to-day than at the war-cloud's rise.  
Alas, weak man, the "wherefore" and the "why"  
Escape thy grasp. Most foolishly we sigh;  
When to rejoice we've reason; and we laugh,  
When we should weep, and not joy's nectar quaff.

*(Enter MARY GREEN, a friend and neighbor.)*

MARY. I greet thee, Maud. Hast thou not heard the news?

MAUD. Naught have I heard. My ignorance excuse.

MARY. Thy suitors both, the one from battlefield,  
The other, from the western slopes, which yield

## *Strife and Peace*

---

Wealth most profuse, returned but yesterday;  
Both rich in that for which they sped away;  
The former lost an arm, and gained renown,  
The latter gathered wealth, but dark's his frown,  
While Nate doth smile. Were I but thou  
I'd know to choose the right one, I avow.

MAUD. Wert thou but I? Alas, I'm not myself,  
Nor am I placed to choose, 'twixt worth and pelf.

*(Exit Mary in haste, upon hearing footsteps.)*

*(Enter Mortimer, extending his hand to Maud, who hesitatingly returns his greetings.)*

MORTIMER. At last! I've all which gives this life a zest.  
One yearning yet remains, and all unrest  
Shall speed from hence. A dukedom, I,  
With half my wealth, for thee would gladly buy.

MAUD. For me, why me? Such ideas I spurn.  
Your aims are naught to me, not my concern.

MORTIMER. What, ho! How changed! Thy jokes are  
rather grim,  
I'm richer than thou knowest. Each wish and whim  
I shall fulfil, ere thou canst speak the word.  
Be thou my queen, and let me be thy lord.

MAUD. Smooth are thy words, yet illy do compare  
With them thy deeds. I pray, my feelings spare.

MORTIMER *(excited)*. Deeds, what knowest thou of  
deeds? What, ho!  
Didst thou, O fiend, who dwellest far below,  
Forstall love's joy, ere I could taste its bliss?  
To drag me to despair's hopeless abyss?  
Grim specter, hence. Withdraw thy fangs, remorse,  
Thy poisoned fangs! Let me pursue my course.



## *Strife and Peace*

---

Lost, lost, all's lost! In life's long game succeeds  
None who, like me, but selfish promptings heeds.  
Too late I learn that he who gives receives;  
And he who takes but obligations leaves  
To be repaid a hundred-fold. Regret  
And woe's the fruit which crime e'er did beget.

*(Looking out of the window, he sees SIMMS, the miner, walking in the distance, and mistakes him for his victim.)*

There, there again, remorseless shade thou art,  
If thou dost hither come, I must depart.  
Off, off, away. Mild are, O hell, thy pangs,  
With the dismay compared, which o'er me hangs.  
*(He rushes out like a madman towards the cliffs.)*  
*(Curtain drops.)*

### SCENE II

*(In SIMM's cabin. MARTIN SIMMS. Enter NATE.)*

SIMMS. This hour be blessed, and blessed be the light  
Which shines on thee, whose countenance so bright  
Shows not the grief which well it might betray,  
In smaller minds, who ne'er the issues weigh.

NATE. My loss is great, yet far outweighs the gain  
Which we achieved, the momentary strain.

SIMMS. Child of my heart, thou art a man among  
The bravest men, in deeds, and not by tongue.  
But show thy wounds. Could I but now replace  
With my old limb the arm which thee did grace!  
Thy arm is gone, the tool which but obeys,  
Thy guiding mind remains, which e'er outweighs  
The instrument, a soulless thing at best,  
And will replace its loss with interest.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

NATE (*uncovering the stump of his arm*). A useless  
stump. Yet stumps imply, make plain,  
That naught which liveth can its state maintain.  
This stunted limb proclaims to him whose mind  
Can read life's runes, and look before, behind,  
With seer's eye, that landmarks of the past  
Which we call stumps, are constantly amassed.  
The task fulfilled, and death remodels forms  
To shapes more apt to meet to-morrow's storms.

SIMMS. Thy fortitude unequaled clothes thee well.  
(*He notices a birth mark on NATE's shoulder.*)  
Ha, what a mark? Am I bound by a spell?  
(*He quickly denudes his own shoulder, and points out a  
similar mark.*)

NATE. Another mark my eyebrow hides secure.

SIMMS. And so doth mine — a wonder to be sure —

NATE. A miracle — could I my thoughts define!  
Hast none of kin, thou dearest friend of mine?

SIMMS. None known to me. I had a wife and child,  
Who, for a time, my lonely life beguiled.  
Alas, they're dead. The raging gulf devoured  
Both and myself and ship which bravely towered  
For quite a time above the seething sea.  
Though I was saved, life has no charms for me.

NATE (*excited*). And I was saved, locked in my mother's  
arms,  
Who dead, I'm told, was graced with rarest charms.  
Her dress was white. Like mine her eyes and hair.

SIMMS. Thou art my boy, my long-bewailleth heir.  
(*They sink into each others arms.*)

(*Curtain drops.*)

## Strife and Peace

---

### SCENE III.

(ENGLESBY'S *front room*. Mr. and MRS. ENGLESBY and Maud.)

ENGLESBY. He's raving mad. O'er cliff and crag he flew;

As if by demons chased, as one who slew  
A fellow creature in an unjust cause.  
His burning eyes in terror seem to pause  
Whene'er they meet a partial change of view.  
What doth he fear? Why cannot he subdue  
This insane haste, which openly bespeaks  
That quietude of mind he vainly seeks.

MRS. ENGLESBY. The hasty glance which I on him bestowed  
All that and more but, oh, too plainly showed.

MAUD. He's changed far more than e'er I did expect.

ENGLESBY. Thank God, my child, he's not thy love elect.

(*Exit MR. and MRS. ENGLESBY.*)

MAUD (*kneeling*). Ah, thanks to thee, God of the universe!  
I still am free. May now thy hand disperse  
The leaden cloud which did my mind disturb;  
Thine be all praise, thou didst my folly curb.

(*Enter NATE. MAUDE rises.*)

NATE. Ah, prayest thou? Forgive my ill-timed call.  
(*He wants to withdraw, but Maud beckons him to remain.*)

MAUD. Ill-timed? Such words should ne'er from thy lips fall.

## *Strife and Peace*

---

As kind as brave, thou dost not e'en resent  
Past injuries — this is no compliment.

NATE (*dejected*). Naught to resent have I, and naught  
to hope,  
Unless kind thoughts should swiftly interlope  
Into thy heart, which ever seemed to lean  
Away from me. No compliment, I ween?

MAUD (*smiling and blushing*). No compliment. Yet  
leanings ere they're fixed  
Are movable, a task with sorrow mixed.

NATE (*On his knees, holding her hand. Maud drops her  
head and weeps*). Transfer thy love to me, if thou  
dost find  
That worthy I of thee. Leave grief behind.  
A bud, though nipped, from early frost escaped,  
May bring forth fruit most sweet and perfect shaped.  
Give me thy love: and thou hast given me  
More than a miser in his dreams could see.  
Give me thy love: let earthquakes shake this crust,  
I'll cling to thee, and love thee, since I must.  
Give me thy love: or I shall starve, not die;  
A hopeless life doth greater woe imply.  
Give me thy love: though hurricanes unfurled  
Should blast our home, I still would own the world.  
Give me thy love, and hardships I'll survive,  
Since thee I've met, in light alone I'll thrive.  
Give me thy love: and stars may rise or fall,  
I'll heed it not, for thou shalt be my all.

(*Maud also sinks on her knees, and they embrace.*)

(*Curtain falls.*)

## *Strife and Peace*

---

### SCENE IV

(ENGLESBY'S *back room.* MR. and MRS. ENGLESBY.  
*Enter SMMS.*)

SMMS. A cheerful night. Yet cheerful thoughts arise  
Not from the weather which we praise, despise,  
But from the heart, from whence emotions spring,  
Here giving joy, and elsewhere sickening.

ENGLESBY. Thou speakest true. I also do perceive  
No loss of late did thee of joy bereave.

MRS. ENGLESBY. Confess, O friend, and reap the consequence  
'Twill cheer thee more and free us from suspense.

ENGLESBY. Disclose thy heart. Truth ever speaks my spouse;  
My ear is thine. My int'rest didst arouse.

SMMS. Ah, how begin? The drama which deprived  
Me of all joy and which but I survived,  
Is known to you. Had Nate not lost his arm  
Ne'er had I seen the mark which me did charm  
And both of us as kinsmen doth proclaim.  
My long-lost son is he. He'll grace my name.  
Pride swells my aged and weary, shrunken heart,  
Which, long deserted, 'neath fate's blows did smart,  
For such a son as he more than fulfils  
Long-buried hopes. I feel that all my ills  
Are at an end. Could I embrace once more  
My heart's delight, my wife, whom to adore  
Was joy supreme, I'd die in rapture drowned.

*(Wiping a tear from his eye.)*

## *Strife and Peace*

---

But no! O God, thy wisdom is profound,  
The more thou giv'st, the more do we beseech;  
The stronger we, the more we overreach  
Those less endowed with weapons of defense;  
The smallest gifts outweigh in consequence,  
If wisely, at the proper time bestowed,  
A jeweled crown, which often proves a load.

*(Enter NATE and MAUD hand in hand, unobserved.)*

ENGLESBY. Thy joy is mine; may it with us abide  
Until life ebbs away. I share thy pride,  
And am rejoiced that thou a kindred mind  
And kindred heart didst in thy offspring find.  
Had I a son like thine, I'd none begrudge.

NATE *(stepping up to ENGLESBY, holding MAUD by the hand)*. Make me thy son. Thou art a lenient judge.

MAUD. O parents dear, your wilful child at last  
On trusty ground hath now her anchor cast.

SIMS. A daughter, too, and oh, much like my wife!  
Enough of joy! O resurrected life!

ENGLESBY. 'Tis a surprise, yet not quite unforeseen.

MRS. ENGLESBY. And well approved — your lot, be it serene.

NATE. O blessed day of joy and happiness!  
A father's love I gained, a bride's caress;  
All came to me, unearned, as comes the dew  
From heaven, sent to nourish and renew  
The vital powers of the drooping blade,  
Which languishes without kind nature's aid.  
The arm I lost — a parent and a bride,  
The one restored, the other brought, beside

## *Strife and Peace*

---

The aid it gave to end this fearful war —  
Was overpaid, as offerings seldom are.

ENGLESBY. Sham modesty I deprecate. For thou,  
My dearest son, hast earned all thou hast now.

SIMMS. In humbleness, far-reaching works begin;  
And modest seeds have giant trees within,  
Which, in their time, if guided by God's hand,  
May shelter those who give not, but demand.  
Unequal are the tasks which to fulfil  
We're called upon; the one, whose work and skill  
Doth count for ten, enacts but his own share;  
The other nine, in helplessness, despair.

ENGLESBY. One of the best thou art. God heretofore  
Outsingled thee, equipped thee with a store  
Of virtues which from him alone could spring.  
Thou didst thy part, without vain questioning.  
In this short life each mortal must install,  
Not for himself, but for the good of all,  
His gifts of mind, his strength, and all his skill,  
His task outmapped, with credit to fulfil.

(NATE and MAUD kneel down.)

Dear children, both, be clear or dark the sky,  
Hope be your guide, and cheer be ever nigh.  
Let rectitude and soberness of thought  
All times prevail, and when life's battle's fought,  
Your mental eye, calm and impassionate,  
May back and forward look, and then await  
Eternity's new gifts, adapted for  
Each single case, and kept for all in store.  
May He, who ne'er neglects His own to guard,  
Your love sustain and threatening ills retard.

(*Curtain drops.*)

THE END.

# THE LAST OF THE BAROTINS

## A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS

*Time. The fifteenth century.*

*Location. A mountainous part of Bohemia.*

### *Dramatic Personnel*

COUNT BAROTIN, of Barotin's castle.

ELISA, his wife.

JAROMIR, his son.

BERTHA, his daughter.

WALRAM, a serf and poacher.

ANNA, his wife.

ROLLO, his son.

IRMA, his daughter.

WIGRICH, a bandit chief.

BARTHOLO, a bandit.

*Serfs, robbers, Barotin's attendants and squires.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*(Courtyard of BAROTIN's castle. BAROTIN, ELISA, and their two small children playing on the steps of the veranda.)*

BAROTIN. Blessed far more than the average dweller below,  
For God upon me did fair boons in his kindness bestow,  
Am I, who would fain be content with bounties so great,  
If only those poachers their longing for mischief would sate,  
Would sate and subdue, and henceforth their pilfering cease,  
Which angers me daily, and robs me of comfort and peace.



## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

ELISA. O husband, though thine, and established by usage  
and statute  
Is the game of the forest, forebear, oh forbear! I dispute  
The wisdom of overstrict measures to mitigate here  
The lawless yet truly conceivable outrage. Severe  
And trying the winter's great hardship, and spring now ap-  
proaching  
Finds empty the larder, excusing some cases of poaching.

BAROTIN. Surprised am I truly, and pained beyond thought  
or expression  
That thou, who e'er faithful, shouldst urge me to such a conces-  
sion,  
Which ignorance would but construe, not as bounty, but weak-  
ness:  
For, alas, man must choose 'twixt authority ever and meekness.  
Neither law, nor usage, nor pity, the throne which doth tremble  
Long can uphold, unless its stays power resemble.

ELISA. But, husband, though right undisputed, thy claims all  
do strengthen,  
Yet have I forebodings which darkly me follow, and lengthen  
Their notes of dire warning whenever I chance to perceive  
That thou again chafing — it saddens me sorely — I grieve.

*(Enter two servants, with WALRAM, the serf, bound between them.)*

FIRST ATTENDANT. We've captured this knave here, still reek-  
ing from the blood of a doe.

WALRAM *(to BAROTIN)*. Have mercy, oh, mercy! Starvation,  
but part of our woe,  
Has brought on my downfall. My wife, yet, bed-ridden and weak,  
The prey of long sickness, from want to redeem I did seek.

BAROTIN. What, mercy? Thou scoundrel, thou robber, I'll  
teach thee, vile thief!  
Mine are the forests, with all that they shelter. Each leaf

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

That is growing is mine, and mine all the game that abounds.  
Viler art thou, and more stealthful than the basest of hounds.

WALRAM. Believe me, your honor. The doe which I slew by  
constraint  
Ne'er suffered such want as did we. Oh, hear my complaint.

ELISA. O husband, could I but thy wrath in his favor now  
warp!

*(Exit ELISA.)*

BAROTIN. Vain, vain all entreaties. A punishment, searching  
and sharp,  
Shall overtake him. Bring forthwith the wildest of colts.  
Denude him and mount him. Ah, lightning, though fleet are thy  
bolts,  
He'll emulate thee, while bound to his steed, which careers  
When freed, through the wilds like his coveted roebucks and deer.

WALRAM *(kneeling)*. Mercy, have mercy, and thine are the  
blessings of God.  
Condemn not thy creature, who walks but a serf on thy sod,  
While freedom the beasts and the birds of thy forests invites  
To sate all their cravings, which bountiful nature excites.  
Forgive, oh, forgive, for my fault, whether weakness or strength,  
Has saved my young babes and my spouse from the fate which at  
length  
Was nearing my threshold, and threatened them all to destroy.  
Forgive, and have mercy, and thine be the fullness of joy.

BAROTIN. Foul vulture, thy clamor, exceeded by naught but  
thy deeds,  
Is vain, and thou'lt reap now thy self-sown and well-earned pro-  
ceeds.

WALRAM. Oh, close not thine ear to my misery, which doth  
outcry,  
O God of creation, to Thee! or surely I die.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

**BAROTIN.** As warning example, which others will stun and dismay,  
I bid thee go hence. Up, up on thy charger, away.

**WALRAM** (*while being undressed and lashed to the steed*). A curse upon thee, which daily shall double its sting;  
Thy wife, far too noble, shall soon to earth's kind bosom cling;  
Thy children shall fail thee, when nothing but them thou dost crave;  
Thy life-thread shall shrivel; bereft shalt thou enter thy grave,  
(*The steed rushes with its burden toward the roughest part of the forest.*)

(*Curtain drops.*)

### SCENE II.

(*In a bandits' cave. WALRAM, bleeding and unconscious, lying on a rough bed, surrounded by robbers.*)

**WIGRICH.** Poor devil! I wonder which lordling this sport hath conceived;  
These nobles, self-styled, by trifles are angered and grieved.  
Revengeful and touchy, they fashion for others the laws,  
Perfect no more than their standards, a collection of flaws,  
Which they in their pride ever break. They teach us to wield  
The weapons of war, the use of the sword and the shield.  
Yet traitors are we, if the skill we thus gained we employ,  
Not for their sole profit, who ruthless pursue and destroy,  
But for ourselves, our kinsmen, and those we esteem;  
That all men have rights, is a doctrine of which they ne'er dream.

**BARTHOLO.** Thy aim is perfection. Thy bullet sped home to reduce  
To a carcass the stallion, so proud in its bearing, and spruce.

**WIGRICH.** The rider's grim peril induced me to hasten and act,  
Whom danger from gunshot less threatened than fall and impact.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

WALRAM. What, ho! Am I living? Ah Anna, my dearest,  
am I

With open eyes dreaming, or do my stunned senses all lie?

BARTHOLO. Thou livest. Yet stood between thee and thy celestial goal

But Wigrich's small pellet of lead; nothing else, by my soul.  
Aye, small, but effective, for size doesn't count here on earth,  
And quality wins, while abundance doth choke in its dearth.

WIGRICH. Misfortune binds closer, more lasting, one heart to  
another,

Than love between parents, or affection 'twixt brother and brother.

Misfortune, the cement, which ever tenacious adheres,  
Outlasts golden shackles, and bonds in emotion's high spheres.  
Worthy art thou, by fate introduced and commended,  
To join our circle, since elsewhere your calling is ended.

WALRAM. I'll join thee, if hither my loved ones thou swiftly  
will bring,

And true thou shalt find me, till death in my grave me doth fling.

WIGRICH. Your assurance I doubt not. 'Tis natural thou  
shouldst be true —

But tell me, oh stranger, to whom is your hatred now due?

WALRAM (*shaking his fist*). Ah, Barotin, tyrant! A doe in his  
forest I slew;

My kindred were starving; their wants I did aim to subdue.

BARTHOLO. There's game in abundance, e'en more than the  
count can consume.

But a serf, I assure thee, doth signify little. The room  
Which thou hast vacated in Barotin's ill-loved estate  
Will harbor, hereafter, some beast of the wildwood to sate  
Its cravings molested by none; by none ever chased  
As ruthless as thou, whom death hath so nearly embraced.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

WALRAM. Unquenchable loathing, oh, hate of my soul, oh,  
reduce  
To brimstone his castle. His heart, oh, with fire infuse.  
(*Curtain drops.*)

### SCENE III

(*In the robbers' cave.*)

(*Enter bandits, with ANNA on a hand-barrow, and her two children.*)

WALRAM (*stooping over his wife*). Oh, blessed my eyes. My  
vengeful and petrified breast  
For once is relaxed, for love has been e'er thy behest.  
(*Kisses her.*)

My wife, thou art gentle; thy presence doth sooth and allay  
The demons which fiercely me tortured, whom now I would slay.  
For thee I'd relinquish all thoughts retributive and sore,  
And overcome bias and hardship. All this, and far more.

ANNA. Have thanks, my good Walram. Though lowly, we  
ever agreed.  
Yet am I a burden, unhelpful, and ever in need.

WALRAM. A stay, not a burden. O dearest, thy fortitude ever  
Was ample for two, and I found it a trustworthy lever  
To raise and dislodge the darkest of threatening evils  
Which openly gnawed, or in stealth, like the core-killing weevils.

ANNA. Alas, my dear Walram, I'd gladly with thee yet abide,  
But I feel I am dying, like the foam in the wake of the tide.

BARTHOLO (*aside to WALRAM*). I fear her forebodings are  
founded. She had a relapse  
When your plight was reported, a cause quite sufficient, perhaps.

WALRAM (*in agony and surprise*). Oh no, my own Anna, not,  
dying! O God, help thou me!  
O dearest, thou'lt rally, and ever as heretofore be

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

My beacon in darkness, and when the fierce rays of the sun  
Me sear and delude, thou wilt, as thou often hast done,  
Ennoble thy station, as guardian angel serene;  
Our children confiding upon thee in safety shall lean.

ANNA. Thy words kindest Walram, would cheer me, if cheer  
could find room  
In a heart which is smothered, foreseeing its loved one's sad  
gloom.

Alas, this life's burdens, compared with the light of beyond,  
Were scarcely inviting, without the soul-warming love-bond.  
Yet since I enjoyed my full measure of earth born indulgence,  
Why should I now falter while nearing God's realm of efful-  
gence?

Couldst thou and our babes in this journey me follow, attend,  
How lightly I'd sever all ties, which still I would mend.

WALRAM (*laying both babes against her breast. She fondles  
them*). O God, had I known that so soon we must part  
in death's shade,  
More kind and more patient I'd been, and more slow to evade  
The small daily tokens of service, which open proclaim  
The love and affection which ever my heart did inflame.

ANNA. (*in a low, weak voice*). Oh, cease, my kind husband.  
Oh, torture no longer thy mind;  
Thou wert ever faithful and gen'rous, and kinder than kind.  
Farewell, my sweet babes, may God be your stay and your guide;  
Farewell, thou best Walram, my husband, my lover, my pride.

(*She dies.*)

WALRAM. Dead, dead! Oh, delusion, for once I would wel-  
come thy shroud!  
Bring forth thy contrivance. Proclaim, ah, proclaim it aloud,  
That yet she is living, she of myself the best part.  
Delude me to gain but a moment; ply speedy thy art,

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

Which, though it would vainly endeavor a fact to undo,  
Would quench for a moment the woe which is piercing me  
through.

WIGRICH. Alas, my poor fellow! Death's whims are the  
whims of the storm,  
Which here smites a giant, and elsewhere doth skip a weak form.  
His whims are the whims which distinguish the lightning's fell  
stroke,  
Here trifling and toying, while yonder it splinters an oak.

WALRAM (*raising his right hand on high*). Or the whims of  
that devil who murdered my consort so kind,  
While petting his hounds, who their teeth upon human bones  
grind.

My better self left me, and what there of me doth remain,  
In the service of vengeance shall prosper, or die in disdain.  
Woe, woe, and despair! be, Barotin, ever thy share.  
The serpent of conscience shall sting thee, and find a fit lair  
In thy blackest of hearts, and its coils shall its dwelling embrace  
With the force of a mountain; its pressure shall blanch thy bold  
face.

Destruction, thy demon, whom thou dost so often employ,  
Shall wait upon thee, thy joys to debase and alloy.  
Thy whole race shall perish, like leaves by a hurricane blasted;  
Thy life-ship shall founder, and be in its prime all unmasted.  
Thy first-born shall vanish, returning to thee as a scourge,  
And thou shalt be swallowed in thy self-created dread surge.

*(Curtain drops.)*

### SCENE IV.

*(Main hall of BAROTIN castle.)*

ELISA (*exhausted and weeping; drops on a chair*). O Jaromir,  
darling, thou canst not be lost yet, Oh, never.  
I've vainly been searching, but find not my fondling so clever.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

*(Enter BAROTIN, also exhausted.)*

BAROTIN. Alas, what misfortune! The child must be stolen or drowned.

My people for days now are seeking, but never have found  
The slightest of traces. The river we also have dragged,  
But useless all labor. I'm weary, and tired, and fagged.

*(Sits down and covers his face with his hands.)*

ELISA. Thou offspring of Heaven, O Hope! forsake thou me not.  
Benumbed are my feelings, by sorrow and weeping begot.

BAROTIN. Despair not, Elisa, I'll rest not until he is found;  
Each nook in the realm I'll examine, all brooklets I'll sound.  
One seeking for pleasure, doth shun in his search the extreme,  
Avoiding abysses, and falters where highest peaks gleam.  
But he who has motives, whose aim is the truth to reveal,  
Avoids the broad highway, which only to ease doth appeal.

ELISA. The curse of poor Walram, whom thou didst so ruth-  
lessly damn,  
Is haunting me ever and poisons my heart like a dram.

BAROTIN. My thoughts have found also the foolish and treach-  
erous dolt.  
But sure he is harmless, received, as he has, his last jolt.

ELISA. What sayeth his consort? Is she yet within her abode?  
O husband, she's helpless. Pray ease thou her direful load.

BAROTIN. A neighbor informed me that she for a brother hath  
sent,  
Who dwelleth remotely, with whom to remain's her intent.

ELISA. Alas, I am grieved. I hoped in her sorrow to share,  
Her woe to allay by adding to hers my own care.  
Heartache and grief all barriers break in an hour,  
Which pride hath unbuilt, revealing the weakness of power.

*(Exit ELISA.)*



## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

BAROTIN. The weakness of power — prophetic her words are,  
and true.

Walram, ah, Walram, my powers, I'll pledge them to you  
If thou wilt now cancel thy involuntary sojourn,  
If thou from the land of the shadows wilt forthwith return,  
My weakness to strengthen, to teach me what fain I would learn.  
O Jaromir, darling! Did truly his curses I earn?  
The boulder I started a-rolling has crushed in its run  
My ill-guided serf, and my innocent, ill-starred son.  
Its track of destruction, which threatens my joys all to sear,  
Is hitherward leading, encumb'ring my mind with grave fear.  
An evil to smother, we give to the furies full sway,  
Who turn, when unfettered, their own liberator to slay.

*(Curtain drops.)*

### ACT II

#### SCENE I

*(Time, eighteen years after first act.)*

WALRAM *(alone in the bandits' cave)*. At last the time's coming  
to settle a long-pending doom.

I, who have the key to the secret, who tended the loom  
Which Barotin's fate has been weaving, impartial I'll stand.  
Hereafter, unbidden, I'll raise neither weapon nor hand.  
If my inclinations were such, I could now attack  
The ruin impending, or smite him within his own track.  
The spirits of vengeance not vainly were challenged by him;  
Nor will I appease them, nor are they e'er swayed by a whim.  
His wife and my Anna, both innocent, kindly, and true,  
Have fallen as victims. Let him his declining days rue.  
His son, now a bandit, our chieftain since Wigrich's demise,  
Shall choose between Bertha, and her whom as daughter I prize.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

(*Noise without. Enter JAROMIR and BARTHOLO.*)

BARTHOLO. A unique adventure, O Walram, hast surely thou missed:

Disguised as two beggars, compassion we tried to enlist  
At Barotin's castle. The count, who looked tired and aged,  
Paid us no attention, but Bertha all ailings assuaged.

(*Exit BARTHOLO.*)

JAROMIR. Truthful, Bartholo correctly described the affair.  
The count, ever hated sincerely by us, in his lair  
I longed to encounter, since never we met heretofore.  
Forbidding in aspect, his features, which proudly he bore,  
My sympathy challenged, the wherefore still to me obscure.  
His daughter's a maiden of charms, which might princes allure.

WALRAM. And, bandits, I dare to maintain. But Jaromir, boy,  
Thy wits I pray quicken, let not what I say thee annoy.  
A foundling, whom once I adopted, art Jaromir, thou.  
No kinship or tie of the blood did e'er, I avow,  
Us link to each other; two children have I and no more.  
Still art thou a kin of my spirit, which I not deplore.

JAROMIR. Pained much and surprised, doth find your disclosure me now.  
Who am I? Whence from did I happen? Of what stem a bough?

WALRAM. "Who am I?" A question by me oft inquiringly asked!

A bandit, I answer. But truth e'er by seeming is masked.  
Are not all men bandits? Why call not thyself then a man?  
E'er banded together, the mighty their robberies plan.  
The priesthood, less daring, but strongly towards power inclined  
In bands doth assemble, the sheep to the shepherds to bind.  
Some authors are bandits, who evermore pilfer and steal;  
While others, perfecting, new beauties of structure reveal.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

The beggar's a bandit, for all that he has, is acquired.  
By stolen wealth aided, great things have been done and admired.  
Thy next puzzling query, "whence from" have quite often I met;  
Yet vainly I've pondered and struggled in reason's deep net.  
From the earth all doth issue, which to earth in its course can  
return.

But the soul which enlivens, which judges, doth earthly rules  
spurn.

"Whence from" is the query which greatest minds stuns in its  
weight.

And "whither" the echo which doctrines and doubtings create.  
Yet, since thou art eager to learn more than I can disclose,  
I'll answer at random, a stray shot oft near the mark goes:  
Thou'rt sent on thy journey by God, who again thee will claim;  
While matter claims matter; each going from whence it first came.  
And thirdly, thou seekest the stem to discover, whose bough  
Thy green youth resembles. Most gladly I'd answer, but how?  
Like mine, thy ancestors from Adam are said to descend,  
And your and my blood with Noah's, they tell us, did blend.

JAROMIR. Lame are thy instructions, applying to all men who  
live,

Oh, mock not my yearning. Give me information, pray give!

WALRAM. Said I not, a foundling? And foundlings I feel we  
are all.

I knew once my parents, at least, that is what they did call  
Themselves, me embracing. The chances are, they the truth told.  
But proof quite convincing, I never, not once, did behold.  
Are we not all foundlings? More helpless than kittens quite blind,  
At the start of life's journey, our nurses us ever do find.  
The ties in blood founded, dull creatures do ever hold dear,  
But intellect's, soaring, seek kindred within their high sphere.  
'Tis all I can tell thee. I found thee a child in yon hills.  
Why seek for the hidden, while sunshine thy present state fills?

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

Why cast forth thy lantern, encumb'ring thy haste towards the  
light,  
When doubtful of finding aught else but a still darker night?

JAROMIR. Philosopher's wisdom may satisfy sages, whose heart  
Has conquered all passions; but mine did no conquest yet start.

WALRAM. Aye, passions and heart? Well might I have  
known and divined  
That thou, like all others, 'neath cupid's restrictions hast pined.  
The heart is the main-spring which man ever onward propels;  
The heart is as deep as the ocean, which billows and swells  
In secrets unfathomed, surprising not seldom itself;  
The heart is the playground, preferred by goblin and elf.  
The heart, uncorrupted, will gropingly find the best way,  
While the mind, preconceived by eager ambition, may stray.  
The heart is a war-field, where passions in combat decide  
Which shall be the chief of the moment, supreme in his pride;  
Where hate and where envy with rivals more gentle contend;  
Where virtue its champions 'gainst darker intruders doth send.  
The heart is the touchstone to which in the end we appeal  
When mind is despairing, unable the truth to reveal.

JAROMIR. Thy words are well chosen, but words, like the foam  
of the sea,  
No vessel can carry, nor are they of value to me.  
Words are like a chaff-heap, with which the wind gambols and  
plays,  
And deeds like the kernel, which, by its weight, value betrays.  
Chaff ever is welcome if coupled with grain it is found;  
Give deeds me alone, or give me the proper compound.

WALRAM. The proper compound for the chilled is a well-  
heated punch;  
For the starving, a luncheon, or something co-equal to munch;

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

For the poor, a purse swelling; for the warrior, dissention and strife;

For thee, ah, my lad, I imagine it's naught but a wife.

And since thou dost hanker for a proper and wholesome compound,

How doth my child please thee? She's handsome and hearty and sound.

But shouldst thou have chosen, before this, some other trim maid,  
My means shall attend thee, nor shalt thou despair of my aid.

JAROMIR. What, Irma? My sister? But no, she is not of my kin.

But dear and beloved as were she my sister and twin.

Habit, ah, habit. In leisure thy fabrics are wrought,

Slowly proceeding, thou weavest with zeal and forethought,

A home for the future, enslaving the soil of thy growth

Which, by thee corrupted, thy presence to curtail is loth.

Thou flatter'st thy victim, who soothes by thy aid his desire,

Who swallows thy potions, although they're consuming like fire.

'Tis a habit which taught me to look upon Irma with eyes

Which are but a brother's; and use, innovation denies.

Alas, my thoughts ramble far over yon hills, and are sad,

'Tis Barotin's daughter. I love her! I'm dizzy! I'm mad!

WALRAM. Mad, mad, who is mad? There are those who as madness define

Each venture of daring, accomplished not by the supine,

But by the exertions of those who all doubtings adjourned,

And, crowned by achievement, their madness to wisdom is turned.

There is madness e'er rampant, which wins not through merit or worth

But, pampered by fortune, it gains all it claims here on earth.

Madness and wisdom as, seen by the world, are the same,

But popular favor and circumstance change e'er the name.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

Ne'er call the day wasted, ere the shade of the night doth advance,  
Nor revel in triumph, while still old Sol's charger doth prance.  
Though in the dim light, which man in his judgement doth guide,  
Thou art far beneath thy cherished, but vainly sought bride.  
Yet, were each one stationed as justice and right doth dictate,  
The world, now a madhouse, were altered, but clamor and hate  
Would rage even fiercer, for worthy and generous souls  
Will bear much injustice, while egotists passion controls.  
Rank and high station, like dress, may embellish or hide  
The good or the evil, for seeming doth ever misguide.

JAROMIR. Canst thou, then, perceive a chance of success in  
my case?  
Alas, if thou'rt hopeful, I'm eager thy views to embrace.

WALRAM. 'Tis easily done. When Barotin hunts with his  
child,  
I'll fall upon them, in a part of the forest most wild,  
With half of thy men, and thou to the rescue must fly  
In garb of a knight, thus gaining by well-devised lie  
All that which truth vainly would strive for or seek to obtain;  
For seeming doth conquer where truth ne'er a foothold could gain.  
The life man is leading is masked by the shallowest art,  
Deceiving each other, each hoping his fellow to thwart.  
Unconscious that seeming confronts us at every hour,  
We hope, undetected, to rise in esteem and in power.

*(Curtain falls.)*

### SCENE II

*(BAROTIN and BERTHA, hunting in the forest on horseback.)*

BAROTIN. My squires have vanished; the baying of hounds  
doth betray  
That we in the heat of the chase have strayed far away

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

From the track of the deer. Yet did I a rustling perceive,  
Alluring us hither, but vainly we strayed, I believe.

BERTHA. I scarcely regret it, if slaughter to witness I'm  
spared;  
The quiet of nature is heaven, with killing compared!

BAROTIN. Thou art like thy mother, and am I right glad that  
thou art;  
But killing is needful, of ev'ry man's duty a part.  
The minnow is relished by the greedy and sharp-toothed pike;  
The dove is the prey that the falcon unerring doth strike;  
And the eagle swoops down, destroying the latter by force,  
Proclaiming his power in deeds which we fully endorse.  
And mankind is ruled by the fearless, whose ev'ryday sport  
Is killing of those who refuse their decrees to support.  
"Kill or be killed?" is the question confronting each being;  
Destruction all threatens, from which all that liveth is fleeing.  
The beast's faultless instinct doth teach it to strike a fell blow,  
If armed for the combat; if not in swift flight to forego  
The fate of the weaker, who elsewhere the stronger may prove,  
Thus giving man lessons, which to follow, it doth him behoove.

(WALRAM, disguised, springs from behind a huge boulder with a  
weighted net, which he throws over BAROTIN, pulling him to the  
ground, and holding him down with his foot. Other robbers  
surround BERTHA and the horses.)

WALRAM. Thou high priest of killing, thy sermon hath taught  
me thy creed;  
Presumption thy mainstay, shall totter, I'll warrant, in speed.  
Thy doctrine of slaughter which thou did'st to others apply  
Shall prove thy undoing. The fates, shall each other out-vie  
Thy footsteps to follow, e'er turning thy spleen-poisoned dart  
From the heart of thy victim to thee, who so modest now art.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

BERTHA. Help! Help! Oh, have mercy! My father I pray  
you to spare.  
A ransom most princely I promise. Oh, spare him, have care.

(JAROMIR in guise of a knight comes riding through the woods, followed by a dozen of heavily armed riders. They attack the bandits, who flee, after a short but fierce fight.)

JAROMIR (after helping BAROTIN on his horse). O Chance!  
Thy kind service, to thanks everlasting me binds,  
For guiding me hither. Thy cunning the means ever finds  
To vanquish the likely, the probable, which in this case  
With hardships thee threatened, had I not arrived here apace.

BAROTIN. Be it chance or a wonder created us both to defend,  
My thanks shall attend thee, and never their potency spend.

JAROMIR. Chance overthrows reason, if such with its whims  
doth agree.  
Its fickle impulses none ever could trace or foresee.  
Chance often accomplished in moments a deed to surprise  
The centuries toiling unfruitful, with wide-open eyes.  
And chance oft destroyed in a moment the harvest and fruit  
Which busy hands gathered in years of content or dispute.

BERTHA. The virtue of chance which brought us your timely  
relief,  
Thou didst vindicate in a manner conclusive and brief.  
Its less-pleasing features, to Heaven, I pray, may remain  
Hidden forever. Let thanks be our heartfelt refrain.

BAROTIN. These bandits shall suffer. I'll follow them up to  
their den,  
Which far o'er the mountains, I doubt not, I'll find with my men.  
I'll chase the vile skulkers who dare in my realm me to brave,  
Until they are routed, unable their bare life to save.



## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

JAROMIR. By silence I'd teach them that to the weak ne'er the strong bows,  
Who the shafts of ill-humor, unnoticed, to pass by allows,  
When envy and hatred the mean-hearted rabble enrage,  
Whose impotence crawling, would fain in their own dingy cage  
Of spirit-endeavor, entomb the high-soaring, whose heart,  
Disowning the paltry, their richness to others impart.  
I'd pass them unnoticed, and leave to the fate of the weak,  
These sneaking marauders who thus for a livelihood seek.  
For, who in the mire dispensers of God-given treats  
Would gladly engulf is worse than these robbers and cheats.

BERTHA. Thou art a defender, first saving us in our plight,  
Thy noble soul turneth to set these poor outlaws aright,  
Who, though they are guilty, more courage and manhood display  
Than a babbling cit, whose tongue is his organ of sway.

BAROTIN. Thy aid do I value, nor lightly thy speech I despise;  
But authority's claim, private inclinations denies,  
Which would but encounter the sterner, yet needful decrees  
By wisdom and power enacted, as mankind it sees.

JAROMIR. Ah, power is potent, and fashions its laws in behalf  
Of its own desire, which ne'er overmodest, doth laugh  
At the rights of the weaker, who nature's laws rather would choose  
Than laws of man's making, which justice not seldom abuse;  
And choice is but given to few, while the many despair,  
Some hopeless submitting, some taking by force their own share.  
But why am I preaching, I, who am inclined e'er to sate  
By violence aided, all that which my yearnings dictate?  
The error each nurses, is in his own conscience to place  
An idol for worship called self, of small virtue or grace.

BERTHA. Errors detected cease instantly errors to be,  
If we, the deluded, refuse not the blemish to see.  
Correct diagnosis, first of all else doth insure  
A check of the evil, if not a reform or a cure.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

BAROTIN. Wend, stranger, thy way, and follow me to my  
abode,  
Where we may discuss more fully this late episode.

BERTHA. My father's request, I pray thee to heed and comply,  
For just debts to cancel, none e'er should forget or deny.

JAROMIR. My spirit shall follow, its rambles not bound by  
confines,  
But the shell where it dwelleth, more cumbrous, reluctant, declines.

For unlike the former, whose movements outspeed the sun's rays,  
The latter appointments must keep on its slow-winding ways.  
Yet shall I, when duties, time hallowed, are paid and discharged,  
Seek new ones near beauty and kindness, with vision enlarged.

*(They salute and part in different directions.)*

*(Curtain drops.)*

### SCENE III

*(In the park of Barotin Castle. In the background is seen a crypt, with an old weatherbeaten brick garden-house over the entrance of the crypt.)*

JAROMIR *(standing)*. BERTHA *(seated on a bench under some shade trees)*.

JAROMIR. Kind maid, I behold thee, and joyful my heart doth  
vibrate.

My eyes by dull abstinence famished, their yearnings would sate.  
My thoughts since we parted, evading mind's guiding control,  
Have been in attendance on thee, while I, like a mole,  
'Gainst distance have struggled, but slowly reducing the space  
Which kept me from viewing thy loveliness and thy mind's grace.

BERTHA. My parent's kind welcome, joined by my most grateful  
regard,  
Is thine, and the doors of the castle thou'lt find e'er unbarred.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

JAROMIR. O Bertha, thou dearest of all which the sun doth behold,

Forgive my presumption, and pardon intrusions so bold.  
The world is a desert, where joys are but scanty and rare;  
Where, for each oasis, there's ever an ocean of care;  
Where promise confounds us, by giving us rapture to-day  
O'er hopes which the future is loth, or unable, to pay.  
Since my eyes encountered the orbs which thy countenance  
    grace,

I've divined all the transports, for which only heaven's the place.  
My life lacks the keystone, to make it complete in its way;  
My heart, by doubt tortured, is faint, and a slave to dismay.  
To thee my soul turneth, perceiving the richness in all  
Which sorely I'm wanting, which fain I my treasures would call.  
Thou art my hope's beacon, to guide me from threat'ning abyss;  
Thy voice is the echo of angels, thy presence is bliss.  
To see thee is living, to miss thee is anguish supreme,  
To love and possess thee, the climax of heaven doth seem.

BERTHA. Oh speak thou not thus, frail am I, and prone to believe  
Impossible tidings, which me of all peace may bereave.

JAROMIR. Alas, could devotion, could penance my unworthy  
    past  
Efface, ere its knowledge o'erwhelms thee with horrors aghast;  
Yet truth often shaded, when minor affairs are at stake  
Should shine in full splendor when crises the heart overtake.  
Deceive thee, I cannot, deception its countenance hides  
Where virtue's pure blossom with modesty dwells and abides.  
Forgive me truth's torture; plain spoken, and seemingly rude,  
Yet pain thus engendered doth agents of healing include.  
The chief of the bandits, whose force in the forest misled  
Thyself and thy parent am I. O God, were I dead! (*Covers his  
    face with his hands.*)

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

BERTHA. I'm stunned o'er thy ravings, yet surely thou'rt noble and good.

Oh, shield us, ye fates, beloved, feared sisterhood!

*(Enter BAROTIN with armed men.)*

FIRST ATTENDANT. There, count, stands the robber, whose brazen front to me is known,  
Who knighthood is shamming, shall forthwith be quite overthrown.

BAROTIN. Thou hear'st thy accuser; speak, speak, and the truth be thy guide,  
Nor try to dissemble, for justice will swiftly decide.

*(BERTHA runs to the garden-house; and JAROMIR follows her, bolting the door on the inside. The ghost of ELISA, standing in the vault door, beckons them, and they follow her into the vault, also bolting the door. BAROTIN's men try to break open the garden-house door, and failing in this, they mount to its roof with ladders, trying to break in. Suddenly the whole structure collapses with a crash.)*

*(Curtain drops.)*

### SCENE IV

*(In BAROTIN's private room. Noises heard from without, caused by the removal of the garden-house ruins.)*

BAROTIN *(in a large armchair, moaning)*. O most bitter fate!  
Relentless, thy rancor doth waste  
Each joy in my keeping; each fortune which ever me faced,  
Thy hatred did smother, e'er leaving but embers behind  
Which me — now forsaken — with former-time images blind.  
Life's high-blazing fires and promising prospects will fail,  
And the more we possess, the more will we lose and bewail.  
He is the true ruler, who want's and necessity's cries  
Unuttered restrains, and short-lived enjoyments denies.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

He is the true monarch, who, dying, behind him doth leave  
Joy-giving treasures of thought, or deeds which retrieve  
The errors of folly, so common, yet seldom discerned;  
Or he, who, like Jesus, by kindness to conquer hath learned.  
Alas, my great sorrow, increased by the thought of my sins,  
Doth vainly seek comfort, for comfort and virtue are twins.  
O Walram! Whom pitiless anger did hunt unto death,  
Fulfilled are the curses which, couched in thy own dying breath,  
From heaven were hurled, my conscience to smite and dismay,  
And humbled I totter, the debts of the ruthless to pay.

*(Enter attendant with letter. BAROTIN reads.)*

“Not from the grave’s quiet, doth Walram’s faint voice now arise,  
But rescued from danger, and living. My words shall surprise,  
O Barotin, thee. Thy only son liveth, whom I,  
Thus sating my vengeance, abducted to punish and try  
Thy proud evil temper, which blasted my life, and destroyed  
My poor wife’s existence, who never thy pleasure annoyed.  
To wreck thee by inches, to cut off the joys and the needs,  
Upon which man’s nature, unconscious, the hungry heart feeds.  
To send all before thee, which caused thee this life to endure,  
I’ve planned and have plotted. Alas, now in doubt, to abjure  
My office of judgment, which lowers my human estate;  
For torturing others degrades us to servants or hate.  
By dimming thy pleasure, by less’ning the cheer of thy hours,  
I wrong and abuse my own manhood and waste my own powers,  
Which now misdirected, in unworthy channels must move;  
Which, freed from this trammel, a source of my solace may prove  
When all earthly passions, like leaves in the autumn must fall,  
And of seeming denuded, reality comes to appall  
My staggering spirit which — pity me — is thy soul’s mate  
In all that is selfish, and all that doth suff’ring create.  
Thy son, though an outlaw, who, saved thee from other men’s crime  
Is noble, and worthy thy station to fill in his time.”

*(He drops the letter with a groan.)*

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

Too late came this message. My children are smothered and  
killed,

And my heart, filled with sorrow, despairing, and hopeless and  
chilled.

"Too late," ah, "too late," two words of deep meaning, which stun  
The mind of the wisest, who seeing, yet blindly doth run  
To chase his own phantoms which never his yearnings can sate.  
When, alas, he is sobered, by the two little words of "too late."

(*He dies.*)

(*Curtain drops.*)

### SCENE V

ELISA (*stooping over the body of BERTHA, who dropped dead  
when the garden-house collapsed*). I mourn and rejoice.

For thou art my long-missing son:

I mourn thy sad fortune, which endeth thy love scarce begun;  
Which breaks thy ambitions, and strikes with the furies' own ire  
Thy innocent heart, for the sins of thy ill-guided sire.

I mourn thy joys plighted, before they could bloom and mature,  
And well-deserved pleasures in virtuous struggles secure.

I rejoice that thy sister has joined me where passions no more  
Her pure soul can tarnish, where pain never reaches the core;

And that the temptation that threatened ye both to disgrace  
God thus hath defeated, Who ye in my keeping did place.

Thou, child of affliction, all trials, most searching and stern,  
Are a hoard for the future, and a school where each mortal must  
learn,

For, occurrences fleeting are joys when contrasted with pain,  
But cease to have virtue, when toilless our options we gain.

JAROMIR. Art thou then my mother, the countess for whom  
many mourned,

Who ever her station with womanly graces adorned?

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

ELISA. Thy mother's own spirit, who living, thy loss did bewail;

Who dead, found no solace since restless I followed your trail,  
Which finally ended, and undisturbed rest and repose  
Shall henceforth unceasingly bless me, who for thy sake rose;  
For thou, like a fledgling, who of his own mother bereaved,  
Wert hapless and helpless — and oh, how my yearning heart  
grieved.

The grief of a cycle, compressed in the space of an hour  
Doth age prematurely its victims, with heart-searching power.

JAROMIR. The woe of a lifetime, this hour has brought upon me,  
And all which hereafter may happen, indifferent shall be.  
Let tempests engulf me, let fiercely new woes me assail;  
Let sunbeams shed splendor around me, or fortune prevail;  
Unmoved I'll encounter whatever the future me sends,  
And meet with due meekness all troubles which spiteful fate lends.  
I'm stunned and distracted, my leaden heart sinks with a moan,  
And dullest indifference accepts all that comes as its own.  
The joy or the sorrow which reigneth supreme in our soul  
Doth lesser emotions o'ershadow, and ever control.

ELISA. O son of my bosom, beloved and highly prized child,  
Despair not; a lifetime, though cheerless, is swiftly beguiled.  
The span of thy suff'ring, with eternity's promise compared,  
Is like a small candle which vainly in daylight hath flared,  
Which passes unnoticed, too paltry thy future to warp —  
Thy future which loometh God seeking where critics ne'er carp;  
Where doubt, ever fainter assails thee, foreseeing its doom;  
Where darkness, vacating its lodgings, for brightness makes room.  
Our suffering advances and quickens us while we progress,  
While ease, ever lagging, doth emptiness love and caress.

JAROMIR. Henceforth my mind's feelers shall skip over joys  
which they meet,  
And pain shall seek vainly to frighten me into retreat.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

The home of my fathers, the Barotin's vested estates  
May fall into ruins, for nature my dwindling wants sates,  
With those of all creatures who willingly with me do share;  
Not heir of a castle, but of the whole world a co-heir.

ELISA. Go hence, my loved darling, thy coming days spend in  
retreat,  
Where mankind avoids thee, and listen to nature's pulse-beat,  
Which will interpret, in visible tokens or sounds  
God's fathomless wisdom, which in every atom abounds.  
Thy eye is a measure, will comprehend Him who gave sight  
And the voices are His, which ever thy eager ears smite.  
Pray thou for thy brothers, who ever by seeming conclude;  
Who, deceiving each other, hope God like themselves to delude;  
And, seeking vain pleasures, are dulling their intellect's eye,  
Which trained but to trifle, is unfit the truth to descry.  
And pray for thy kindred. Oh, pray, my son, ceaseless for all  
Who have contributed to bring about Barotin's fall.  
When enemies threaten, we truly may hope to survive,  
But our own vices us ever of safety deprive.

(JAROMIR bends over his sister to caress her. Embracing his  
mother's ghost, he leaves the vault by a secret passage into the  
forest.)

(Curtain drops.)

### SCENE VI.

JAROMIR (*alone in a mountain chasm*). All delusions have van-  
ished, the dotard's experience is mine,  
The future's face hidden seems nearer while things do decline,  
Pertaining the transient, whose destiny is to fulfil  
The wants of the moment, which vainly man aimeth to still;  
When past hopes are blasted, we draw on the future to feed  
The mind's e'er increasing desire, and the soul's yearning need.



## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

(*Moaning is heard. JAROMIR passes around a large rock which should occupy the center of the stage. He finds WALRAM half conscious, with his eyes pecked out by the vultures which circle above. He takes his flask, gives him a drink and washes his face.*)

JAROMIR. O fateful misfortune! O Walram, most deeply injured

Hast thou me in blindness of spirit, when thou hast allured  
Me from the true bosom which motherhood's faultless instincts  
Have holied forever. I mourn not the loss of precincts  
Wherein I, as ruler, could follow my sire's proud reign,  
But grieve for the mother whom thou hast so wantonly slain.

WALRAM. My blindness of spirit, alas, has borne fruit of its kind.

My spirit, now seeing, has left my poor body stone-blind.

JAROMIR. Could, Walram, my pity thy eyesight again now restore,

Thou'd suffer no longer. I love thee to-day as of yore.

*(Kneels and prays.)*

O God, thou hast mercy, Oh, strengthen his heart and forgive,  
For blind are thy creatures, not seeing the true way to live.  
Thou amply providest the needful, each in his own turn,  
Yet blindly and stubborn the gifts of thy choosing we spurn,  
But eagerly gather, what wisdom would scorn and refuse;  
And, groping in darkness, we make but indifferent use  
Of all the great treasures which Thou dost in kindness dispense;  
O Lord, give us insight to fathom our own impotence.

*(To WALRAM.)*

Thy hurt is most grievous. Oh, tell me the cause of it all?  
Misfortune's grim talons aim ever our hopes to forestall.  
Misfortune calls on us when least we expect her approach,  
And woe is her handmaid, who comes with her in the same coach.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

WALRAM. Thy father's bold squires dispersed our band in  
fierce haste,  
And I, seeking shelter, sped hither, relentlessly chased;  
A rubblestone tripped me, and, losing my balance, I fell  
In this chasm of darkness — 'tis all I am able to tell.

JAROMIR. And what of thy children? O brother, O sister of  
mine!  
Have they also perished? Doth all with the dread fates combine?

WALRAM. From hence have I sent them, a new life to start in  
new lines,  
And I was to follow, yet tarried, for habit builds shrines  
Which hold us in bondage, which draw us e'er back to the spot  
Where joys made us merry, or sorrows, not easy forgot  
Have marked as with milestones, the heart of each pilgrim, which  
sways  
'Twixt the gifts of the moment and by-gone, but fate-laden, days.

JAROMIR. Aye, days of sore trials, of far-and deep-reaching  
import,  
Have us overtaken like tempests, which roaming for sport,  
Break down the wood's giant, which ever unbending doth reign  
O'er the sapling which, stooping in danger, doth safety attain.  
Thy eyesight, which vanished, let me in a measure supply,  
And be thou my solace when lonely my heart doth outcry.  
For all which e'er cheered me has faded and left me; but pain,  
Which once I avoided, appears now, though sadd'ning, as gain.  
Gain is each emotion which sobers and chastens the mind;  
Intuitious forerunner is suff'ring, e'er leaving behind  
The dross of vainglory, the baseless, yet pleasing conceit  
That we, of God's creatures alone, may the menace defeat  
Which utter destruction doth brandish, and which we by rote,  
Ape-like repeating, ne'er doubting, do ceaselessly quote.

## *The Last of the Barotins*

---

WALRAM. Alas, I have wronged thee, yet love thee e'en more  
than my own,  
And hoped to repay thee, and that thou my sins wouldst con-  
done.

Yet man, ever planning, gropes vainly the right way to find,  
And should he e'er reach it, he finds himself hopeless behind.

JAROMIR. Grieve not, O Walram, 'tis human to err and un-  
bend;  
Most lives are deep riddles which unsolved by men ever end.  
Yet, failure apparent may failure not be in God's sight,  
And earth-born conclusions may prove but the dream of a night.

*(Jaramir carries blind WALRAM from the scene.)*

*(Curtain drops.)*

THE END.

# MY OWN PHILOSOPHY

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## PART ONE

Thou askest, brother dearest,  
That I my views divulge  
Of all in which the merest  
And plainest men indulge;  
Of God, of truth, professions,  
Of men, the soul and mind,  
Of love, and such expressions  
I in your queries find.

Alas, the task propounded  
The foremost minds did vex,  
And some of them have founded  
Odd schools, us to perplex.  
Since men have lived and striven,  
The wisest in their time  
Have asked, and answers given,  
All more or less sublime.

We seek the good, the better,  
And something better still;  
The best to find and fetter,  
How great be our skill;  
We dare not hope, well knowing  
That what we build to last  
May like the wind that's blowing,  
Have vanished soon, and passed.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

We strive for strong foundations;  
We search, and sift, and probe;  
And yet, the fate of nations,  
The life of a microbe,  
Are equally a riddle,  
Which we explain, not solve;  
And what we call the middle,  
May on the edge revolve.

We know not the full features,  
And needs must underrate  
The force which we, His creatures,  
As "God" do designate.  
The more us insight blesses,  
The higher we do stand,  
The vaster He impresses  
Us in his footprints grand.

And God grows in proportion  
With our strengthening mind;  
Or rather, our distortion  
Of Him, we changèd find.  
And though we are approaching,  
The distance greater seems,  
When error's hosts, encroaching,  
Have yielded to light's beams.

The nearer that we travel,  
The more of God we learn;  
The more he doth unravel  
What fain we would discern;  
The more us growth enables  
To see the final doom  
Of all the ancient fables,  
The higher God doth loom.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

The true, the pure, and kindly,  
Find in their worth their shield;  
To them who ever blindly  
To base impulses yield,  
God seems a stern corrector  
Whose aim is to destroy;  
Alas! Their soul's reflector,  
Shows them their own alloy.

The trinity of matter,  
Of spirit and of God,  
(Forgive, if I should shatter  
Your leanings, roughly shod)  
Ne'er did begin, nor ever  
Can end and cease to be;  
'Tis vain to try and sever  
Them from eternity.

The human insight pauses  
And falters in its awe,  
When seeking for the causes,  
The universal law.  
Yet, aided by our senses —  
Alas, but far too few —  
We glean, and inferences  
Us with new hopes imbue.

We note that hidden forces  
All things lead and propel,  
That stars keep in their courses,  
And tides subside or swell;  
In our mind's recesses,  
In our heart's retreat,  
A power stirs, impresses  
Us with its potent beat.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

'Tis God, inseparable  
From matter and from mind,  
Who weaves and spins the cable  
Which them together bind.  
'Tis He, whose guiding reason  
Doth lead all things aright,  
And who, at every season,  
Provides a new delight.

God, if by us offended,  
Not wishing to estrange,  
Leaves us to grope, attended  
By darkness, in doubt's range,  
Where we find solace never,  
Where we bereft of joy,  
In stubbornness endeavor  
To cling to base alloy.

We thus, progress retarding,  
Receive the dues of sin  
Which we, God's aid discarding,  
Invited to come in.  
Though indirect, unfailing,  
The punishment us finds;  
Still, God in all prevailing,  
Us of his love reminds.

God gave each being powers  
With which to work and strive,  
To fill the speeding hours,  
As doth the bee her hive;  
The wise, to aid his fellow,  
Unselfish at all times;  
The jesting clown to mellow  
Life's sternness with his chimes.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

The reptile, he provided  
With weapons of defense;  
The fox, by cunning guided,  
Feels his own consequence.  
Variety exceeding  
Our fancy's boldest thought,  
Everywhere is breeding  
New forms in splendor wrought.

God all these things created,  
Not solely for mankind,  
For grasping man, ne'er sated  
Is helpless, weak, and blind,  
Without the hand which blesses  
Not less the lily's days,  
Whose modest charm impresses  
Man in his selfish ways.

Events we see a-passing  
But know not their import;  
We see odd signs amassing,  
Which former views distort;  
A genius inspired,  
Doth solve at last it all,  
And error, custom-sired,  
Doth from its socle fall.

The tenets which we guarded,  
Defended, and e'er praised,  
At last we have discarded  
And truer dogmas raised;  
Yet, who will say these changes  
Are final and to stay?  
Man, erring man, arranges,  
But all his works decay.



## *My Own Philosophy*

---

The truth alone is lasting,  
And God, in doses small,  
New pathways ever blasting,  
Divulges them for all.  
"Give us," we are demanding,  
"The truth for which we pine!"  
But it is understanding  
We need, and help divine.

For truths are crowding ever  
Upon us everywhere;  
But few possess the lever  
With which delusion's snare  
Is to be pried and sundered  
From objects we survey;  
And all of us have blundered,  
And blunder every day.

The truth, the truth entire  
To know, none e'er may hope.  
God, who doth all inspire  
Made man to search and grope;  
Yet nearer, ever nearer  
Towards him each being draws,  
Towards understanding clearer  
Of effects and of cause.

We say, "All was created,"  
Forgetting e'er to add,  
That none was ever sated  
Unless he hunger had;  
In other words, that changing  
A thing, creation means;  
That nature, e'er arranging,  
On laws eternal leans:

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

That stars do come and vanish,  
Much larger than the earth;  
That God doth aid or banish,  
Where there's a break or dearth.  
He takes and gives forever,  
And ne'er his stores exhaust,  
And man, who thinks he's clever,  
Doth feel forlorn and lost.

We feel forlorn and saddened  
When He calls for his own,  
Forgetting how he gladdened  
Us with His finite loan.  
For loaned are all possessions,  
Our body and our mind;  
And love and kindred passions  
Us to our Maker bind.

When signs, grim woe portending,  
Accost us in our way;  
When grief our heart is bending,  
We usually pray.  
When joy doth pass our portals,  
Us with the best to treat,  
We oft forget — weak mortals —  
Our prayers to repeat.

The prayer which God pleases,  
Which He holds in esteem,  
The one is, which ne'er ceases  
To flow like a clear stream;  
Unuttered, though, and hidden,  
It reaches God before  
The prayer, ordered, bidden,  
Doth reach the chapel door.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

'Tis human to petition  
When dire need doth press;  
But 'tis an exhibition  
Of purest selfishness,  
If we, in happy hours,  
Forget the due we owe,  
Forget the kindly powers  
From whom each boon doth flow.

The prayer which commendeth,  
Wherever it may rise,  
Us unto Him, who sendeth  
The best as a surprise,  
Is that which seeks no favors,  
No profits, and no gains,  
But thankfully life's flavors  
Accepts and entertains.

To pray for self, evinces  
A narrow, sordid mind;  
Therefore, true spirit-princes  
Therein no solace find,  
As long as others suffer  
Far greater woes than they,  
They strive, unlike the puffer,  
Their fellow's grief to stay.

A meteor hath landed,  
(All things are apt to fall)  
My ignorance demanded:  
"Whence from, thou shapeless ball?"  
Then spoke the hardened boulder:  
"A world was once destroyed  
As large as earth, and older,  
Which me as part employed.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

"There was I sand and gravel,  
And changed to soil in time —  
In living germs to travel,  
My atoms found sublime.  
Sojourning in the flowers  
They found a lodging place,  
In creatures of great powers,  
My atoms ran a race.

"At last again, creation  
Changed me to what I am.  
Before conglomeration  
My atoms thus did cram  
They were a restless rabble,  
Each followed its own mode,  
Some in the brooks would babble,  
While others did corrode.

"They sleep now, and are resting,  
And when they wake, they can  
And will be manifesting  
New traits in shortest span.  
They go where they are bidden;  
They come when they are called;  
Behind them, He is hidden,  
He who all things installed."

Scarce had the last word ended,  
I forthwith pulverized  
A fragment loose, extended,  
And swallowed it, surprised;  
For thoughts came o'er me thronging  
Of a related world  
Which hath, to still my longing,  
A message hither hurled;

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

A message of destruction,  
Of birth again to come;  
My powers of deduction  
Were stunned and staggered some.  
Commingle and entwining  
Beneath my girdle's space  
Were two worlds' parts, combining  
To run another race.

These parts, one representing  
An epoch past, forsooth!  
The other one augmenting  
The value of its youth.  
Yet, to my awe and wonder,  
No weakness me engaged;  
Exhaustion, brings youth's thunder,  
And strength, the wine, if aged.

Thus have I had an inkling  
Of how God doth evolve  
The stars and worlds e'er twinkling,  
And other problems solve.  
Why should not mind, its fetter  
Break 'neath His potent touch?  
And why should man be better  
Than beast or bird, or such?

Why should God, the eternal,  
In kindly care e'er cease?  
And not for every kernel  
Its sphere of growth increase?  
If matter doth forever  
Endure and live and thrive,  
Why should the mind's endeavor  
Be lost in nature's hive?

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Why should a single vision,  
Or thought or act e'er die?  
Why should — I waive precision —  
God's gifts not multiply?  
Is spirit not the highest,  
The gift I'd "treasure" call?  
Why brother, thou deniest  
Thyself the best of all.

If matter, after resting,  
Again with zeal resumes,  
If space or time molesting  
No single atom dooms,  
Why should death or stagnation,  
God's breath, thy mind, defy?  
Take heart, and contemplation  
Will echo, "Why, ah, why?"

And if the cosmoplastic  
And ever restless dust,  
E'er pliable, elastic,  
Can leave a shattered crust,  
And join a system whither  
God did its weight project,  
Why should the soul not thither  
Its onward steps direct?

Why should the soul, migrating  
From star to star, not find  
A knowledge, slowly sating  
The yearnings of the mind?  
Is not the soul more subtle,  
Of a more lasting mold,  
Than dust, which in life's shuttle  
Doth deathless traits unfold?

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Not for — nor backward seeing  
Nor sure of aught to-day,  
We falsely judge each being  
And misconstrue God's way.  
We grasp at straws, while mountains  
To shelter us are prone,  
And often miss light's fountains  
Which flow for us alone.

If one, perchance more gifted,  
Sees deeper than the rest,  
We say, "Poor man; he's drifted  
From reason's high bequest."  
And yet, although in error  
Full nine of us remain,  
The tenth, to us a terror,  
The truth may entertain.

Thou sayest, my dear brother,  
"Man is the central fact.  
He's traits found in no other  
Thing which us could attract.  
His claims no bluff nor twisting  
Of facts can e'er dispute;  
God did all things existing  
For mankind institute."

Alas, these are old tenets,  
A human, selfish plan;  
Though man exists on planets,  
Yet, planets can spare man.  
Nor was the rosebud given  
To tempt thee to admire;  
The rose can thrive, has thriven,  
Despite man's love or ire.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

The rose her charms acquired  
Where thou thy strength hast gained,  
Where songbirds, gay, admired,  
Their tuneful lays obtained.  
Not one, its need fulfilling,  
Infringes on the rest,  
Each one, unconscious, stilling  
Its wants on nature's breast.

Of intellect thou pratest,  
And "soulless" call'st the brute?  
O brother, how thou hatest  
To own but half the truth.  
A single round in speeding,  
Thou art ahead no more,  
Upon the ladder leading  
To heaven's changing shore!

'Tis heaven which, e'er progressing,  
No stop knows, and no pause;  
Where deeper insight's blessing,  
For joy gives ample cause;  
Where none his fellow-leader  
Doth envy or impeach,  
Where each one is the pleader  
Of all, and all for each;

Where each again looks higher  
With yearning for the best,  
And, led by warm desire,  
Seeks knowledge, but not rest;  
Where each as now is groping  
Far from the fountain-head  
But when, with darkness coping,  
By greater light is led;



## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Where light, forever glowing,  
A brighter hue attains,  
And all that lives, though growing,  
Still far from God remains;  
Where unknown senses gather  
Joys, which man must forego;  
Since earthly means are rather  
Deficient, weak, and slow;

Where peace and concord swelleth  
Each heart, near truth's high peak;  
Where love eternal dwelleth,  
And none need shelter seek;  
Where less evolved creatures  
Are yet with thee in line  
To strive towards Him, whose features  
Are love and truth divine;

Where beings of all stages  
From violet to man,  
Each cheerfully engages  
To bloom, to work, or plan;  
Where each finds its fruition,  
In deed, or dream, or thought;  
Where each in wise division  
Of tasks, God's wonders wrought:

There, brother, is the heaven,  
Which no stagnation knows,  
Where rest is but the leaven  
Which growth brings and bestows.  
There too, the lowly flower,  
Now wilting in the sun  
May gain, and in an hour  
Of grace, us may outrun.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

If we, in scorn, unheeded,  
Our conscience's warning left,  
Which, with us ever pleaded,  
But found of sense bereft,  
Then may we fear and falter,  
For conscience is God's voice,  
And retrogression's halter  
May bind us — and rejoice.

Of intellect, examples  
In insect, bird, or beast  
We find. And in the temples  
Where pagans used to feast,  
There man himself degraded  
And fell beneath the brute,  
Who ne'er in virtue traded,  
Nor self did thus pollute.

Thus do we see, the higher  
God does a being call,  
The lower, vain desire  
May drag it in its fall;  
And that the lower creatures,  
Less gifted in a way,  
Are more immune from features  
Which them might lead astray.

Yet are all creatures sharing  
With us, love, joy, and pain;  
Hope, faith, and grim despairing  
They all must entertain.  
A dog may die from mourning  
For him whom he did serve,  
And yet proud man is scorning  
His claims, with dauntless nerve.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

All things are good, and shelter  
God gave to all, until  
Man did begin to welter  
In blood, and maim and kill,  
Not only that required  
To live in comfort, ease,  
But God's forbearance tired  
By slaying man's increase.

By ruthlessly destroying  
What he could not consume,  
With sacred laws e'er toying  
Usurped the right to doom  
All that which force could smother,  
Which cunning could compel,  
Producing endless bother  
Where peace alone should dwell.

The weed, the insect hated,  
Have claims as good as we,  
For all things are related  
In life's e'er-changing sea.  
The life that crowns the highest,  
Doth in the lowest weave,  
And what thou "one" denyest  
The "whole" has to retrieve.

Though hardship, woe, or sorrow  
May a chastisement seem,  
It hastens on the morrow  
The dawn of brighter gleam.  
It brings the insight nearer,  
For which the wise are known;  
A chastened mind sees clearer  
To find and hold its own.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

A chastened heart amasses  
Within its widening walls  
The wealth despised which passes  
And undiscerned falls  
From those who worship blindly  
But dross and empty sounds,  
While in their reach the kindly  
And lasting love abounds.

A chastened spirit falters  
Not, when the twilight ends,  
And night to darkness alters  
All that which God us lends.  
The day in twilight ending  
Doth likewise, too, begin;  
What God's one hand is spending  
The other taketh in.

These are my views, dear brother,  
Which in the stress of years  
Which threatened me to smother,  
Did crystallize, 'mid tears.  
I prayed for help external —  
God gave me peace instead;  
I prayed for chaff — the kernel  
I found before me spread.

I prayed in childish urging  
For that which I did crave,  
When sorrow's billows, surging  
Within my heart, did rave.  
Unanswered these petitions  
Did seemingly remain;  
And yet, despite omissions,  
The balance shows but gain.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

I prayed for lost possessions —  
They were refused, denied;  
Yet, through my purged passions  
I greater wealth espied.  
The object of my seeking  
I could not find nor see,  
Still God's voice, kindly speaking,  
Hath truer guided me.

END OF PART I

# MY OWN PHILOSOPHY

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## PART TWO

'Tis hard, and not easy of solving,  
To prove that all things do exist;  
Yet harder by far, 'tis to reason  
That all is but shadow and mist.

We either were naught, and are nothing,  
And shall end like a void never seen;  
Or, we are, and have been, and shall flourish,  
When change shall remove this life's screen.

Even dreams and illusions which dwindle  
When the feverish brain doth relax,  
Must have a foundation for building  
Their structures, which us often tax.

For how could a lifeless thing fancy  
That it lives, and of life's joys partakes?  
How could it exist, an illusion,  
Which never its yearning thirst slakes?

We scarcely the truth's rim are grasping  
Which loometh beyond our ken,  
And blinded by rays of light's splendor  
We learn not the "why" nor the "when".

Yet see we the wide-open pages  
In which He His runes doth inscribe,  
And hearing His breath in each rustle,  
We part of truth's glory imbibe.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

The swell of the wave in the ocean  
In fathomless language sounds,  
And the firmament's purple splendor,  
A tale of deep meaning expounds.

The darkness and light in their changes  
Their prearranged tasks do fulfil,  
And Orion's far-away twinkle  
Adds eloquence, though all is still.

He speaks not in words nor in figures,  
Yet reaches the soul of each thing;  
In a fitting and suitable manner,  
A message to each He doth bring.

Unquestioned by Turk and by pagan,  
Admitted by Christian and Jew,  
Is the doctrine that space has no limits;  
There's no void which it doth not subdue.

And since of necessity endless,  
It also the endlessness proves  
Of him who life's chain keeps in motion,  
Which ceaselessly onward moves.

His laws, one another perfecting,  
Are the fruit of a sole intellect;  
In the largest and smallest of beings,  
We always their oneness detect.

All matter combined is His body,  
And the sum of all spirit, His soul;  
He's ever the end and beginning  
Since He is the all and the whole.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

And thou who dejected art creeping,  
Tormenting thyself in great fear,  
Art part of the whole, and rejoicing  
Shouldst fill thy e'er-altering sphere.

And he, whose vain pride and ambition  
Owneth no God but himself,  
Should ponder, for changes advancing  
Shall strip him of pride and of pelf.

Change checkless, rest ever refusing,  
On time in his labors doth lean,  
And space unconfined and unfathomed,  
Each a part in His faithful machine.

Change ushers in fruits which time ripens,  
Some bitter, some more or less sweet,  
And at the same moment obscureth  
The past in her headlong retreat.

Change is the one mainspring which wonders  
Performs in each moment of time,  
And time is the pall and the cradle,  
Of the commonest and the sublime.

Time, known as the ruthless destroyer,  
Doth also bring joy, all to cheer.  
He is but the tool and the servant  
Of the ruler confined to no sphere.

Time, endless like space, we do measure  
By counting the mile-stones of change,  
Without which the conscious wayfarer  
Would yield to despair in his range.



## *My Own Philosophy*

---

We designate Him as all-knowing,  
And justly so, since He is all,  
And the whole, which in space e'er existeth  
And hath but His own to install.

The thought which thy spirit enlightens  
Is a spark from the ocean of fire  
Which guideth unerring each member;  
And doth to its fountain retire.

In the touch of the deep-delving mole  
He feeleth His own pulse-beat,  
And thine eye, which the light doth perceive,  
Is a part of His sight complete.

Thy standpoint permits but few glimpses,  
And yet, He doth know each detail,  
For His are the eyes of all beings  
Which, jointly observing, ne'er fail.

Though thine and the warbler's ear differ  
To Him they convey the one sound,  
Which He doth bring forth through His organs,  
Which limitless ever abound.

Emotions, deep hidden, yet vital —  
Since naught e'er existed in vain —  
In thee, or the lowest of beings,  
He implanted, and doth entertain.

Each hair which upon thee is growing  
Is part of thyself, we concede,  
And yet may thy coming-on baldness  
Respect in thy fellow's minds breed,

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Provided each hair thou art losing  
Is replaced by a worthier gift,  
Which causes the eye thee observing  
From the good to the better to shift.

Each part is a dot or a trifle  
Which often the whole could forego,  
And yet is each atom essential  
When nature her gifts doth bestow.

To perceive every side of an object  
A single sense always doth fail,  
And eyesight, smell, hearing, and feeling,  
Combined, may not even prevail.

Yet He, of whom each a small part is,  
Hath organs, uncounted, unknown,  
And knowing the truth unreserved  
To Him, is possessing His own.

Parts are but parts, and can only  
With other parts make up a whole,  
And the soul in each separate being  
Is a part of the Universe's soul.

Thy heart and thy spine seem unconscious  
That each is a portion of thee;  
Yet thy mind, which grave problems is weighing  
Without them would powerless be.

This proves that the body and spirit  
In completing each other are one,  
And that, when the life-tie is severed  
They part, but are never undone.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

And the life-soul from matter delivered  
Returns to its own fountain-head,  
From whence it, new cycles beginning,  
Seeks realms where new truth-rays are shed.

While the truths of the past are forgotten,  
New senses us other truths show,  
Which in turn, when these organs are failing,  
Must vanish and fade like the snow.

A life everlasting demandeth  
That the vanished forgotten should be,  
And the future obscureth and hidden,  
Till change lifts the veil, and we see.

Could the past, like a specter approaching  
Upon us, its mirror-light shed,  
Could the future its storehouse exhibit,  
The present alone would be dead.

Two brothers, alike in appearance,  
And schooleth and nourished the same,  
Do often compare with each other  
As a spark with Vesuvius' flame.

This proves that the past, though forgotten,  
Left traces within the life-soul  
To equalize which would require  
Eons, not years, to unroll.

But virtue and sin counteracting  
The distance can swiftly reduce,  
If one chooses prudently, wisely,  
While the other, his gifts doth abuse.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Though senses are needed in forming  
The thought which the mind entertains,  
Yet thoughts are proportioned to tally  
With the aptness which in the soul reigns.

Capacity first is required,  
Before we can fully digest  
Perceptions which either sense gathers;  
This is the soul's only bequest.

From cycle to cycle advancing,  
Capacity grows or declines,  
And the more of the world-soul thou ownest,  
The brighter God's light on thee shines.

If a hair should be lost by a kitten,  
'Twould still an abundance possess,  
And the Earth, if destroyed in a moment,  
Would weaken the All even less.

Yet Man, ever frail and unstable,  
Despising his brother, the dust,  
Claims all that his eye is surveying  
As a prey for his power and lust.

But the dust which to-day he despiseth,  
To-morrow a part is of him,  
And the mind, likewise changing and fleeting,  
May be weakened or filled to the brim.

These changes, to mankind so vital,  
Affect not the All and the Whole,  
And the soul to-day clouded and fearing,  
All doubt may to-morrow control.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Like a child who is trimming the ringlets  
Surrounding her countenance gay,  
The Deity, too, is a pruning  
His own, when a world doth decay.

But decay which is seeming destruction,  
Is "beginning" as truly as "end";  
Is a part of each change-ruled cycle,  
Which receiveth again all to spend.

Decay and life's growth are illusive,  
And "upward" and "downward" are naught —  
These terms are but makeshifts, emerging  
From the limited channels of thought.

What seemingly reaches the zenith,  
Returns in the end to its source,  
Which, too, is the source of all other;  
Great problems, man meets in his course.

The small thing seems large to the smaller,  
And the large, to the larger appears  
As a dwarf of its kind. But the Godhead  
To Equality's standard adheres.

To Him Who the truth is in person,  
All things are in value the same,  
The low weighs as much as the highest,  
And the smallest is small but in name.

"Equality" is the earth's slogan,  
And likewise the law of the All;  
Each atom of mind and of matter,  
Doth ward off the fate of the thrall.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

An atom, to-day in the mire,  
May reach, through the root of a tree,  
The crown, and the blossom there blooming,  
To be wafted again to the sea.

And the greatest of minds from the lowly,  
In all the past ages did spring,  
While the high-born fell back to the level  
Which "Equality's" merits doth sing.

But why should I cut my own finger,  
Or cripple myself, as I would  
By nursing one limb above others —  
Are they not all equally good?

Since each thing is yearning for justice,  
And each is a part of the all,  
The God, who His own e'er preserveth,  
No hardship would vainly install.

My foot may be craving protection,  
My hand may be sorely in need,  
While another part also divested,  
For speedy assistance doth plead.

Yet may I, whose planning includeth  
Each part of myself — of the whole —  
Reject all these prayers, providing  
A more needy part with its dole.

Thus the whole, which as God we do honor,  
Sees clearer the needs of each part,  
And provideth in wisdom and justice,  
At the most proper time, ev'ry heart.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Yet He, like His parts, which are human,  
Can resort to the knife, to remove  
A boil or a cancer ingrowing,  
If the Whole He can thereby improve.

An insect which in the moss dwelleth,  
Finds shelter and food in its folds,  
And the moss to a stately tree clinging,  
A home, and its safety beholds.

The tree, which upon the earth prospers,  
Finds all that it needs in the soil;  
And the earth, by the sun-rays enlivened,  
Finds strength, ever onward to toil.

The sun in his turn feels impulses  
Which keep him from going astray,  
And he filleth his place in the household  
Whose staircase we call "Milky Way."

And the Milky Way's cluster dependent  
On clusters of a similar kind,  
Which fathomless space keeps in hiding,  
In God its propeller doth find.

Thus we see, each being dependeth  
On another one's surplus strength,  
And whoever this grade-way doth follow,  
Will surely reach God at length.

The Bible, they say, was inspired,  
And the Koran, through Gabriel's aid,  
Directly from Heaven was handed,  
Profaner's doubts thus to evade.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

The Vedas, still older, are claiming,  
As author, the Deity's hand,  
And many a Pagan hath doctrines  
Which highest respect do command.

To me it is clear, all impulses  
Which we should transform into deeds,  
Are inspired by Him who well knoweth  
His own, with its hopes and its needs.

The thoughts which come over me crowding,  
God thinks in the brain I call mine,  
I only interpret, and feebly  
My efforts His wishes define.

Whoever God-given impulses  
In cowardly fear doth subdue,  
Doth curtail the growth of his life-soul,  
Doth weaken where he should renew.

The bravest who heed their own conscience,  
Count lightly abuse and all pain;  
Not even the cross and its torture,  
The true in their course can restrain.

But the sacrifice which they thus offer,  
Outweighs in its worth, a whole span  
Of faint — and of half-hearted virtue  
Which follows the fashion of man.

Reformers inspired, are courting  
The hatred and envy of those  
Who, ready made doctrines embracing,  
In the bosom of ease repose.



## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Each epoch new needs must encounter,  
Which urgent new thoughts do demand,  
And armed with God's wisdom and patience,  
The sage in the foreground must stand.

The prophet who fears not, nor falters,  
Inspired thought ably doth voice,  
And the miser, who hoards up his treasure,  
Like a convict doth act, without choice.

E'en murder may, too, be inspired,  
And death is not always a loss,  
And the stroke which is felling a brother,  
To the striker, may show his soul's dross.

The principle we are defining,  
As "bad" seems to be of some use  
To bring out the good in all nature —  
The true, with new zeal to infuse.

I'd dare not the wisdom to question,  
Which alloweth the bad to exist;  
Since good comes from evil, if rightly  
We approach this antagonist.

They tell us our life on this planet  
Is a kind of a primary school,  
Wherein we prepare for the heaven  
Where bliss, never ending, doth rule.

But instead, 'tis plain to the thinker  
Who hearsay doth scorn to repeat,  
Who scans but the balance of knowledge;  
That everywhere life is complete.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Eternity is but a circle  
On which we are speeding ahead;  
And its center is equal in distance  
From the living as 'tis from the dead.

No "to-morrow" this circle encounters,  
And "yesterdays" never have been;  
And the primer which leads to perfection  
Is boundless without and within.

The eras which we try to measure  
The days which we count and pass by,  
Are as close to the end which ne'er cometh,  
As the imagined beginning is nigh.

Eternity's, therefore, the present,  
Which never began, nor can end,  
Which we are dividing in epochs,  
Our faulty conceptions to mend.

If God were forever creating,  
(Not changing, as I herewith claim)  
Things, always destruction defying,  
Plethora would everything maim.

And say some, "Creation not endless  
Will cease when the measure is filled,"  
But pray, why create when plain changing  
Can all things annul or rebuild?

And why is the world not a growing?  
But altered each moment or span,  
If matter is free from destruction,  
Explain this to me, he who can!

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

Wherefore should we need a redeemer,  
Whom the less gifted brute must forego?  
If sinful our nature and selfish,  
What availeth all self-blinding show?

Whatever one's joy is abridging,  
What lessens our virtue's high aims,  
What we may unjustly from others  
Withhold, is a sin which us shames.

But senses we have, unless sated  
In a godly and natural way,  
Will prey on the rights of their brothers  
And lead us, alas, far astray.

Sin is but the touchstone of virtue,  
And as long as our senses exist,  
Will thrive and prevail in a measure —  
Will us in vain doings enlist.

A world where all beings are senseless,  
Could never of sin be accused;  
But gifted and highly developed,  
Truth's organs are easy abused.

Small credit there is to be sinless  
Where never temptations assail;  
Where light is a-shining the brightest,  
The clearest-cut shadows prevail.

With senses all dulled and decaying,  
Enfeebled, too weak to do wrong,  
'Tis easy to preach and to practice  
What otherwise graces the strong.

## *My Own Philosophy*

---

The higher the mind is upreaching,  
The lower it falls, if it fails, —  
In striving for lofty ideals —  
In heeding the voice which each hails.

Redemption must come from recesses  
Of the innermost soul, where God dwells,  
Where shams and deceit are not potent —  
From the home of both heavens and hells.

If the earth a Redeemer required,  
Who of God is the only true son,  
Who shall in the stars and the planets,  
Correct what in sin was begun?

Or must we believe that all other  
Universe dots like the earth,  
Are neglected, condemned, and forsaken,  
By him who doth curtail each dearth?

And who will redeem the vast numbers  
With whom ancient times have been crammed?  
Or is there a saving reaction  
Out-blotting past woes of the damned?

A primary need is religion  
To man, who e'er searches and gropes,  
And his needs are as unlike and varied,  
As are all his standards and hopes.

The one seeks and finds consolation  
By scourging his flesh with great zeal,  
While another his spirit doth chasten,  
His yearning soul's ailings to heal.

## *My Own Philosophy*

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And there one gives aid to the needy,  
Receiving his well-earned reward,  
And praying, or chanting sweet carols,  
The Poet enlarges his hoard.

Like Emerson's circles, Religion  
Embraces the large and the small,  
And each for his calibre seeketh  
A suitable faith to install.

The giant, whose mind ever soaring,  
O'erleaps what can stay but the thrall.  
And the pigmy lives up to his measure  
By trying in darkness to crawl.

If each does the best in his power  
With the gifts in his reach and command,  
No blame should his striving e'er darken,  
Nor vainness his self-love expand.

To God, all is good that existeth,  
He despiseth not efforts well meant,  
E'en though like a snail one is creeping,  
His time is not wasted, misspent.

The clergy, if true, and not shamming,  
Believing the doctrines they teach,  
Are surely God's foremost exponents,  
Whose life-work, none e'er should impeach.

'Tis vain to claim, he who doth differ  
From thee, is a lie or a fraud,  
Since the erring would soon be enlightened,  
If such were the planning of God.

## *My Own Philosophy*

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Progress, with no forces opposing,  
In sloth and stagnation would end,  
Since e'er contradiction the spur is  
Mistakes and misuses to mend.

And the low, like the high, need a leader  
To show them all that they can see;  
For me is the path of restriction,  
And the broad and exalted, for thee.

One finds in the Bible salvation,  
Another the Koran holds dear.  
A third pins his faith to a trifle,  
Exciting the scoffer to sneer.

But doctrines and books are inventions  
Begotten to serve for a day,  
And like all that's coming and going,  
They end in the trail of decay.

The sage who the stars tries to follow,  
Has a book much more likely to last,  
And yet he seeks vainly to fathom  
God's forces, undying and vast.

God's forces, renewing each other,  
Are neither in books, nor the skies  
Completely revealed, but foreshadowed  
For guiding the mind of the wise.

We learn by what little perception  
Makes clear for the striving thought,  
That the seemingly unsurpassing  
Is surpassed by the truth, if sought.

## *My Own Philosophy*

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We learn that between the shadow  
And the sun an object stands,  
Since the one implies the other,  
And our vision thus expands.

And the more our vision is growing,  
The richer grows the field  
Where inexhaustible treasures  
Their stores to insight yield.

Each sees but as far as the orbit  
Of his vision, confined and small;  
And each has a world which no other,  
Can also his kingdom call.

The one, with great zeal doth endeavor  
But material wealth to gain;  
While another strives, ever untiring,  
Love's promptings to entertain.

And a third, who despises emotions  
And earthly possessions shuns,  
May yield to a force which compelleth  
And follows the paths of the suns.

Each finding the task of his choosing,  
Or rather, to him assigned,  
And directed by instincts unerring,  
Another truth grasps with his mind.

Each rules in his sphere undisputed,  
To cherish what others despise,  
To gather the wealth which none claimeth,  
Which solely for him did arise.

## *My Own Philosophy*

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God's high-priests, the Poets and Prophets,  
To whom He Truth's outskirts unveils,  
Get glimpses amid mind's travailing  
Perceiving where man's judgment fails.

But fools, who the new are abhorring,  
And by usage are bound to the past,  
In Christ, as in others, discovered  
A danger to all they possessed.

And raging in thoughtless delusion,  
The crown of a martyr they fling  
On the brow of their victim, thus giving  
His teachings their undying wing.

The fool, like the sage, has his uses,  
And a most willing tool at all times  
Is he. While the pain-racked Reformer  
Despairing, his pedestal climbs.

"Equality's" forces, ne'er resting,  
United with "Change" will redeem  
In time, all the errors of folly,  
And curb proud ambition's vain dream.

And Hope shall not prove a delusion,  
And Love shall its circles extend,  
Outreaching e'en space, the unfathomed —  
And this, for to-day, is

THE END.

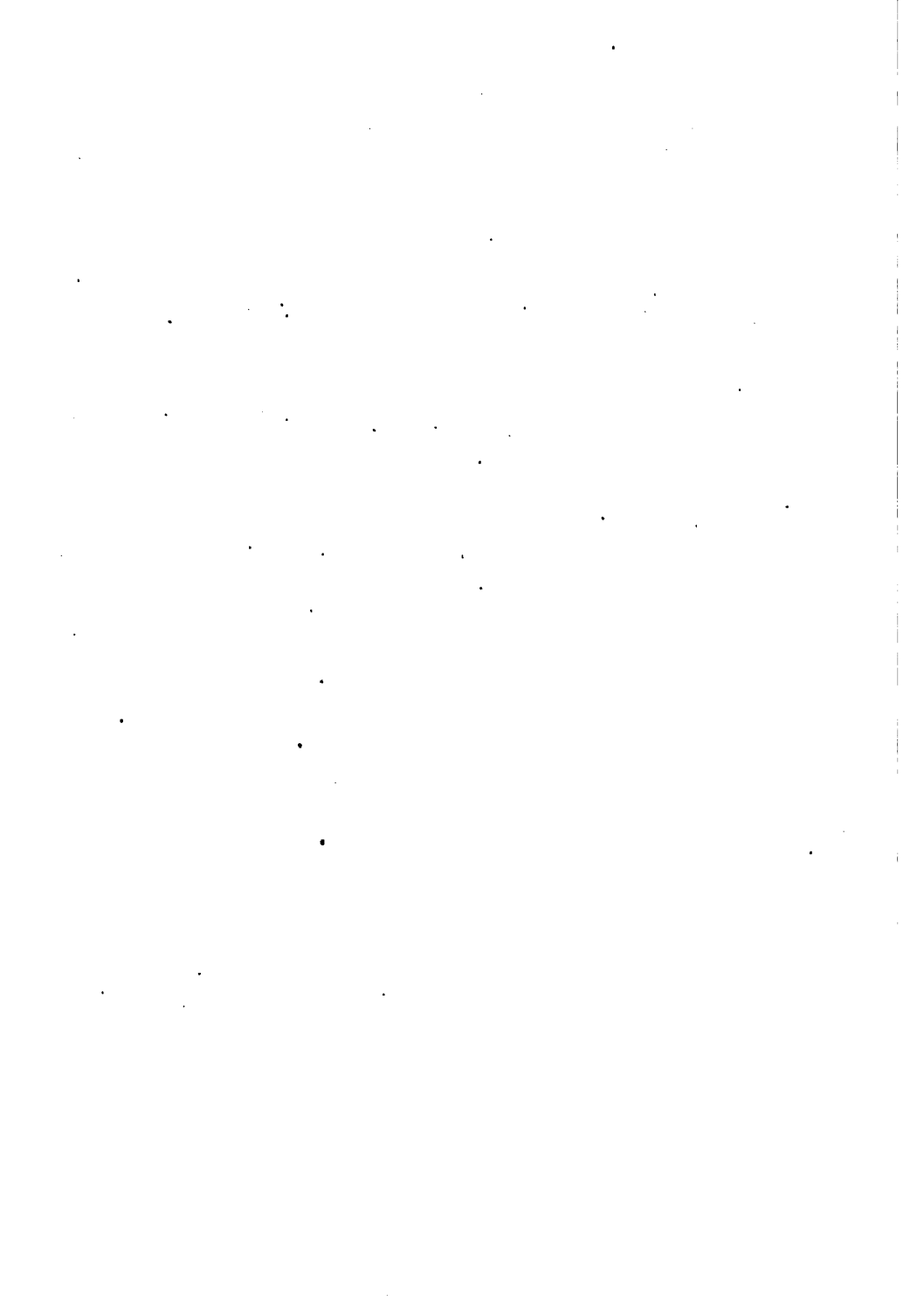












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